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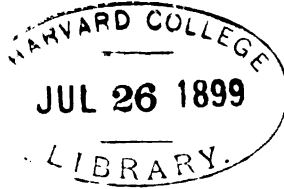
THIRD SERIES.

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE MINNESOTA COM-
MANDERY OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF
THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED
STATES, 1889-1892.

PUBLISHED FOR THE COMMANDERY,
CHAPLAIN EDWARD D. NEILL, D.D.,
EDITOR.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is the Third Series of papers read before the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States of America.

It comprises addresses made at meetings of the Commandery from October, 1889, and including that of October, 1892.

Every one who faithfully served in the army, called to suppress the insurrection of the late slave States against the general government, has an experience worthy of record, although it may be colored by prejudice, or misunderstanding of the situation.

The Commandery has not attempted to repress, because it is not responsible for the opinions of any member. It is by a collision of views that sparks of truth are sometimes evolved.

As this work goes to press on the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Bahamas by Christopher Columbus, it is proper to remember that it was only in a new world that a new people could have risen up "without king, or princes, or nobles, knowing nothing of tithes and little of landlords, the plough

being for the most part in the hands of free holders of the soil." Here alone are found the surroundings for the development of the free school, the free Church, and the free State. Let every loyal citizen in every State of the great Republic keep in mind the motto suggested by Thomas Jefferson to be placed on the seal of the new nation, "*Insuperabiles, si inseparabiles*" —Invincible, if not divided.

ST. PAUL, Minn., October 21, 1892.

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THE BATTLE OF BIRCH COOLIE.

BY LIEUTENANT JAMES J. EGAN,

FIRST MINNESOTA HEAVY ARTILLERY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 2, 1889.)

PRELIMINARY to the battle which I shall describe, it may be stated that an Indian outbreak occurred in Minnesota in 1862, and that our frontier settlements were threatened. The farmer and his family, the village and hamlet were threatened with destruction. The Sioux Indians claimed treaty stipulations had been violated, and, taking advantage of the Southern rebellion and the absence of male adults from the State, proposed to exercise the right of conquest—to slaughter every white person, and resume their original sovereignty over the land, rivers, lakes, and waters of Minnesota.

The news, like all evil news, spread rapidly, and when couriers reached Mankato, St. Peter, Le Sueur, Henderson, Hutchinson, and other places, flight in the day-time, flight in the night-time, flight with and without wearing apparel, became a necessity.

The news reached St. Paul late in August, 1862. Home guards were organized to protect what is now designated Summit Avenue and St. Anthony Hill, St. Paul, from a night attack. Settlers are entering the

city as if escaping the eruption of Vesuvius or Etna. Terror is easily communicated. The fleeing people, men, women, and children, bring direful stories of savage wrath and desolation, and families of St. Paul run to La Crosse and Prairie du Chien for safety, and then the timid of La Crosse and Prairie du Chien fly farther east from the dreaded Indian foe. General Sibley, Colonel Crooks of the Sixth Minnesota, and Colonel Cullen of St. Paul, under the wise administration of Governor Ramsey, were prominent in organizing forces to stay the waves of disaster and protect the frontier. Shot-guns and rifles were seized, horses impressed into the service, and up the Minnesota valley, and from St. Peter to Fort Ridgely, the volunteer throng moved along to the relief of the beleaguered garrison at the latter place. The fort, however, under the command of the intrepid Captain Sheehan, had bravely and nobly repelled the attacks of their savage enemies, and the settlers, men, women, and children, who had fled there for refuge were saved.

At Fort Ridgely the difficulty of restraining and keeping men under discipline was made manifest. The company to which I belonged disbanded and turned homeward; Anson Northrup's black horse cavalry did likewise; and all of the "irregular hoss" except Joe Anderson's company abandoned the glories of war for the pleasanter paths of peace. I joined Captain Anderson's company, and the next day after doing so we were ordered, together with Captain Grant's Company A, Sixth Regiment of Infantry, to proceed to the agency at Redwood and beyond as an escort to a fatigue party and for observation. The whole force,

including teamsters and fatigue party, consisted of one hundred and fifty men under command of Major Joe Brown, one of the oldest and most experienced Indian traders in the State. The men had confidence in old Joe Brown. It was supposed he could smell Indians afar off. He knew the country thoroughly, and we felt no special alarm. But on the way to Redwood Agency we encountered so many scenes of horror and desolation that we began to feel some inward fear. Here, along the roadside, were burnt houses and the bones of human beings. Among the grasses lay men in eternal sleep, mutilated and marred; to the limb of a tree hung a fair young boy; and when one of the men jumped from his horse, and, embracing the lifeless form of a man, cried out in the wild agony of grief, "My God! my God! My brother!" we sickened at heart.

A fatality seemed to hang over us from the moment we started. It was a slow march, necessarily sad, and grief and sadness settled over us all. Men were among us going out to look for their relatives and friends; Nathan Myrick for his brother, and others eager to obtain information concerning loved ones. We camped the first night opposite the Redwood Agency, under a huge bluff, a handful of Indians from the top of which could have slaughtered us all. It came my turn to go on guard at three o'clock in the morning, and from that to five, the fatal hours in which Indians were supposed to attack, I considered my scalp as good as gone. In fear and trembling I took my place near a haystack, with musket cocked, ready to fire—and then die. My life was, it seems, not fated to go out by

mere fright, and I survived the night. We crossed the river at Redwood, and beheld the initial battlefield of the Indian War. This was at Redwood Agency, where Little Crow gave the signal, and upon Lynde, Myrick, Quinn, Belland, Taylor, and others, twenty-four in all, "suddenly as from the woods and the fields, suddenly as from the ground yawning at their feet, leaped upon them, with the flashing of cataracts, Death, the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors and the tragic war of his voice."

We found the agency buildings were all destroyed. Mr. Nathan Myrick discovered his brother's body and returned to the fort, as did also Mr. A. F. Knight and Frank Pulle, who had hitherto been with us of their own volition. The command here divided, Captain Grant's company of infantry, with the fatigue party, taking the easterly bank of the river, and we, the cavalry, the westerly side. With a clear sky overhead, beautiful scenery all around, we forgot or became familiar with the scenes of slaughter, and cantered slowly and merrily along until we reached Little Crow's village. Here a number of the men dismounted, entered Little Crow's deserted house and many of the tepees, and began searching for mementoes to bring home as trophies of prowess. One man had an Indian drum, another a flag, others feathers, and a small molasses keg was proudly tied to the pommel of a saddle, to tell the story in after-years that Little Crow had been bearded in his lair. Merrily marching along, crushing the wild-flowers in our path, dismounting to gather plums on the wayside and drink of the brooks that laughed as they glided along, we revelled in the

sensuous wealth of nature, and resembled a picnic party more than soldiers in an enemy's country. About five o'clock in the afternoon we found Captain Grant's party encamped within two hundred yards of Birch Coolie, and, dismounting, we all entered into the duties usually appertaining to camping for the night. The camp was in the shape of a circle on one side; the wagons constituted one-half the circle, with the horses picketed on the outside. The tents in the centre could not accommodate all, and the greater share of the mounted men lay down under the wagons and other convenient places. Major Galbraith was with us, David Redfield of St. Anthony, William H. Grant of St. Paul, and other well-known persons. Folding our blankets about us, in the silent night, on the broad prairie, with the stars overhead, we lay down to pleasant dreams. At about four o'clock in the morning I heard a shot, and the next thing I remember was the cry of Indians, and Captain Anderson yelling to his men, "Lay on your bellies and shoot, God d——n you!" Ten thousand muskets seemed to be going off. The men were stunned, horses frightened, and terror and fear seized hold of us all. We blazed away in return, without aim or other object than to give evidence that there were survivors of their murderous fire, and to prevent a charge on the camp. At this moment fifty Indians could have killed the entire force if they had charged upon us. It was a perfect surprise. The day preceding gave no sign of Indians. Joe Brown, half-breed scouts, and the most experienced frontiersmen were as much astounded as if hell itself had unloaded ten thousand fiends upon

our heads. But now the scene is changed, and as the early red dawn, covering everything with a halo of gold, revealed to our gaze what we supposed to be two thousand Indians surrounding us on all sides, with leaders mounted on horses caparisoned with gay colors, and themselves radiant in feathers, war-paint, and all the bright and brilliant habiliments of Indian chiefs, the scene seemed unreal, as if a page from the history of the crusades had been torn from the leaves of history, and the Saracen chiefs of the plains of Asia transplanted to the New World. The fiercest yells and war-whoops, the shaking of blankets, the waving of flags to indicate new plans of movements of attack, the riding of horsemen here and there, were right before us, within about five hundred yards. Large bodies of Indians running continually, seeking new points of vantage and taking orders from a chief, and all yelling and beating drums, made the scene unearthly. A shower of bullets continually fell upon us from all sides. The nature of the ground was such that with the coulée or ravine on one side, where was a heavy growth of timber, and the rest an open prairie with little hillocks here and there, just beyond our camp, the Indians could pour in a fire on us from every direction and themselves be protected. Men were dead and dying in the small circle of our encampment; the horses were nearly all killed in the first half-hour, and it looked as if our last hour had come on earth. To be scalped and quartered, our hearts cut out, gave us no comforting reflections. Several of the men went crazy, and jumping out in full view of the savages, instantly met death. We then

began to dig, each man for himself, his grave, as he expected. Three spades and one shovel were all the implements that could be found for use, but sabres and pocket-knives were utilized, and about noon we had dug holes in the ground that afforded some protection. Never for an instant did the firing on us cease. Suddenly some one would drop his musket and roll over to die. Individual instances of bravery were many, and some few of cowardice. A fine-looking man near me was unnerved; he did not shoot once, but kept crying out, "O my God! my God!" George Turnbull, first lieutenant, pulled a revolver on him, cocked it, and said if he did not stop he would blow his brains out. He stopped. Bill Hart of St. Paul was there, and would be called brave among ten thousand brave men. He was the first to discover the Indians when on guard, and manifested courage and nerve. Captain Anderson and George Turnbull had lots of "sand" in them, and never lost their presence of mind. About one o'clock in the afternoon we heard a loud report like that of a cannon. We were all startled, not knowing from whence the sound came. Could the Indians have captured a howitzer? And did they have artillerists among them to turn it upon us? A terrible fear seized us. Again it boomed. Could it be possible that we were saved? We were sixteen miles from Fort Ridgely, and how could knowledge of our situation have reached the fort? The silence of death prevailed in the camp. The movements of the Indians began to indicate something new, and after a while again the boom of the cannon sounded in our ears, and simultaneously every man

jumped to his feet and gave a God-felt hurrah. The spirit of audacity we exhibited led to a renewed fire upon us, and we speedily sought our respective places of safety. That afternoon we did not hear the cannon again, and night coming on, all hope of relief left our breasts, and each man sullenly and silently pursued his own meditations. It was a night of black despair. There seemed no hope. The cup of salvation had been snatched from our lips, and there was nothing to do but die. We expected to be starved to death, as any one bold enough to rise up to put an arm into any wagon containing supplies was instantly shot. Our ammunition was almost exhausted, and each man laid his drawn sabre near him and examined his musket, resolved not to fire again until the final moment came, when a fire would do some execution. It happened to be quite dark also, which added to the uncertainties of the night. The agony we suffered through that long, long night, expecting every moment we would be rushed upon, is indescribable. Each moment seemed hours, and hours eternity. A solitary camp-fire at Gray Bird's quarters partly relieved the gloom, and the blanketed spectres stalking ever and anon in front of that fire seemed "ghosts or spirits of goblin damned." Gladly again we hailed the morn gilding the horizon. We saw unusual movements and stir among our enemy. Their war-whoops were fiercer, and their cries and gestures more frequent and emphatic. We expected the final hour had come when they would charge, and were prepared. The agony had been so intense that we felt a relief at the anticipated blow—no dread of death now lingered in the

heart of any. Suddenly the boom of the cannon was again heard, and again, and nearer and clearer, until its roar, usually terrible, sounded as the sweetest harmony of heaven. Confusion seemed to pervade our enemies, and they were in full flight. But we did not move from our holes until General Sibley, with a few officers, came right up to us, and then, and not till then, did we feel we were saved. The scene presented in our camp was a sickening one. Twenty-three men, black and discolored by the sun's rays, lay stark and dead in the small space; forty-five others seriously wounded, and groaning, and crying for water; the carcasses of ninety dead horses lying about, and a stench intolerable emanating from the whole ground. For thirty hours we had been under fire, and had tasted neither food nor water.

The story of our relief is soon told. General Sibley's scout had, from the high ground near Fort Ridgely, on the morning of September 2, 1862, heard the firing. A party under charge of Colonel McPhail was sent in our direction, and to our relief. It was Colonel McPhail's artillery we heard the first day, the Indians dividing their forces, one half surrounding us, and the other half compelling McPhail to send back for reënforcements. Then General Sibley came with his entire command. The number of Indians who attacked us was about four hundred. They were on their way to attack St. Peter or Mankato when, in the afternoon of September 1, their scouts encountered us. They followed our trail, and made the attack as related.

No engagement with Indians, that I am aware of,

compares with the battle of Birch Coolie in its duration, in the disparity of numbers between the respective combatants, and severity of loss sustained by the whites, in the desperate resistance of the besieged, in the tragic elements of death-dealing terror, save that on the Arickee fork of the Republican River, on the 17th day of September, 1868, when the little band of General Forsyth held at bay for days, with superhuman valor, the Cheyenne warriors of Roman Nose.

Time will magnify the significance of this Birch Coolie battle, and it will be remembered that it was fought by men without experience in war, those who had just enlisted in the service and those who had never enlisted, but who, on the first signal of danger, left their stores and other places of occupation, taking their lives in their hands, for the protection of their people and the State.

THE YELLOW MEDICINE MASSACRE.

BY FIRST-LIEUTENANT JOHN F. BISHOP,

FIFTH REGIMENT MINNESOTA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 2, 1889.)

ONE of the first and most disastrous episodes of the Indian war of 1862 was the ambushade at the Agency Ferry, on the 18th of August, of Captain Marsh's Company (B) of the Fifth Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, and the slaughter on the spot of more than two-thirds of the command. No official report of this affair was ever made or called for, so far as I know. I was at the time a boy of nineteen, the fifth sergeant of the company, and was the senior survivor of the fight. I had been but a few days in the military service, and no one suggested at the time that I should make anything more than a verbal statement of what happened. I now submit the following account of the facts as I remember them, that they may be used, so far as required, in making up the history of those memorable days.

The first indication of Indian outbreak we saw at Fort Ridgely was a team from Lower Sioux Agency, bringing in a citizen badly wounded, and pleading for help. This was about 8 A.M., August 18, 1862. Captain Marsh at once ordered the long roll sounded,

and the whole company fell in, about eighty-five men strong. He selected forty-five men, with forty rounds of ammunition and one day's rations, leaving balance of company under command of Lieutenant T. P. Gere to guard the post.

We left the fort about 9 A.M., taking a six-mule team along with extra ammunition, rations, blankets, etc. Citizens had already commenced arriving, and lined the road, mostly panic-stricken women and children. We marched about six miles towards the agency, and came to a small log house on fire. Dr. Humphrey, the agency physician, lay dead on the doorstep, tomahawked. Mrs. Humphrey lay in the centre of a room on the floor, dead, tomahawked, and an infant two days old lay on her breast, alive, but too far gone to be helped. We passed on half a mile farther, and found another citizen tomahawked, and nearly dead; we laid him out on one side of the road, and Captain Marsh requested some citizen to help him to the fort. Between the top of a hill (we used to call it Faribault Hill, on account of a log house at the bottom, owned by a half-breed named Faribault) and the bottom we found four citizens, dead; at the bottom, in a small creek, we found four men. Out of Faribault's house came about twenty-five women and children, and they filed towards the fort as we passed by. Faribault's house was about nine miles from the fort on the road to the agency. Between the creek and the ferry we found two more citizens in the road, dead; one was the ferryman. These citizens all appeared to have been overtaken and murdered within a few minutes before our arrival. The ferry at that time

was located about one mile down the river from Lower Sioux Agency, and I think about eleven miles above Fort Ridgely. The Minnesota River at this point keeps close to the bluffs on the southwest side. These bluffs at that time were covered with a thick growth of hazel brush and small trees; on the east side was a wide bottom covered with heavy high grass.

We arrived at the ferry on the east side about twelve o'clock, noon, and found the ferryboat on the east side, apparently ready to take us over; but Captain Marsh said probably the ferryman, whom we had just passed, was the last man over, and had left it on this side. One lone Indian, White Dog—a chief, I believe, of a small band of an Upper Sioux tribe—stood on the opposite side of the river. Captain Marsh commenced talking to him through interpreter Quinn. In a few minutes Quinn says, "I don't know this Indian; he don't belong here." I told Captain Marsh I had seen this same Indian among the Upper Sioux at Yellow Medicine under chief Standing Buffalo. Captain Marsh then asked him what he was at Little Crow Agency for; he said, "Only on a visit for a few days." He (the chief) urged Captain Marsh to cross over and go up to the agency and hold a council; said the Indians were all up there waiting for us, that they had had some trouble with traders, but the captain could fix it up with the Indians, and all would be right. In the meantime I had stepped down to the edge of the river to dip up a cup of water to drink; I found the water roily, and twigs and leaves floating down. I think the captain was about to order his men on to the boat, when I said to him, "Captain

Marsh, I believe we are being surrounded by Indians crossing the river above us," and gave him my reasons. I then ran up on a pile of sand caused by grading the approach to the ferry, and looked over the river; in a small ravine between the ferry and agency, on the west side of the river, I saw a lot of ponies switching their tails in the brush, and at once reported this to Captain Marsh. He then ordered Quinn to ask White Dog what the ponies were there just above him for if the Indians were all up at the agency. The Indian, who had been talking to us, then raised his gun. Quinn said, "Look out!" The Indian fired, and in an instant afterwards a volley of shot came from the brush on the opposite side of the river; about one-half of our men dropped dead where they had been standing—Quinn with about ten or twelve balls through him. A fearful yell right behind us followed the volley from the opposite side of the river. I heard Captain Marsh call out, "Steady, men!" I was standing at this time on the sand-pile, about twenty-five feet to the right of the company, who were facing the river. The Indians rushed in upon us from behind, firing mostly double-barrelled shot-guns, and then a hand-to-hand encounter took place, every man fighting the best he knew how to cut his way out of the terrible-looking mob around us. They were all painted, and naked except breech-clouts. Sergeant Trescott of Chatfield, two others, and myself tried to cut our way through in order to get into the ferryman's log house or barn, which stood on opposite sides of the road leading to the ferry on our side of the river. Trescott fell about two hundred feet from the house; the others fell before they reached it, shot

by Indians inside the house or barn. Both were full of Indians; I could not stop to argue the right of passage, but darted through between those buildings. I don't think they were over a hundred feet apart. The charge on Hood at Nashville, December 16, 1864, was a quiet promenade for me in comparison to this dash. A large-sized ball shivered the stock of my musket and cut a flesh wound in the thigh, but not a very serious one. A little beyond the ferryhouse I met an Indian with a double-barrelled shot-gun; he gave me the contents of both barrels, which struck the sand in the road at my feet; he was excited, I suppose, as well as myself. We both commenced loading; he had both barrels loaded as I had rammed my cartridge home; a gun-barrel then came up under my left arm; supposing it to be an Indian in my rear about to use his hatchet—I did not turn to see how it was to be done—the gun went off and the Indian fell, and the road was clear once more. Young James Dunn of Chatfield, afterwards killed at Nashville, spoke up and said, "Is your gun loaded?" "Yes, as soon as I can cap it." He said, "You lead, my gun is empty." We went about three hundred feet farther, and five Indians jumped into the road from the grass. We then turned off to the south in hope of finding an opening, but they bore down on us and others joined them, and we were pressed or crowded to south and west in a kind of circle until we reached the thicket just below the ferry. This thicket at that time varied from one rod to ten in width, and ran along the edge of the river about one mile, to nearly opposite the Faribault house, where it ended in an open bottom beyond.

When we entered it we found that Captain Marsh and eleven men had reached it before us.

The Indians surrounded this thicket, yelling, and shooting shot and ball in thick and fast; and here we commenced to use our ammunition carefully, under cover of brush and grass, to stand the devils off. This was kept up until about 4 o'clock p.m., when Captain Marsh ordered his men to swim the river, and try and work their way down on the west side; he entered the river first, and swam to about the centre, and there went down with a cramp. I ordered two of the best swimmers to try and help him; one reached him when he came to the surface the second time, only to be drawn under. I will never forget the look that brave officer gave us just before he sank for the last time, will never forget how dark the next hour seemed to us as we crouched underneath the bank of the Minnesota River and talked over and decided what next best to do. While we were holding this council all had become quiet outside the thicket, and upon further examination we found the Indians had all left us, crossed the river at a ford near, and were lying in ambush, they having supposed we were crossing when they saw Captain Marsh and his helpers floundering in the water. We then worked our way towards the fort; our progress was slow, on account of two wounded, including myself; the other having to be carried for ten miles. After dark, when about five miles out, I despatched one of our best men to warn the post commander of what had happened, that he might prepare for what was likely to follow. In an instant after his arrival a man was mounted upon the

swiftest horse to be found, and started for St. Paul with despatches to the governor for help, and to warn St. Peter, Henderson, Le Sueur, and Shakopee, and all settlers. We reached the fort about 10 o'clock P.M. Some things we saw that day are too revolting to relate; it chills my blood now to think of them.

Just after dark, when out five or six miles from the fort, we discerned something moving in the grass near the road. I thought we had run upon our enemy again, but demanded who was there, when a lone woman arose and approached us, exclaiming, "Have I found help at last—am I saved?" She then asked us to help her sister, lying in the grass near by, with a new-born child not an hour old. We helped them in with our wounded; it made our progress very slow.

Captain Marsh was the only commissioned officer present on this expedition. There were three sergeants and, I think, four corporals. Two sergeants were killed, Findley and Trescott of Chatfield. I was fifth sergeant at the time, and after Captain Marsh was drowned took command and brought the men in. Of course the other men that escaped into the thicket had as hard a time getting there as myself, and some of them more so. Tom Parsley of Chatfield and four others were cut off in another thicket by themselves; three were killed before dark, and after dark he crawled out and came into the fort alone. William Sutherland and Blodgett of Chatfield were both shot through the body, and remained where they fell until in the night, when they revived; and I believe they found an old canoe, and with it floated down the river and arrived at the fort next day. E. Rose of

Chatfield, shot through the arm, cut his way through alone and started for the fort in the night, got lost, and was picked up on the prairie between Fort Ridgely and Henderson, nearly dead from loss of blood. Corporals Hutchinson and Netherhood were survivors in the party with me, and are still living; others' names have passed from my memory; would give them if I had my diary, but it was lost on one of our marches in the south.

A young Indian whom I had often befriended, and who was captured by General Sibley, told me one night while in camp near Henderson, en route to Fort Snelling, under charge of General Marshall, that he was in the fight at the ferry, and that Little Crow had about three hundred and twenty-five or three hundred and fifty armed warriors, also about fifty warriors from the upper band, and about twenty or twenty-five Winnebagoes, besides some boys with bows and arrows, whom they did not consider fighters. He said their trick was to entice us on to the ferry-boat, then cut the rope and let us drift down stream and shoot us at their leisure. After we were all disposed of they were to cross their ponies and ride to the fort and capture that, then take their squaws and children along in the rear, and attack Mankato, St. Peter, and other towns as far as possible. I do not now remember how many were killed, but think about twenty-five men and about ten wounded. Their names are doubtless reported on rolls at the adjutant-general's office.

I think the great mistake of Captain Marsh was in not deploying two or three men each side of the road

and in advance of his command after we had commenced finding the dead. In that case the skirmishers might have discovered some of the Indians in the grass as we approached the ferry, and they might not. The agency buildings were on fire at the time we arrived at the ferry.

Many have censured Captain Marsh because he did not turn back when he commenced finding the dead lying in the road about four miles from the ferry. I will say in explanation for him that no brave officer could have turned back and left those defenceless women and children between that band of Indians and ourselves. They were continually swarming by us in groups of a dozen, more or less, at a time; not less than two hundred to three hundred of them passed us between Fort Ridgely and the ferry, where we found the Indians in ambush.

An officer who would order his men back in the face of these facts would deserve to be shot without a trial; dishonor would certainly have followed him, and there would have resulted the murder of many women and children who escaped while we were pressing forward. Moreover, if we had returned to the fort at once, the band of Indians would certainly have followed us in hot pursuit, would undoubtedly have captured the fort that night, and there would then have been nothing to stop them until they reached Fort Snelling.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY CAPTAIN C. L. SUMBARDO,

TWELFTH IOWA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read December 4, 1889.)

THE past fifty years have been remarkable for producing startling events.

In the Old World the political map has undergone striking changes, and great economic revolutions have produced conditions more favorable to human existence.

In our America we have witnessed one vast panorama of wonders, whose scenes have followed each other in quick succession, until to-day the mind is incapable of compassing the transformation. We now behold a free, united people, dashing across the continent from ocean to ocean in a style as luxurious as that of an Old-World prince in his own domain.

We talk from country to country, write, sing, ride, propel all kinds of machinery, illuminate with a brilliancy even rivalling the planets, by means of that subtle force which is quicker than any other save thought.

Everything must be executed with quickness; a premium is paid upon speed. So, under the quick-

ened impulse of these stimulated conditions, we can hardly stop for philosophy, but leave that for our successors.

If we scan quickly with our nineteenth-century minds the pages of six thousand years, our superficial observation would be, that dogmatism has been correlative with progress. A broader, deeper view, however, reveals the almost divine power of human reason when honestly applied, ever engaged in adding factor upon factor towards the solution of that infinite problem, man's higher destiny. It quietly triumphs as the value of each hitherto unknown quantity is made apparent.

What a remarkable diversity, and power of diffusing general knowledge, is displayed by the great American mind!

Every citizen, from him who delves in the elements of mother earth to that man whose brain forms the complex combinations which keep in motion the ponderous machinery of government, not only recognizes, but exercises, that prerogative which permits positive criticism upon every profession and every public act.

It would almost seem that psychology, as a science, had attained perfection in American intuitions.

When a creed or profession is adopted the individual deems it necessary to manifest his loyalty by displaying a degree of immovable dogmatism.

So each participant in the battle of Shiloh (and many who were not), as far as heard from, from General Grant down to the shortest "high private in the rear rank," seems to have occupied that point from which a full and impartial observation of both armies

could be made. This is readily conceivable when one pictures a line of battle at least three miles long, formed on undulating ground mostly covered with heavy but not thickly standing timber and more or less underbrush—the entire line being engaged in a terrific conflict with a determined enemy.

The vivid phenomena of a battle-field where a hundred thousand human souls are pitted against each other, bringing to bear every possible resource for supremacy in a death-struggle; where the brotherhood of man is forgotten and a revelry of carnage reigns supreme; where human sympathy congeals and mocks at Death, as from his swift chariot of fire and cloud he seizes a surfeit of prey—these extraordinary phenomena create impressions as varied as are the mental retinæ upon which they are imprinted.

Though all may be honest, yet the value of these impressions is determined by the character and cultivation of the minds upon which they are made. It is in nowise improbable that a broader intellectual vision, gazing backward through the memory into the perspective of nearly thirty years, may often trace the outline and detail of a more truthful picture than could be drawn by the feverish energy of a nation whose highly wrought tension seemed ready to snap asunder. But, like those views too large for the artist's camera, these great combat scenes must be taken in sections and carefully placed together, not by rival artists, whose entire study is effect, but by the cool, determined student of producing causes, who ignores sentiment in the presence of uncovered fact.

Believing in evolution, the writer would not for a

moment cast detracting reflections upon ancestry, either animal or intellectual. During the last thirty years we have witnessed some striking individual cases of "development of the species." The battle of Shiloh assisted in producing favorable conditions, in a certain direction, for such growth.

Being a non-commissioned officer in the Twelfth Iowa Infantry at the battle of Shiloh, modesty compels the writer to disclaim an equal knowledge with his commanding general regarding the disposition of forces, movements of both armies, etc.; but a few incidents came under his observation which were as real as if caught by the optics of higher rank.

About March 12, 1862, a large part of the troops at Fort Donelson (the Twelfth Iowa being with them) marched across to a landing on the Tennessee River, a few miles above Fort Henry, where after some delay they embarked on steamboats for Pittsburg Landing. On reaching Savannah, General Grant's headquarters, nine miles below Pittsburg Landing, the fleet halted, part of it remaining a day and night, then proceeded to the latter place, arriving March 19 and debarking next day.

On the morning of March 20 our regimental quartermaster, Lieutenant J. B. Dorr, formerly editor of the Dubuque *Herald*, later colonel of the Eighth Iowa Cavalry, one of the bravest men I ever met, invited me to accompany him while selecting a camping-ground for the regiment.

We paid no attention to the location of other troops, but selected high ground with plenty of shade, about half a mile northwest of the Landing, north of a ravine

down which flowed a creek with springs of good water along its banks. I have been informed by officers of other commands that their camping-grounds were similarly chosen, where suitable ground was found, without special reference to brigade or division. Let us recall a remark by General Grant in his "Memoirs": "Later in the war General Lew Wallace would not have made the mistake he committed on April 6, 1862"—that of joining the army on the right flank instead of at its base.

"Later in the war" a private soldier, a non-commissioned officer, a captain, or even a general, would have instinctively camped his troops in order of battle, that the long roll, simultaneously sounding, should in five minutes bring into line ready for action regiments, brigades, divisions, corps.

So much for evolution!

I think the first troops to arrive at Pittsburg Landing were those from Fort Donelson, who made camps not far from the river; others arriving camped farther west, continually pushing our front in that direction.

Those soldiers who had experienced a few months' active service were regarded as veterans by new regiments. I remember to have heard firing about 10 o'clock A.M. on Sunday, one week before the attack. Following the direction, I saw a company of infantry at target practice. The regiment to which it belonged had landed the day before. They had received their arms on board the boat that brought them down the Mississippi River. This I learned from one of the men, who cautiously approached and asked if I were

an old soldier, and if I would kindly show him which end of the bullet should be put into the gun first. He evidently did not wish to ask his comrades. Most of the late arrivals were direct from their original Northern rendezvous, and were unacquainted with drill and the use of arms, yet they were marched to the front and met the attack on the morning of the 6th of April.

We were not under rigid discipline, but a severe order existed against appropriating citizens' property, guards being stationed at every farm-house and barn-yard for protection. One of these guards was shot and others were fired at while on duty by bush-whackers. We had field rations, consisting mainly of "hardtack" and the abdominal adipose of the percine materfamilias.

Near the last of March (suffering for change of diet), notwithstanding existing orders, and although "the preacher" was not expected, I determined to get fresh meat if it could be found. A soldier with his musket accompanied me. We went in a northwesterly direction about a mile and a half beyond where any troops seemed to be camped without meeting any camp guards or pickets. Seeing some pigs at large, we shot one weighing about sixty pounds, skinned it, dressed it, and carried it between us slung on a pole. When near camp, one remained with his defunct pigship, while the other went for a blanket, in which the precious dead was carefully wrapped and silently borne to my tent. "Later in the war" such precaution would have been unnecessary. There was a laxity of general discipline, a freedom among the troops in those balmy April days, as they were scattered through that

delightful Tennessee forest, which gave our army the appearance of a gigantic picnic.

About one hundred and fifty yards to right and front of the Twelfth Iowa's color-line was camped a detachment of cavalry that was doing picket duty. We knew the enemy was fortified at Corinth, and we expected to fight him there. But Thursday night, April 3, the cavalry boys reported him at Monterey, twelve miles west of Pittsburg Landing. Friday afternoon, while one of our batteries was drilling in an open field, a body of his cavalry dashed in and captured two guns, which, however, were recaptured and seventeen prisoners taken, if my memory is correct. That night (April 4) the cavalry reported the enemy six miles from our advance. Saturday night they reported him three miles from our advance. They told us that an officer at headquarters remarked, on hearing their report, that they were more "scared than hurt."

Next morning, before sunrise, the advance of our army was furiously attacked. While in prison, Sergeants Welton and Stumpf, of the Eighteenth Wisconsin Infantry, both intelligent, substantial men, told me their regiment and troops near it were completely surprised, and that some of their officers, being yet in bed, were captured before having time to dress.

Our regiment remained quietly in camp awaiting orders. At 6:30 A.M. we distributed sixty rounds of ammunition per man, and one day's rations in our haversacks. At about 7:30 A.M. we were ordered to the front. We marched leisurely, making frequent halts, experiencing some difficulty in finding the re-

mainder of our brigade among the moving troops. At this time in the morning numbers of men were straggling to the rear, while many dead and wounded were being carried back.

No man with experience as a soldier will wonder for a moment at the demoralizing effect upon raw troops, both officers and men, of a sudden attack with artillery and infantry by a disciplined army. Some of the stragglers shouted, "You'll find a hot place out there, boys!" which, notwithstanding the source, proved correct.

When the battle began, General Grant's army, facing nearly southwest, was disposed from right to left, as follows: Sherman, McClelland, Prentiss, Stuart, with Hurlburt and W. H. L. Wallace in reserve, the latter to the right of Hurlburt. There was a wide gap between McClelland and Prentiss, and at 8:30 A.M. our brigade, being the left of Wallace's Division, took position in line of battle to the right of Prentiss's Division.

Our brigade was composed of the Second, Seventh, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Iowa Regiments, and were posted in the order named, Colonel J. M. Tuttle, Second Iowa, commanding brigade.

A battery of twelve-pound Parrott guns immediately took position a few yards in advance. In front (west of us) was a field containing perhaps eighty acres; it was skirted on the north, west, and south sides by rather thickly standing timber, on the east by comparatively open country and somewhat higher ground.

The right of our brigade extended some distance north of the field, while the three left companies of

the Twelfth Iowa extended south of it. On the west side the enemy was plainly visible. We at once opened fire with musketry and artillery, to which he replied with such spirit and precision that we (artillery and infantry) fell back about one hundred yards, as the ground receding eastward afforded protection.

This field had once been cultivated, but was now filled with dry weeds as high as a man's head. We soon discovered a strong force had moved half-way across the field under cover of the weeds to attack our front; simultaneously two columns were approaching under cover of the timber on the north and south sides of the field to attack the right and left of our brigade. The force in front being discovered first, our fire was concentrated upon it. Several times their battle-flags dropped and rose again during those fearful few moments, until that body of brave men seemed to have been swept away.

By this time the advance of the other attacking columns appeared on the north and south sides of the field; but the centre column having been destroyed, our right wing repulsed one column and our left repulsed the other. As soon as these forces emerged from the woods we fired a volley, and, not waiting to reload, charged furiously upon them, capturing a few prisoners and compelling a rapid retreat.

During these movements a terrific artillery fire was directed upon our centre. This occurred about 9 o'clock A.M. Similar attacks were made at intervals during the day, with similar results. Colonel J. J. Woods, Twelfth Iowa, had received orders to hold this position at all hazards. About ten o'clock Colonel

Tuttle rode along the line and said: "Men, do your duty; remember you are from Iowa."

As the enemy's bullets kept up a ceaseless "zip-zip" around our ears, while his cannon-shot and -shell were crashing through the trees and ploughing up the earth, a peculiar sickly sensation crept over me, upon fully realizing that I was a long way from Iowa. Had he said, "Go up, thou bald-head!" or, "Am not I thine ass?" or made some other equally comforting Scripture quotation, it would have been refreshing at that moment.

All day we held this position against repeated attacks, while the firing indicated that both wings of our army were being steadily pushed back. Later in the day the battery withdrew, as did the Second and Seventh Iowa. Soon a body of the enemy emerged from the woods north of the field, and took undisputed possession of the ground that had been occupied by these two regiments all day. At the same time Prentiss's Division was being rapidly driven back, though fighting over every foot of ground. While driving Prentiss to rear of us, the enemy came within point-blank range; the Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa quickly faced about and gave him a volley, temporarily checking him, when Prentiss's Division immediately advanced and drove him a short distance. Soon we discovered a column of Confederates in the woods on the south side of the field.

Part of both regiments faced to the front, firing rapidly, while the remainder were fighting to the rear. As before stated, we had received orders to "hold this position at all hazards," which was effectively done

up to this time, about 4 o'clock P.M. Colonel Tuttle subsequently said he sent orders to Colonels Woods and Shaw (Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa Regiments) to retire at same time with Second and Seventh Iowa Regiments.

These orders were never received.

Seeing that both flanks were turned and a heavy column was attacking his left, Colonel Woods led his regiment by the right flank obliquely to the rear. The command "Double-quick, march!" was executed in good order, but with unusual alacrity, regulation, time, and length of step not being scrupulously observed.

During this retreat three lines were pouring their fire into our ranks from different directions. About half a mile in rear of our former position we came upon Prentiss's Division in a disorganized mass.

Here we halted, but the enemy's concentrated fire scattered our men and rendered formation impossible. Many officers exhibited what seemed to me extraordinary coolness and courage in efforts, under those indescribable conditions, to form their men for the purpose of cutting their way out, but it could not be done in that literal storm of death. Incidents witnessed in such moments are indelibly stamped upon memory.

Lieutenant Dorr (quartermaster Twelfth Iowa) stepped from his saddle to the top of a high stump, where he stood waving his sword and shouting, "Men, for God's sake form and cut your way out! Would you die in Southern dungeons?" Just then his horse fell, riddled with bullets.

Captain E. M. Van Duzee said to me, "We must form the company and cut our way out." We suc-

ceeded in getting one file of four, but they would not stand under that murderous fire until others could be brought.

Soon after a white flag had been raised a doughty Confederate captain commanding a battalion—four companies of infantry—halted his command about seventy-five yards north of the “Bull Pen,” as our men named the locality where we were captured. These were the first Confederate troops to reach us. The captain left his command at “order arms,” and, approaching to within about twenty-five yards of where I was standing, called out, “Lay down your arms, boys, and you shan’t be hurt.” One of our men replied, “We haven’t made up our minds yet to do that.” The captain said, “Then I’m in a damned bad fix,” and hurried back to his battalion.

About half an hour after we fell back Generals Hardee, Bragg, Polk, and Breckenbridge, with their staff-officers, rode up and looked us over. I should say they spent fifteen minutes in conversation with our officers. At this time firing along the line was lighter than at any other time during the day; it seemed heaviest on our left.

Generals Hardee and Bragg attracted my notice—the former a genial, kind appearing man; the latter somewhat bombastic.

A battery was firing to left of us; General Bragg asked, “Are those the enemy’s guns, General Hardee?” “I think they are, General,” was Hardee’s answer. In a tragic manner Bragg replied, “Then we’ll sweep them from the field,” and putting spurs to his strong horse, dashed towards the left.

Although the enemy evidently overestimated their

success, they were by no means hilarious. The delay consequent upon our capture cost them one golden hour, which I have always thought possibly saved our army from destruction.

The landing under the bluff was thronged with panic-stricken men, whom nothing could induce to fight. They were mainly fresh troops who did not know how to use their arms, yet were surprised by a furious attack that morning.

Both wings of our army had been driven back, until the left rested upon the river, while the right must have been two miles from its first position.

From the nature of the ground on approaching the river, both lines were shortened, rendering both armies easier to wield. Success gave the Confederates additional strength.

Had their efforts been as vigorous in the centre after our capture as they were before, the battle of Shiloh would have ended on the night of the 6th of April. The sun was below the tree-tops as we marched from the field towards Corinth—prisoners of war. General Sherman, in his original report, made it between 10 and 11 A.M. "Later in the war he would never have made the mistake," General Grant declared; "we were not surprised." This may be true in a broad military sense, for all knew of the enemy's proximity; but those troops upon which the first attack was made were completely surprised. He also stated that he could have handled the enemy next day without General Buell's aid. I wondered at his confidence; recalling events, however, illuminates one's understanding.

General Grant always displayed extraordinary dis-

crimination in selecting lieutenants (this is strictly military). He possibly felt that, although General Prentiss and his division were captured, their loss would be more than compensated by the effect which that general's heroic conversation (for which he seemed famous) must produce upon the enemy. This is theory.

It is impossible to describe the unresponsive feeling that settled down upon my being when first realizing my position as a prisoner of war. I remember hearing a conversation between General Prentiss and a group of Confederate officers on the evening of April 7 as we halted in the streets of Corinth; how under its effect my vertebra assumed temporary rigidity, as it seemed to me we were captors instead of captives.

Some days after the battle I secured a Savannah, Ga., paper, containing a finely written account of the battle of Shiloh, headed "From Our Western Army Correspondent." The report of the enemy's movements Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, exactly corresponded with that made by our cavalry pickets.

I concealed that paper in my haversack during seven months' imprisonment, and brought it home with me.

The Union army at Shiloh knew little discipline other than that common to men conscious of the responsibility of self-government. Experience in war has taught the value of that discipline, to which superior minds are susceptible, and in which they are educated at West Point.

This word discipline contains a volume of meaning, whose full power, reaching through his reason, touches

man's higher nature. Loyalty to government, personal fidelity, a high sense of honor, a wise subordination, uniform courtesy, a knowledge of natural laws and how to apply them, are some of the results of that education which fits men for leaders.

My conviction is that the speedy termination of the war after Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, were brought to the front was due as much to the personal fidelity of this great trio as to any other one cause. A confidence existed between them which neither could have reposed in a volunteer officer.

Had Secretary Stanton been educated at West Point the Stanton-Sherman episode would not have occurred.

There are few rules without exceptions; so West Point furnished its striking anomaly, which was conspicuously "served up" in the person of General H. W. Halleck.

General U. S. Grant was a unique creation. There was nothing remarkable in his parentage or early life. He was an ordinary student, and graduated low in his class. His career as quartermaster in the Fourth U. S. Infantry was certainly not brilliant. His clerkship in his father's leather store could have been filled by a boy sixteen years old.

We were told by his personal friend, General Chetlain, at our last meeting, that his efforts early in the war to break those chains which held his soul from action were regarded with silence and as not worthy of remark. His conscious power began to manifest itself at Belmont, Forts Henry and Donelson. His treatment by General Halleck, no doubt, accounts for his

apparent apathy while his headquarters were at Savannah. However, all bonds were burst asunder when that awful 6th of April dawned, demanding every resource of his pent-up soul, and through the disasters of that day, after the cloud of battle had risen, while viewing his army, still in line, General Grant caught the first satisfactory glimpse of his destiny. His was, as Emerson says, "the perfect will, which no terrors can shake, which is attracted by frowns or threats or hostile armies, nay, needs these to awake and fan its reserved energies into a pure flame, and it is never quite itself until the hazard is extreme; then it is serene and fertile, and all its powers play well."

After the lapse of a generation, while calmly contemplating those facts regarding the battle of Shiloh which came under my own observation, I cannot suppress the strongest feelings of loyalty, admiration, and love for this our country, a legitimate outgrowth of whose beneficent institutions was such an army, untrained in war, yet almost invincible because of that higher courage brought into action for the intelligent defence of what they individually regarded as a vital principle, namely, the principle of a Republican form of government.

I cannot but believe, while looking over that hard-fought field to-day, that an army with less general intelligence in rank and file, with less feeling of individual responsibility, would have suffered a crushing defeat before the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston.

THE FIRST MINNESOTA AT GETTYSBURG.

BY LIEUTENANT WILLIAM LOCHREN,

FIRST MINNESOTA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read January 14, 1890.)

I PROPOSE in this paper to give some of my own recollections of the Gettysburg campaign, and of the part taken in it by the First Minnesota Regiment. Although the tale has been told before, and often inaccurately, where the narrators have had to depend on information derived from others, it will bear repetition; and the recollections of any participant can scarcely fail to be of some interest and value.

After the battle of Chancellorsville the armies of Hooker and Lee rested quietly for a month, on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, at Fredricksburg. There seemed to be a tacit truce as far as any hostile demonstrations were concerned. Our division lay near the bank of the river a little below the Lacy House, in plain view of, and less than a mile away from, the enemy's artillery, which bristled on Marye's Heights; and Confederate infantry were encamped just opposite, and within musket range, and equally exposed to our artillery on the heights behind us. Pickets along the banks of the narrow, fordable stream stood and were relieved in full view and within a

stone's-throw of each other, and by means of tiny boats whittled from juniper, rigged with paper sails, and rudders tied at the proper angle, kept up a daily interchange of newspapers, coffee, tobacco, and other articles.

But on June 6, 1863, it became evident that our quiet was not to last; for on that day Hooker, with but slight opposition, passed a part of Sedgwick's Sixth Corps, to the south side of the river at Franklin's old crossing, a couple of miles below us, and moved troops to that point and laid pontoons in readiness to cross in force. Although there was considerable artillery firing and some collision of infantry at this crossing, it did not disturb the peace of our front; and at the end of three days of comparative inaction on the part of Hooker, it became apparent that Lee, disregarding this demonstration, was sending a large force beyond our right in the direction of the Upper Potomac, or of the Shenandoah Valley. Hooker's wish to avail himself of the obvious advantage of striking the flank and rear of Lee's extended line was overruled by the ever baleful interference of Stanton and Halleck, in their morbid dread for the safety of Washington; and Hooker was required to move back to the vicinity of that place, leaving Lee to pursue his course at his leisure and unmolested.

We made long marches under a scorching sun till we reached Sangster's Station, within a march of Alexandria; when, upon the news that Lee's infantry was crossing the Potomac in the valley, and that his cavalry had penetrated into Pennsylvania, Hooker was allowed to advance by way of Centreville, and

across the Bull Run battle-field to Thoroughfare Gap, as the rear of Longstreet's Corps was passing on the other side; and thence by Edwards Ferry into Maryland, carefully keeping between the enemy and Washington. On leaving Thoroughfare Gap our brigade was the rear-guard, preceded by a long train; and as we reached Haymarket, two or three miles on our way, we were suddenly subjected to a rapid artillery fire from a horse battery which the enemy had pushed through the Gap with a cavalry support as we left. There were several casualties, and Colonel Colvill's horse was killed under him. But the attack caught, at greatest disadvantage, a large body of non-combatants, who had loitered near the rear as the place of safety; and the tumultuous and disorderly flight of sutlers, surgeons, chaplains, and negro servants caused vociferous merriment among the men, which the rapid bursting of shells could not lessen. I was greatly amused by the antics of my own colored boy Tobe, a rather apish-looking young contraband, who carried in a large basket, usually on his head, the provisions and mess implements of Colvill, Heffelfinger, and myself. He was marching that morning in unusual pride, in a new pair of coarse cotton pants having up-and-down stripes of bright yellow, blue, and white. He started with the others at the first shot, but at the scream of every fresh shell would throw himself on the ground, grasping his load and running again after the explosion. A strong skirmish line soon drove off the artillery, and after going on three or four miles we found Tobe about the only darkey who had carried off his load. But his gaudy pants had given place to

ragged blue. "Lieutenant," said he, "dem pants was too bright. De Rebs seed 'em, and didn't fire at nuffin else but just dem pants."

On June 28 we reached the vicinity of Frederick City, Md., where Hooker, discouraged by constant interference from Washington, resigned, and Meade was placed in command. On the 29th we marched thirty-three miles, passing through Uniontown at dark, and halted near the Pennsylvania line. Early on that march we came to a creek crossed by a ford, the water being more than knee-deep. On each side of the road was a log across the stream, hewn on top for pedestrians. To cross the men on the logs would impede the march, and Colonel Charles H. Morgan, the very efficient inspector-general of the Second Corps, remained there giving orders to regimental commanders as they approached to march their men through the water. This order was given by Colvill, followed by his command, "Close order, march!"

But a few of the men and line officers (the writer among them) skurried across the timbers, losing no distance, and avoiding the danger of scalded feet, almost certain to result from such a wetting at the beginning of a long march. Morgan became very angry; and having further trouble with the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment, which followed us, and being groaned by that regiment as he passed our brigade, massed at a halt soon after, and believing that act of insubordination to have come from our regiment, he at once placed Colonel Colvill under arrest. This act produced a strong feeling of resentment, as the men felt that Colvill was unfairly dealt with.

It was night when we halted, so weary that we dropped down for sleep without care for supper, Heffelfinger and I, as usual, doubling and sharing our blankets. We had just lain down when I heard my name called by the adjutant to go with the picket detail. It seemed impossible to move again, but there was no help for it; and I thought I could detect in Heffelfinger's profuse and sincere condolences an undertone of satisfaction that the lot had fallen on me rather than on him. I could not blame the feeling, and gathering the grumbling detail, of which Captain Thomas Sinclair took command, we went about three miles farther and posted pickets. Morning was long in coming, but brought in view a thrifty-looking farmhouse about eighty rods in front, where about sunrise I joined the family in a good breakfast, and filled my haversack with fresh bread, sweet butter, pies and cakes, and my canteen with new milk, enough to give Colvill and Heffelfinger a luxurious breakfast, when on returning early to the regiment I found them still sleeping. While eating it I fancied they became quite reconciled to the additional hardship that had been imposed on me. This day, June 30, we remained quiet, and made out the bi-monthly muster-rolls, on which so many were fated never to draw pay.

On July 1, towards noon, the sound of distant heavy cannonading soon set us on the march towards it, retracing our steps to Uniontown, and there turning to the right. The heavy roar continued with brief intervals, growing in volume and intensity as we approached; and between four and five o'clock we began to meet the crowd of stragglers, cowards, and camp

followers, with their invariable tale of defeat and rout. As most of the soldiers wore the crescent badge of the Eleventh Corps, for which little respect had been felt since Chancellorsville, they met but taunts and jeers from the sturdy veterans of the Second Corps. Hancock had left us earlier and spurred on to the battle-field, where he assumed command, selecting the ground and making dispositions for the continuance of the battle. We bivouacked three or four miles south of Gettysburg, putting out a strong picket, and before daylight on July 2 marched to the battle-field, where the Second Corps was placed in position to the left of Cemetery Ridge, being joined on its left by Sickles's Third Corps, which extended to near Little Round Top. The First Minnesota was not placed in the line, but apparently in reserve, just behind it. Colvill was here released from arrest and assumed command, and Companies F and L were detached and sent to different places as skirmishers. Company C was also absent as provost-guard of the division. We lay quietly in a slight hollow, fairly secure from the enemy's shells, which came over us occasionally, killing one of our men and wounding another; and although there were some collisions of infantry in establishing positions, there was no protracted fighting during the forenoon.

Soon after noon Sickles advanced the line of the Third Corps more than half a mile, to a slight ridge near the Emmettsburg road, his left reaching the Devil's Den, near the base of Little Round Top; and the remaining eight companies of the First Minnesota, reduced by the casualties of war to two hundred and sixty-two men, were sent to the centre of the position

just vacated by Sickles's advance, to support Battery C of the Fourth U. S. Artillery. No other troops were near us, and we stood in full view of Sickles's battle in the Peach Orchard, and witnessed with eager anxiety the varying fortunes of that sanguinary conflict, until at length, with gravest apprehension, we saw our men give way before the heavier forces of Longstreet and Hill, and come back, slowly at first, and rallying at short intervals, but soon broken and in utter disorder, rushing down the slope, by the Trostle House, across the low ground, up the slope on our side, and past our position to the rear, followed by a heavy force of the Confederates, the large brigades of Wilcox and Barksdale, in regular lines, coming steadily on in the flush of victory, and firing on the fugitives. They reached the low ground, and in a few minutes would be at our position on the rear of the left flank of our army, which they could roll up as Jackson did the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville. There was no organized force to oppose them but our handful of two hundred and sixty-two men.

Most soldiers, in the face of the near advance of such an overpowering force, which had just defeated the bulk of an army corps, would have caught the panic and joined the retreating forces. But the First Minnesota had never deserted any post, had never retired without orders; and, desperate as the situation seemed, and as it was, the regiment stood firm against whatever might come. Just then Hancock, with a single aide, rode up at full speed, and for a moment vainly endeavored to rally Sickles's retreating forces. Reserves had been sent for, but were too far away to

hope to reach the critical position until it should be occupied by the enemy, unless that enemy were stopped. Quickly leaving the fugitives, Hancock spurred to where we stood, calling out as he reached us, "What regiment is this?" "First Minnesota," replied Colvill. "Charge those lines!" commanded Hancock. Every man realized in an instant what that order meant—death or wounds to us all, the sacrifice of the regiment to gain a few minutes' time and save the position. And every man saw and accepted the necessity for the sacrifice; and in a moment, responding to Colvill's rapid orders, the regiment, in perfect line, with arms at "right shoulder, shift," was sweeping down the slope directly upon the enemy's centre. No hesitation, no stopping to fire, though the men fell fast at every stride before the concentrated fire of the whole Confederate force, directed upon us as soon as the movement was observed. Silently, without orders, and almost from the start, "double-quick" had changed to utmost speed, for in utmost speed lay the only hope that any of us could pass through that storm of lead and strike the enemy. "Charge!" shouted Colvill as we neared the first line, and with levelled bayonets, at full speed, we rushed upon it, fortunately, as it was slightly disordered in crossing a dry brook. The men were never made who will stand against levelled bayonets coming with such momentum and evident desperation. The first line broke in our front as we reached it, and rushed back through the second line, stopping the whole advance. We then poured in our first fire, and availing ourselves of such shelter as the low bank of the dry brook afforded, held the entire force

at bay for a considerable time, and until our reserves appeared on the ridge we had left. Had the enemy rallied quickly to a countercharge, its overwhelming numbers would have crushed us in a moment, and we would have effected but a slight pause in its advance. But the ferocity of our onset seemed to paralyze them for a time, and though they poured in a terrible and continuous fire from the front and enveloping flanks, they kept at a respectful distance from our bayonets, until, before the added fire of our fresh reserves, they began to retire and we were ordered back.

What Hancock had given us to do was done thoroughly. The regiment had stopped the enemy, held back its mighty force, and saved the position, and probably that battle-field. But at what a sacrifice! Nearly every officer was dead, or lay weltering with bloody wounds—our gallant colonel and every field-officer among them. Of the two hundred and sixty-two men who made the charge, two hundred and fifteen lay upon the field, struck down by Rebel bullets; forty-seven men were still in line, and not a man was missing. The annals of war contain no parallel to this charge. In its desperate valor, complete execution, successful result, and in its sacrifice of men in proportion to the number engaged, authentic history has no record with which it can be compared.

In the darkness following the wounded were gathered by their surviving comrades, and sent to field hospitals; and the fragment of the regiment, now commanded by Captain Nathan S. Messick, lay down for the night not far from where the charge was made. In the morning we were joined by Companies F and

C, bringing up our aggregate to about one hundred and fifteen men.

The morning of July 3 opened bright and beautiful, though its light was ushered in with heavy infantry firing near Culp's Hill on the right, where the Confederates were forced back from positions they had gained the previous evening. Soon after sunrise we were moved to our proper place in our brigade in the front line, passing Stannard's new brigade of Vermont troops as it was taking position on the left of our division, its full regiments and new uniforms making it noticeable by the side of the thinned regiments of dusty veterans of the Second Corps. Reaching our place in the line, we made a slight barricade, perhaps knee-high, of fence-rails and cobble-stones and knapsacks filled with dirt, and, lying down behind it, many were soon fast asleep. In the forenoon there was a slight skirmish in our front, and some buildings that had sheltered Rebel sharp-shooters were burned. But suddenly about one o'clock a tremendous artillery fire opened along the Rebel line on Seminary Ridge, for a mile or more in our front, all converging upon the position of the Second Corps, and mainly on our division. It was at once responded to by our artillery from a higher position just behind us. Not less than one hundred and fifty pieces on each side were firing with great rapidity, and the missiles from both directions passed over our heads, except such from the enemy as struck or burst at or in front of our line. We had been in many heavy battles and thought ourselves familiar with artillery, but nothing approaching this terrible cannonade had ever greeted our ears. In the perfect storm

of shells screaming over our heads and striking and bursting among our artillery, where caissons were exploding every few minutes, it did not seem as if anything could live. But our own artillery was served as rapidly, and we had the satisfaction of detecting the sound of bursting caissons on the enemy's side as well. Though shells were dropping and bursting at our line continually, covering most of us with dirt, the casualties in the regiment were few; and as men will get accustomed to anything, before two hours of this cannonade had ended some of the most weary were sleeping soundly. We all knew what was to follow. At length our artillery ceased to reply. This surprised us, as we supposed we excelled the Confederates in this arm; but we could see that the situation of our artillery on the bare ridge behind us was more exposed than that of the enemy, which had a screen of wood in front of it. The Confederate fire seemed to increase, if possible, for a brief time, when it also ceased. Instantly every man was alert, straining his eyes towards the wood, three-quarters of a mile distant, from which the Confederate infantry began to emerge in heavy force, forming three strong lines, with a supporting force in rear of each flank. We then estimated the number at about twenty thousand men, though Confederate accounts reduce it to fifteen thousand. Moving directly for our position with firm step and in perfect order, our artillery soon opened on them with considerable effect, but without halting them in the slightest; and we could not repress our feelings and expressions of admiration at the steady and resolute manner in which they came on, breasting that storm of shell and grape, and

closing up their thinning ranks. When about sixty rods from our line, our corps opened with musketry, and the slaughter became terrible; but instead of hesitating, their step changed to double-quick, and they rushed to the charge. But whether because Hancock here wheeled Stannard's Vermont Brigade to enfilade their right flank, or from some other cause, their front opened at this time, and perhaps one-quarter of Pickett's force on his right turned more to the right, and were met and disposed of by the Vermonters. The main body of the Confederates here diverged more to their left, passing our front diagonally, under our own fire, and charged the position held by Webb's Second Brigade of our division, forcing back the Seventy-first and Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Regiments, and capturing Cushing's Battery. But as soon as the Confederates had passed our front, our brigade (Harrow's) ran to the right for the threatened point, while Hall's Brigade, of our division, to our right and next to Webb, as soon as uncovered wheeled to the right to take the enemy in flank. By the time the enemy had captured Cushing's guns, our brigade, mixed with Webb's Brigade, was in a strong though confused line in his front, pouring in a heavy fire at four or five rods' distance; the fire here from both sides was most deadly. It lasted, however, but a few moments. Whether the command "Charge!" was given by any general officer I do not know; it seemed to me to come in a spontaneous yell from the men, and instantly our line precipitated itself on the enemy. Henry D. O'Brien, who then carried the few tatters of our regimental flag, with his characteristic impetuosity sprang with it

towards the enemy on the first sound of the word "Charge," and kept it noticeably in advance of every other color in the rush then made. My impulse on the instant was to blame him for imperilling the flag, which every man of the First Minnesota ran forward to protect. With them went the whole line, and the bayonet was freely used for a few minutes, and cobble-stones, with which the ground was covered, filled the air, thrown by men in the rear over the heads of their comrades in front. Such a struggle was necessarily soon finished. The high-water mark of the Confederacy had been reached, but could not be held; and most of the remaining Confederates threw down their arms and surrendered, a very few escaping. Marshall Sherman of Company C, who afterwards lost a leg in the service, and now resides in St. Paul, here captured the colors of the Twenty-eighth Virginia Regiment.

Our men, though elated with their success, were most kind to the three or four thousand captured Confederates, and in a few minutes were sharing the contents of their haversacks and canteens with them. A sadder duty was the gathering up of our dead and wounded, who numbered seventeen on this last day. Among the killed were Captain Nathan S. Messick, our commander, and Captain Wilson B. Farrell of Company C. This ended the serious fighting of the battle of Gettysburg. Some have censured General Meade for not following the repulse of Pickett's charge by a countercharge with the Sixth Corps, which was one of our best, and which had not been engaged. This would have been a repetition of the mistake, just

then demonstrated, which Lee had made in ordering Pickett's charge. Our troops in a countercharge would have been obliged to pass over the same three-quarters of a mile of open fields so fatal to Pickett, in the face of all the enemy's artillery, then known to be in position to sweep it, as it had just before hammered our lines across this space; and if any of such charging force should reach Seminary Ridge, it would be certain to find itself confronted by a strong line of steady veterans, probably protected by field defences, for Lee always used the spade more than was done by any of our generals before the latter part of the Wilderness campaign. It would have resulted in fruitless butchery, and might have hazarded the advantages already gained. That the failure of Pickett's charge and loss of so many troops may have caused some depression in Lee's army is very probable; but the thought that any such disaster would cause any panic or demoralization in either of those armies in 1863, or cause them to fight with any less vigor or tenacity, will be entertained only by those not familiar with their discipline and fighting qualities at that time.

But whatever may be the verdict of history as to Meade's conduct under the circumstances, there can be no question that the First Minnesota Regiment in that battle displayed such heroism and unselfish soldierly devotion as has not been shown, in equal degree, by any body of soldiers since Leonidas stood on the pass at Thermopylæ—perhaps not there, for the Spartans held such advantage in position that their assailants would reach them only by disproportion-

tionate sacrifice; and a few of the Spartans sought safety in flight. The First Minnesota rushed through the storm of bullets coming from the direct fire of two brigades, into the midst and centre of this overwhelming force, with nothing but death to look for, and no hope or chance for any other success than to gain the brief time needed to save that battle-field. And not a man wavered.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

BY LIEUTENANT ELL TORRANCE,

NINETY-SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read February 11, 1890.)

WHEN the War of the Rebellion commenced my home was near a quiet village in western Pennsylvania. My father was a clergyman and a man of peace. My mother had borne in holy wedlock six sons and four daughters. Of these, three sons and two daughters had fallen asleep, and their dust reposed in the village church-yard. I was the eldest son, and had not quite reached my seventeenth birthday when the conspirators at Charleston opened fire on Fort Sumter. I was then attending school preparatory to entering the junior year at college; but with the fall of Sumter my books fell from my hands, never again to be resumed in orderly course.

Although my home was somewhat remote from railway communication, yet almost daily we received news concerning the progress of the war. Occasionally a daily paper would reach us, and would be read with an eagerness that might be photographed, but not described. I can well remember the pictures of Fort Sumter: the rebel batteries, the curved lines of fire, the bursting shells, the turbulent waters, the dead and

wounded men. My great desire, day and night, was to enlist; but my youth, and the fact that the President's call for seventy-five thousand men had been met within a few days after it had been made, satisfied me that I had been born under an unlucky star.

But momentous events succeeded each other with great rapidity in those days, and it was not long until an opportunity was afforded me to enlist. It was in the month of June, and a few days after Colonel Ellsworth had been killed while attempting to take down a Rebel flag from the Marshall House at Alexandria, Va.

I was the only member of the family that possessed a gun, and being a good marksman, I felt sure that I was called upon to become one of the great army of "Ellsworth's Avengers." My influence was principally with my mother. So I renewed my previous earnest solicitation that she would consent to my entering the army. To my great gratification, she yielded, and I at once hastened to my father's study; and with a faltering voice asked his permission to go.

For a few moments he looked me in the face and answered not a word. Then, laying down his pen, he asked me to be seated, and enquired as to my motives for desiring to enter the service. Fortunately for me, his questions were so framed that I could readily give favorable answers. In substance I replied that I was prompted by patriotic motives; that I regarded it a duty to serve my country in her hour of peril, and that I was willing, if necessary, to die in her defence. It is my present impression, however, in the light of what followed, that I scarcely comprehended the full

significance of his questions, but I answered them to his satisfaction, and obtained his consent also.

My mother gave me a change of raiment, and out of an old rosewood box in her bureau drawer took some pieces of silver and gave them to me, and in almost the twinkling of an eye I was gone. It was a beautiful morning in June, the air was redolent with the perfume of flowers and blossoms. A company of soldiers from a neighboring town were to pass through Greensburg on their way to Pittsburg about noon of that day, and it was necessary for me to walk nine miles to reach the station.

I had not a moment to spare, and in haste I departed from the shelter and protection of a good and safe home to enter upon the untried and unknown realities of grim-visaged war. The road was winding, and with a light and happy heart I hurried along, here and there crossing fields to save distance, meeting, now and again, neighbors and acquaintances, who, when I told them I was going to the war, looked incredulous.

Great was my disappointment when reaching Greensburg to find that the train carrying the troops I expected to join had passed through a short time before. However, I followed after on the next train, and when I reached Camp Wright, situated on the Allegheny River a few miles above Pittsburg, I met a friend of my father's, who gave me the welcome information that there was a vacancy in the Pittsburg Rifles, and that he would use his influence to get me the place.

The Pittsburg Rifles was a company composed of some of the best young men of the cities of Pitts-

burg and Allegheny. They were picked men, and it required as much influence to get into the ranks of that company as it did to hold a commission in many other organizations. The company was armed with Sharpe's rifles, the gift of leading citizens, and the men were uniformed in gray, presenting a very attractive appearance indeed.

One of its members, a private, had resigned, which was the vacancy above referred to, and I was honored with his place, his uniform, and his gun; and in less than forty-eight hours after I had left my home I was a soldier, enjoying, to the utmost of my capacity, the noise and dust and din and excitement of camp life. And this was my introduction to the Pennsylvania Reserves.

For three years the Pennsylvania Reserves constituted one of the most efficient and valuable divisions in the Army of the Potomac, and it is my desire in this paper very briefly but imperfectly to sum up its magnificent record. It consisted of thirteen regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery, numbering in all more than fifteen thousand men, and was recruited at the very beginning of the war.

When President Lincoln issued his proclamation for seventy-five thousand men, Pennsylvania not only furnished her assigned quota of fourteen regiments, but increased the number to twenty-five. The patriotic ardor of the people was so great that this did not suffice, and the services of about thirty additional regiments were tendered, but had to be refused.

Pennsylvania had then in the public service many great and patriotic men, but none greater or more

patriotic than her chief-executive, Andrew G. Curtin. With rare good judgment he forecast the future, and was convinced that the rebellion could not be suppressed until the government used every element of strength within its reach. Preparations for a long and severe contest were necessary, and upon a scale vastly greater than had yet been contemplated by the general government.

In addition to this, it was deemed prudent and necessary to take some immediate steps for the protection of the commonwealth. With three hundred miles of frontier lying along the borders of slave States, she was open to invasion at any moment. Accordingly, Governor Curtin convened the legislature of the State in extra session on the 30th of April, 1861, and on the 15th of May following the legislature passed an act providing for an organization to be known as the "Reserve Corps of the Commonwealth." Camps of instruction were at once formed at West Chester, Easton, Pittsburg, and Harrisburg, where the troops convened and were organized into regiments and received military instruction.

In many cases men who had organized companies under the call of the President for troops, but which had not been accepted because of the great numbers offering, preserved their organizations intact at their own expense, and immediately reported to these camps of instruction, so that in a few days after the passage of the law the troops offered were greatly in excess of the number required. General George A. McCall, who had rendered distinguished services in the Mexican War, was placed in command, and under

experienced army officers the men were drilled and disciplined, and soon became well prepared for active service.

Every portion of the State was represented in this organization. It was composed almost entirely of young men in the flower of their manhood. The cities, the villages, the farms, the mountains, and backwoods all contributed to make up this magnificent body of troops. The renowned regiment of skirmishers known throughout the country as the "Buck-tails" belonged to this division. Its officers and men each wore a buck's tail, secured like a band on the side of their caps, which gave them a sort of a Daniel Boone appearance. They were also armed with breech-loading rifles, and were expert marksmen.

On the 21st of July, 1861, the first great disaster befell the Union army at Bull Run. No provision had been made for an emergency of this sort, and comparatively few, if any, reinforcements were at the disposal of the commanding general. Calls were at once made summoning to Washington all the available forces in the country. On the 22d of July a requisition was made upon the State of Pennsylvania for the immediate services of the Reserves, and in response to this urgent demand the advance regiments of the division reached Washington City within twenty-four hours after the close of the battle.

Colonel R. Biddle Roberts, of the First Regiment, was in the advance when we reached Baltimore. At the depot a body of the city police met Colonel Roberts and advised him not to attempt to march his men through the city, as the people were in a state of

intense excitement and thoroughly armed, and that it would be very unsafe for him to march his regiment through the streets. His answer was, "Gentlemen, I have not come here hunting for safe places; my men are thoroughly armed and equipped, and will march through your city." The march was taken up, and regiment after regiment filed into the heart of the city. The sidewalks and buildings were crowded with people, most of whom were bitter secessionists, who looked upon us with sullen astonishment, but not a sound was heard save the tap of the drum and the restless tread of the moving columns.

When we reached Washington it caused much rejoicing, and aided greatly in restoring confidence to the generally demoralized state of affairs. Upon arriving at the depot, President Lincoln, accompanied by members of his Cabinet, came out to meet the men, and thanked them for having insured the safety of the capital by their timely presence. Within a few days the entire division, numbering 15,856 officers and men, was mustered into the United States service, and became a part of the historic Army of the Potomac, with the express understanding, however, that the unity of the command should be maintained during their three years' term of service.

On the 5th of August, 1861, the division moved to Tenallytown, a village six miles northwest of the capital, where it went into camp. "The officers immediately organized classes for instruction in military tactics and army regulations. The zeal to acquire a knowledge of military duties manifested by the officers was equalled only by their efforts to instruct the men

in the manual and use of arms, and their duties and behavior as soldiers. Never, perhaps, was there so general a diffusion of intelligence extending through all of the companies of a division of an army as was the case in this corps."

Many teachers, students from colleges and academies, lawyers, physicians, preachers, merchants, and manufacturers were found not only among its officers, but in the ranks as well. To make soldiers of citizens like these was not a difficult task, and it was a just tribute paid to the valor and intelligence of these men when, a little more than a year afterwards, General Meade, who had witnessed their intrepid and gallant behavior at Fredericksburg as they swept over the earthworks of the Rebels, in admiration exclaimed, "Every one of them is fit to be a general officer!"

On the 16th of September, 1861, the corps was divided into three brigades, the first commanded by General John F. Reynolds, the second by General George G. Meade, and the third by General Edward O. C. Ord—a trinity of soldiers whose fame is imperishable. Under one or the other of these great leaders all the battles in which the Reserves participated were fought, and the glory of one was the glory of the other.

On the 9th of October, 1861, the division crossed the Potomac River, and for the first time set foot upon the "sacred soil," or rather *mud*, of Virginia. The men carried two days' cooked rations and sixty rounds of ammunition, and felt that they were going to battle. They were in the best of spirits, and, as they crossed the river on what was called the Chain Bridge, rent

the air with patriotic cheers, while the bands played "Dixie's Land." The division encamped at Langley, two miles west of the Chain Bridge. Here we went into winter quarters, and became the right wing of the Army of the Potomac; and apart from the incidents usual to camp life and picket duty in the presence of the enemy, and an occasional foraging party, nothing of importance occurred until the 20th day of December, 1861, when the Reserves fought and won their first battle.

On the 19th of December it was reported to General McCall that on the following day the enemy would be at Drainsville with a large force, and a wagon-train, for the purpose of carrying away all the forage, hay, and grain in the country in front of the camp of the Reserves. This General McCall was unwilling to permit, and he ordered his entire division to be ready to march at daylight on the following morning for Drainsville, twelve miles distant.

The brigade of General Ord, to which I belonged, was in the advance, followed by Reynolds and Meade respectively. About noon the head of the column reached Drainsville, where it met the brigade of the Rebel General Jeb. Stuart, consisting of a squadron of cavalry, Cutt's Battery, and four regiments of infantry, as follows: The First Kentucky, the Sixth South Carolina, the Tenth Alabama, and the Eleventh Virginia. General Ord's Brigade consisted of four regiments of infantry, Easton's Battery, and a squadron of cavalry. The Pittsburg Rifles, which had become Company A of the Ninth Regiment, was, with Company E of the "Bucktails," advanced some distance

on the Centreville road as skirmishers, and were the first to meet the enemy.

No time was wasted in useless preliminaries, and the engagement came on with the swiftness of a storm, and in a short time the artillery and infantry were all engaged on both sides at close range. As I came in from the skirmish line it was a beautiful sight to see the magnificent regiments in blue, numbering seven or eight hundred men each, with arms at "right shoulder, shift," the stars and stripes streaming in the breeze, marching to the front to meet the foe. As we hurriedly passed General Ord to join our regiment, which, in line of battle, was about entering a dense wood on the right, he returned our salute and said, "Come down on them, boys, like the wild-cat in the mountain."

In a few moments we reached our regiment, forming in our places on its right. After advancing a couple of hundred yards into the woods, we met the First Kentucky, commanded by Colonel Tom Taylor, and opened fire at pistol range. Our fire was very effective, as attested by the dead and wounded in our front, which was larger than in any other part of the field. The fight lasted but a short time, when the enemy gave way and hastily abandoned our front. Here I saw the first living sacrifice offered upon my country's altar. After firing several shots, I turned to my left to observe the position of our line, when I saw a comrade, in whose tent I had spent most of the previous evening, rise on his knee to fire. Instantly a bullet struck him in the neck, cutting the jugular vein, and the hot, red blood gushed out in a great

stream. Without a murmur he sank upon the ground, dead. I turned away from the sickening sight, and had not courage to look upon his face again.

Everywhere along our line we were successful, and in less than an hour we had achieved a splendid victory. Easton's Battery, which proved to be one of the best in the service, went into action under fire, but in a short time exploded one of the enemy's caissons, killed many of the gunners and horses, and silenced the battery. The enemy's loss was two hundred and thirty, while our loss in killed and wounded was sixty-eight, including one lieutenant-colonel and four captains. This was a great day for the Pennsylvania Reserves, and was the first victory won by the Army of the Potomac. Many disasters had befallen our armies. The battle of Wilson's Creek had been fought and lost, and the brave General Lyon slain. The disaster at Ball's Bluff a few weeks previous, and the death of the patriotic Baker, had overwhelmed the country with sorrow, and it fell to the Pennsylvania Reserves to turn the tide in favor of the Union arms.

In the early part of March, 1862, the division was assigned to the corps commanded by General McDowell, and in the following June was transferred to the Peninsula and attached to the corps commanded by General Fitz John Porter. On the 19th of June General McCall was ordered to take his division to Mechanicsville, and to occupy the extreme right of the Army of the Potomac. This was the post of greatest danger, and accordingly the post of honor. The spires of Richmond were within sight of our camps, and we confidently believed that we could triumphantly march

into that city whenever the word of command was given. But that was not the sort of commands that were issued in those days, and we were never so near to Richmond again.

Our position at Mechanicsville was naturally a strong one, and it was further strengthened by fortifications, so, when the great drama of the seven days' fighting opened on the 26th of June, 1862, we were ready for battle and confident of success. I have not time to go into the details of this battle, but it was easily fought by us against overwhelming numbers, and with great loss to the enemy. Our pickets were driven in about noon, but the battle did not really begin until three o'clock, and from that time continued with great energy until dark. Two brigades of Morrell's Division went to the assistance of General Reynolds on the extreme right, about sunset, but by the time they got into position Reynolds with his own brigade had repelled the last charge with great slaughter, and had cleared his front of the enemy. The fighting on the part of the Reserves was splendid. Not a regiment or company wavered anywhere along the line. They were cool and steady, and without bluster or noise, except such as was made by their guns, continued the fight for more than five hours, without relief or assistance from any quarter.

As night settled down the firing gradually ceased, and with the exception of an occasional screaming, fiery shell that made the darkness hideous, no sounds were heard save the moans and sad refrain of the wounded and dying men. To me this was a new ex-

perience, and filled my heart with indescribable emotions; but "tired nature's sweet restorer" soon came to my relief, and I fell fast asleep.

At four o'clock in the morning we were quietly wakened, and Company A and two other companies of the Ninth Regiment were ordered to occupy the rifle-pits on either side of the road overlooking the approach to the bridge spanning Beaver Dam Creek at Ellerson's Mill. Our position was an admirable one, on elevated ground, and was the key to the situation on that part of the field. Soon after taking possession of the pits the firing began, and continued without abatement until about seven o'clock, when we were ordered to evacuate them. At that time we were practically without ammunition. Of the sixty rounds I had when I went in but two remained, and these I proposed to keep for use at close quarters, for I was of too delicate a build to cope successfully in a bayonet charge with that mythical person styled "a Southern fire-eater who could whip five Yankees." Three different Confederate regiments were put into the fight against our three companies that morning, but they accomplished nothing. As we effectually commanded the approaches to the bridge, we had a fine opportunity afforded us for doing good execution, and during all the hours we were there we could see wounded men constantly going to the rear, while in my company we did not sustain the loss of a single man. It was the only experience I had of fighting behind breastworks, but it was enough to satisfy me that they are a good thing to have, and about the only good thing that you

cannot have too much of. When we retired from the rifle-pits we found, to our utter astonishment, that the entire division had been ordered back to Gaines's Mill, and that we were the rear-guard in that movement. The enemy did not follow us, and, unmolested, we found our way to the new line of operations.

I have now described with some detail the two battles which had been fought and won exclusively by the Reserves. During all my four years' experience in the service I never saw better disciplined soldiers than the Reserves were at this time. They had implicit confidence in their commanders, and could be depended upon to execute any duty, however perilous. They were the sons of a State within whose boundaries the true principles of human liberty were first promulgated to the world; they were familiar with the Constitution, had an intelligent comprehension of its true scope and meaning, and could not be misled by the sophistries of conspirators and traitors; they had an unfaltering faith that the right would succeed, and stood ready, not only to pledge their lives, but to give them, rather than treason should succeed and the government be destroyed.

Another advantage this division enjoyed was that they were bound together by mutual interests. At home they were neighbors, friends, schoolmates—they were bound together by ties of kinship and of personal friendship and acquaintanceship. They could not betray their country, and they could not desert each other.

In the trying hour of battle they had confidence in each other—they never lost the touch of elbows—they

remained together on the field until victory was won, or together they retired from the field, contesting every inch of ground.

In a paper of this character it is impossible for me to dwell at any considerable length upon the great events in which these troops bore so honorable and conspicuous a part.

At Gaines's Mill they were held in reserve, but soon after the battle opened were distributed all along the line, and wherever the peril was greatest they were put into the fight. Here the brave Easton lost his life. His splendid battery, when in action, seemed to have the power of a whirlwind sweeping everything before it. It had a potent voice, and to the sound of its guns the Reserves always marched with elastic step. Towards evening the Rebels made repeated attempts to take the battery, and finally succeeded by the sheer force of overwhelming numbers. As the heavy columns advanced the brave Easton shouted, "Pour in the double canister, boys; this battery can never be taken but over my dead body!" And only after the gunners had been bayoneted and Easton slain did the enemy lay hands upon it.

That night the Reserves crossed the Chickahominy, and on the following day were assigned the important duty of safely protecting the Reserve artillery until it could be removed to Malvern Hill, without which the army would be helpless. With Lee in close pursuit, heavy rains, almost impassable roads, and the confusion attending a change of base in the face of a powerful enemy, it was no small responsibility to be entrusted with this task. This artillery was under

General Hunt, and consisted of eighteen splendid batteries; but a single road was accessible for the purpose, and through the deep forest, in darkness and rain, wet, hungry, and covered with mud, the Reserves marched by the side of the artillery, ready to defend it until the point of danger was passed and its safety assured.

For this service General McClellan expressed his highest gratification and thanks. On the 30th of June the Reserves were again assigned the post of danger, and for four hours bore the brunt of battle at Charles City Crossroads. In this battle the bayonet was freely used, and the losses were very heavy on both sides. Here General Meade was wounded, General McCall was taken prisoner, and Colonel Seneca K. Simmons, commanding the First Brigade, was killed. In the death of Colonel Simmons the Reserves lost an able and experienced soldier of the highest military attainments. N. P. Willis, who saw him during a storm, thus describes him: "Of a most warlike cast of feature, his slightly grizzled beard was impearled with glistening drops, and with horse and accoutrements all dripping, he rode calmly through the heavy rain, like a Triton taking his leisure in his native element. It was the finest of countenances and the best of figures for a horseman. He looked indomitable in spirit." In this battle the Ninth Regiment again met the Tenth Alabama, which was one of the regiments with Stuart at Drainsville, and captured its stand of colors.

It was also in this battle that I first lost a messmate, J. McDonald Smith. He was the only one of our mess

that was married. A short time before the battle opened, when everything was in readiness and the silence was oppressive, I saw him sitting at the foot of a small tree reading his Bible. By an arrangement between him and his young wife, portions of Scripture were selected for daily reading weeks in advance, so that they would always read the same chapter on the same day. I can now see his serious, anxious face as he again and again looked at his watch and remarked, "I wish this day was over." In changing front to meet an attack from the left flank he was shot through the heart, and to our great distress his body fell into the hands of the enemy and was buried in an unknown grave. But this was only the beginning of sorrows, for soon after, while storming the rocky heights of South Mountain, William McClurg, another messmate, fell, mortally wounded, and a few days afterwards died in one of the rooms of the national Capitol. He was a graduate of Yale, a fine mathematician, could translate with elegance the Latin and Greek authors, was a perfect gentleman, and brave beyond criticism.

And afterwards, in the terrible battles of the Wilderness, Dick Dale gave his life for his country. He was promoted from the ranks to lieutenant-colonel, and when last seen was at the head of his regiment, sword in hand, leading his men across the Rebel earthworks. Like Smith, his body was never recovered, and lies buried in the soil of treason, and like McClurg, he was an only son. They were all young men of the purest patriotism, and the soil of the "Old Dominion" is past redemption if it can drink up such loyal blood and

hold the dust of such true patriots without bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.

As I have referred to some of my messmates, I will speak of them all. Robert Whiteman, the youngest, whose cheeks were as rosy as those of a school-girl, fell into the hands of the enemy, and the hardships of prison life were so great that he only reached home to die. Three others besides myself reached home—one alone escaping the scars of war—all of whom are still living. Andrew P. Morrison is an attorney of long and honorable practice in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. Murt K. Salsbury is a prosperous manufacturer in the same city, and Todd W. N. Wallace is a successful merchant at Washington, Pa. They are men worthy of the country they helped to save, and in this brief reference to my messmates, living and dead, you will recognize the sterling worth of the men who composed the "Keystone" Division of the Army of the Potomac.

In addition to the engagements already mentioned, the Reserves took part in the battles of Malvern Hill, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court-house, North Anna, and Bethesda Church, and on all these fields distinguished themselves by their valor and soldierly bearing. They never disappointed the expectations of their officers, but performed their full duty without regard to cost.

On the 30th of May, 1864, which was the last day of their term of service, they participated in the battle of Bethesda Church. This battle-field was within six miles of Mechanicsville, where, less than two years before, they had won a great victory over a vastly supe-

rior foe. "At the battle of Mechanicsville more than ten thousand men fought in the ranks of the division; at Bethesda Church less than two thousand fought, but they resolved that the end of their service should be as glorious as its beginning was patriotic. To a succession of brilliant achievements, from Drainsville to Gettysburg, without a blemish to mar the story of their greatness, without a stain to tarnish their unsullied banners or a defect to detract from their fame, the battle of Bethesda Church was a most honorable and fitting conclusion."

"From the beginning of the war until its close no body of troops achieved a fame so distinct and universal as that of the Pennsylvania Reserves. Other troops fought equally well, and wrought out glorious histories that will ever be remembered by a grateful posterity, but the Reserves fought battles and won victories of their own, and thus secured to themselves a wider fame in the history of the nation's struggle." Their patriotic dead sleep upon many a well-fought field.

The illustrious Reynolds, who had risen to the command of a corps, and was one of the ablest and most trusted officers in the Army of the Potomac, laid down his life upon the soil of his native State, at Gettysburg. Generals C. F. Jackson and George D. Bayard fell at Fredricksburg. Colonels Simmons, McNeil, Taylor, Dare, and Woolworth died among their men upon the field of battle; and your ears would grow dull with weariness should I enumerate all those of lesser rank, to say nothing of the great host from the rank and file, who died that the nation might live. A

quarter of a century has passed away since the remnant of this magnificent division was mustered out amid the joyous acclaims of their countrymen, and time has well-nigh completed the work that the enemies of the flag so well commenced, but the glory of their achievements remain, and the record of their heroic deeds is fadeless.

WORK OF THE FIFTH CORPS, AMBULANCE TRAIN, SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1864.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WM. F. DRUM,*

TWELFTH U. S. INFANTRY.

(Read March 11, 1890.)

HAVING been honored by a request from our enterprising recorder to read a paper before this commandery, the question naturally arose, What is there in my experience that would be interesting? I have finally ventured to write a brief account of the management and operations of the Fifth Corps, Ambulance Train, during the Virginia campaign in the spring and summer of 1864, and hope it will be acceptable.

It is comparatively a new field, but little having been written of the work done by the brave and faithful men who carried stretchers instead of rifles.

I was detailed chief ambulance officer of the Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, in February, 1864, and at once ordered to make a careful inspection of the train, report its condition, and make necessary requisitions for supplies to put it in complete order for the coming campaign.

The Fifth Corps at that time extended along the

* Died at Fort Yates, N. Dak., July 4, 1892.

Orange and Alexandria Railroad from Manassas Junction to Rappahannock Station, and the ambulance train was much scattered, a few ambulances and wagons being kept at each brigade headquarters. It was found that much labor and material were necessary to put the train in condition for field work.

In March, 1864, a law was passed for the organization of the Ambulance Corps, which law also fixed severe penalties for the improper use of ambulances. For the passage of this law the army was largely indebted to the efforts of that good friend of the soldier, the Hon. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts.

About that time General G. K. Warren succeeded General George Sykes (relieved on account of ill-health) of the command of the Fifth Army Corps, and he was directed to concentrate his corps in the vicinity of Culpepper Court-house. The ambulance train was then assembled and the work on it pushed forward with energy; the harness was overhauled, ambulances and wagons thoroughly repaired and repainted, and the necessary animals obtained, so that by the 1st of May the train was ready for the field, with extra parts lashed to each ambulance and wagon. It was also found necessary to make some changes in the personnel. All who were found to be inefficient were relieved, and others detailed. In making these details effort was made to obtain men who possessed good soldierly qualities. In this matter I was greatly assisted by Colonel (now brevet-brigadier-general) F. T. Locke, adjutant-general of the Fifth Army Corps.

On the 1st of May, 1864, the Fifth Ambulance

Corps and train, as organized under the new law referred to, consisted of seventeen commissioned officers of the line, five hundred and fifty enlisted men, one hundred and seventy-one two-horse ambulances, sixty-two army wagons for quartermaster and hospital supplies, eleven medicine wagons, five hundred and twenty-eight horses, and three hundred and forty-eight mules.

This strength was slightly increased before June 30, by reason of new organizations joining the Fifth Corps. Surgeon (now brevet-brigadier-general) John J. Milhau, medical director of the corps, was the head and had supervision over the Medical Department and Ambulance Corps. A captain of the line was detailed as commander of the corps, and styled chief ambulance officer. A first lieutenant was detailed for each division, who was also quartermaster and commissary for that portion of the train, and a second lieutenant was detailed in each brigade. One sergeant was detailed from each regiment, and three privates for each ambulance, to which the regiment was entitled (one driver, and two stretcher-bearers). To each regiment of infantry of five hundred men or more, three ambulances were allowed; for two hundred and less than five hundred, two ambulances; and for less than two hundred, one ambulance. Two ambulances were allowed to each regiment of cavalry of five hundred men or more, and one to each regiment of less than five hundred, and one to each battery of artillery.

The line officers referred to received strict orders to assist and coöperate with the officers of the Medical Corps. They were also instructed to assist all sick

and wounded men who came within their reach, without reference to the corps, division, or brigade to which they might belong. In case an ambulance broke down on the march it was pulled out of the road, and the broken parts replaced in a few minutes, or if too badly injured to be so repaired, it was at once wrecked, and all detachable parts were tied on the other ambulances for future use; by this course only four ambulances were lost in May and June, although many wheels and other parts were broken. On going into camp, the trains were parked as near the division hospitals as practicable, and such details of ambulances as were needed reported to the surgeons in charge. The horses and mules were shod, and all necessary repairing done as soon as possible. Every opportunity was taken advantage of to obtain the necessary supplies and animals, and, when practicable, weekly inspections were made of all pertaining to the camps and trains. Before an engagement all stretcher-bearers were ordered to their regiments; afterwards, when the wounded had been taken from the field to the hospital, the bearers were sent back to assist in loading them in wagons, to be taken to the nearest depot or boat-landing and sent North. This work was generally done at night. As ambulances could not always be spared from the front, the wagons that brought rations to the army were used in sending the wounded back to the depot. Each wagon was first nearly filled with small pine boughs and then covered with blankets, forming a mattress, on which the wounded could ride with as little discomfort as in the ambulances with their stiff springs, which is not

saying much, for there is no comfort for a wounded man in a wagon strong enough for field-service and on rough roads, except in the feeling that he is being taken where he will be well cared for and made as comfortable as possible. It has been said, and I believe with truth, that it is a very brave man, with a high sense of duty, who willingly goes under fire without arms. When we remove from a man the power to strike back, we take away that element of pugnacity which is a great support in time of danger. The officers and men of the Ambulance Corps did all in their power to find the wounded and remove them to the hospitals; but it is not strange, however lamentable, that on a field as rough as that fought over by the Army of the Potomac in May, 1864, and with lines constantly changing position, many of our brave men were never taken off, and that some of them were probably burned by the fires that started in the thickets.

The largest regiments were only allowed six men for that work, and as they could only carry off three badly wounded men at a time, it will be seen that they would have to make many trips, if the loss was heavy, from the line back to the nearest surgeon. Many wounded men were fortunately able to walk a short distance, and others were assisted by their comrades. One object of the ambulance law was to obviate the necessity of men leaving the ranks, and all unwounded men were sent back to their commands on reaching the ambulances. It was found not practicable to concentrate the stretcher-men, as were the ambulances, on that part of the line which suffered most.

When the Fifth Corps was detached on the 18th of

August, 1864, to operate on the Weldon Railroad, but limited hospital accommodations were taken, and the principal hospital was maintained nearer Petersburg. The enemy, on the afternoon of the 19th of August, penetrated some distance between the Fifth Corps and the rest of the army, and in making the necessary detour a train of wounded that night were obliged to pass through fields made very soft by the heavy rains, and unfortunately got into quicksand; the ambulances sank almost to the boxes, and the horses got down so that they had to be unharnessed and led out to solid ground. The men, leg-deep in mud and water, pulled the ambulances out by hand. It was nearly morning when the train finally reached the road to the hospital. Nothing but a strong sense of duty and sympathy for the sufferers in the ambulances could have induced men to work as those men did that night. The wounded suffered from the delay, but it was unavoidable. On one occasion a stretcher-man did good service in assisting to stop a stampede. Near Spottsylvania Court-house a brigade was seized with one of those senseless and unaccountable panics which would sometimes occur; and while efforts were being made to stop the crowd as they came back I noticed a large man near me, holding a stretcher by one end and swinging it vigorously, stopping very effectually all he could hit. After the excitement was somewhat over he came up to me and whispered (for he had lost his voice in some way), "Captain, wouldn't I give it to them if I could only talk!"

As an exhibition of good nerve, at the Weldon Railroad it was necessary to park the ambulances for a

time under fire, and although the shells came uncomfortably close, each driver kept his team in place and the line well dressed, until ordered to move out. Some of the drivers looked very white, but they stayed there.

In the fall of 1864 I was told by a medical officer of the Fifth Corps that a larger percentage of the wounded had died in hospital than in campaigns earlier in the war. While at first glance that appears to detract from the reputation of the surgeons, it was really due to the fact that more desperately wounded men reached the hospital alive, and it follows that some were probably saved who in former campaigns would have died on the field. A few extracts from reports will show the work accomplished:

EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS OF CHIEF AMBULANCE OFFICER
FOR MAY AND JUNE, 1864.

In all the battles in which the Fifth Army Corps has been engaged the principle in the management of the train has been the same—that is, the ambulances have been sent where they were most needed, without reference to any particular division; if any one of the divisions, as was frequently the case, suffered much more than the others, the majority of the ambulances in the corps were used in transporting the wounded of that division to the hospital. At the beginning of a battle the whole train of ambulances was generally parked at some central point, in charge of an officer. A few ambulances were then sent as near as possible to the line of battle of each division; in that way but few were exposed to fire at one time, and the stretcher-men had but a short distance to carry the wounded. As fast as the ambulances at the front were loaded and sent to the hospital, the officer in charge of the main park would send others to take their places, in this way placing the whole train at the disposal of the division most in need. In the disposition of the officers, one, as stated before, was placed in charge of the main park, one or two superintended the loading at each

division, and the remainder superintended the removal from the field to the ambulances. It was sometimes necessary to have an officer at the hospital to expedite the unloading and return the ambulances to the main park. By managing the train in the manner explained, it is believed that the wounded were removed more expeditiously than they could have been in any other way with the means at hand. During the campaign the ambulance train of the Fifth Corps removed nearly eight thousand wounded men from the following fields to the hospital :

The Wilderness.....	1800
Laurel Hill	3000
Spottsylvania.....	300
North Anna.....	180
Brockinborough's House.....	525
Bethesda Church.....	680
In front of Petersburg.....	1500
	7985

The train also assisted in transporting the same number of wounded, and over one thousand sick, from the hospitals, to be sent North.

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While in the performance of their duties, six stretcher-bearers were killed, one officer, four sergeants, and seventeen stretcher-bearers were wounded. Three sergeants and nine stretcher-bearers were taken prisoners. Total casualties in Ambulance Corps for May and June, thirty-nine.

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The train started with ten days' grain for each animal ; afterwards grain was drawn whenever we were within reach of a depot, and care taken to obtain forage from the country. By this means ambulance officers managed to keep grain on hand, but were not able at all times to feed the full ration. Owing to the severe work the animals became much reduced in flesh, and many were entirely broken down. Eight horses were killed or wounded in action ; thirty-four horses died ; twenty-six mules died ; two horses were stolen ; three horses were captured ; thirty-nine horses and sixteen mules were broken down and turned into depot.

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There were eight hundred and seventy-two ambulances and seven hundred and sixty-six army-wagon loads of wounded sent to the depot from the corps hospitals.

I have no memoranda by which I can show the number of sick and wounded taken from the intrenchments in front of Petersburg to the hospital, and thence to City Point for shipment North, between July 1 and August 18, 1864, but the number must have been considerable, for I doubt if a day passed without casualties on that part of the line.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF CHIEF AMBULANCE OFFICER,
FIFTH ARMY CORPS, FOR THE 18TH, 19TH, AND
21ST OF AUGUST, 1864.

During the three days' fighting the ambulances conveyed from the field of battle to the hospitals of the corps seven hundred and seventy-three of our own wounded, thirty of the Ninth Corps, and one hundred and fifty-three of the enemy, besides about three hundred sick.

* * * * *

Great credit is due the officers and men for the untiring energy with which they worked day and night, in the rain and mud, in order to transport the wounded back to the hospitals as quickly as possible.

* * * * *

Two sergeants were killed, one sergeant and five stretcher-men wounded, and nineteen stretcher-men taken prisoners ; the total number of casualties for the three days in the Ambulance Corps, twenty-seven.

Eight horses were killed, and some of the ambulances were damaged by shells.

Being a daily witness of the work of the surgeons, who were intimately connected with the Ambulance Corps, it is proper I should say a word in regard to them.

During the terrible campaign referred to in this paper, it would be difficult for a person not then present to form a correct estimate of the great amount of professional work rendered by this very deserving class of officers. They frequently performed their duty under circumstances of great personal danger, and during and after an engagement they worked, with but little rest, day and night, to save life and relieve from pain the gallant men who came under their care during that prolonged struggle.

EARLY WAR DAYS IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

BY CAPTAIN THOMAS M. WOODRUFF,

FIFTH U. S. INFANTRY.

(Read April 8, 1890.)

INTENSE, indeed, must be the feeling, and profound the popular agitation, that would make a lifelong impression upon a twelve-year-old schoolboy, and turn him aside from play to become thoughtful over current events, and to make him take unwonted and unusual interest in public affairs. Or perhaps it was the close association with men personally engaged in those affairs, and who knew that a great political and national crisis was at hand, that made him serious and think of his surroundings, and compare those events with what he was reading at school in his *Cæsar*, in *Livy*, and in *Homer*. Certain it was that the matters he heard discussed and talked about at every meal, or paragraphs read from the daily papers, found a lodgment in his mind never to be displaced.

Personal experience was no small factor in all this; for, born in a Northern State, and going to Washington City to live when his father, an officer of the Engineer Corps of the army, was ordered to that city for duty, he suffered many an insult from his schoolmates—was

usually called "Yankee"; and in many a fisticuff he shed some of his best blood for the Union, before the first shot on Sumter aroused the slumbering war spirit of his uncles and elder brethren at the North.

His home was in the central part of the city, not far from the patent-office building—a favorite section in those days for the older families, who were mostly Southern people, or Northern office-holders who had so long resided in the city as to become impregnated with the slave-holding tendencies and sympathies of Maryland and Virginia. To my youthful mind one of the most offensive of this latter class was our next-door neighbor, who was a trusty old clerk of rather peppery disposition—no less a man than he who was sent down to New Orleans as an agent of the Treasury Department in January, 1861, to secure the bullion in the United States mint there, and to whom, in reply to a message that the captain of the revenue cutter would not obey his orders, General John A. Dix, Secretary of the Treasury, sent the thrilling, manly, patriotic message, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." This old gentleman was William Hemphill Jones, and to those who knew him the idea of his shooting the captain or any one else was simply ridiculous. He thanked his stars at having returned safely to Washington, where for years afterwards he continued to hold a Federal office, although I firmly believe he never had a sincere loyal feeling for the preservation of the Union, inasmuch as his closest friends were in sympathy with the Rebellion. There were other families of the same type—our neighbors—the ladies of which used their venomous tongues

without stint upon anything or anybody loyal; they classed all Northern men as "nigger-loving abolitionists." The gentlemen were usually more guarded in their speech and actions, but enough was revealed to show that they possessed means of obtaining intelligence of movements and successes of the Southern troops hours before it was known by the general public, and sometimes even before the authorities themselves. This means of communication was called the "underground railroad"; it was often spoken of, but sometimes doubted, until the fact was fully established by the capture of a number of women, who were engaged in spying, particularly across the lower Potomac.

Young as I was, I could plainly see how weak and vacillating Mr. Buchanan was, and it was a great relief when Mr. Lincoln was safely inaugurated as President, for he seemed to be quite up to my ideal of the old Roman standard of strength and firmness. I do not remember much about the actual inaugural procession, but it was largely composed of volunteer militia companies of the District of Columbia. The few regular troops and marines in the city, particularly some cavalry, patrolled or guarded the side streets, and one battery of artillery was held ready at a central point for any emergency.

I know that great confidence was given to the Unionists in the city by the straightforward and firm utterances in the inaugural address. But events developed so rapidly that we must pass on, merely stating that the bombardment and fall of Fort Sumter, the burning and fall of the national armory at Harper's Ferry, and the

destruction of the Gosport navy-yard, with all the naval vessels near Norfolk, were simply paralyzing.

This all happened near the middle of April, at which time there were in the city about six companies of regular troops, of which two were batteries of artillery, and a detachment of cavalry. These were held at critical points in the city, generally near the public buildings, and constituted the chief bulwark upon which the President and General Scott relied. One of the batteries was Griffin's, for a considerable time encamped at the city-hall park, about one-third of a mile northwest of the capitol. The battery was in a high state of discipline, of which one of the principal factors was the first sergeant, Sergeant Malone. I recall his handsome figure now, as about nine o'clock every morning he passed our house on a magnificent horse, at a spirited gallop, his orderly-book in his hand, on his way to Scott's headquarters near the War Department, to hand in the morning report. He rode exceedingly well, and took the two gutters at the cross street at an easy jump. I think he was afterwards commissioned a second lieutenant.

On April 19 came the terrifying news of the riot in Baltimore, in the attempt to obstruct the march of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, the first fully armed and equipped command that responded to the President's call for troops. Upon their arrival the same evening they were quartered in the Senate-chamber of the capitol. Right here it must be said, however, that by the exertions of General Charles P. Stone, under direction of General Scott, fifteen companies of district militia had been enlisted into the service about

ten days before, and were doing duty in and around the public buildings.

These buildings were not what you see them now, nor was the city such as it is at present. The dome of the capitol had only reached to the second tier of columns, and the House and Senate wings were quite incomplete. The north front and inner court of the patent office were in course of construction; the post-office was only about one-third completed; only the east front of the Treasury building existed. The State Department stood upon ground to which has been extended the north wing of the Treasury. The War and Navy Departments were old three-story brick buildings, on ground where now stands the beautiful granite pile comprising the offices for the State and the two last-named departments. The Washington monument had, by the voluntary contributions of a grateful people, reached to one-third of its proposed height, and had practically come to a standstill—which now is apparent by the sharp line where the cleaner marble shows a renewal of the work by means of Congressional appropriations. Pennsylvania Avenue and about one mile of Seventh Street were practically the only paved streets, and for these cobble-stones were used, from between which, for half of the year, there was the ooze of some of slavery's nastiest slime, that during the rest of the year became a palpable dust, typical of the dark cloud that had settled over the Southern States, that just needed the Emancipation Proclamation to clear away and let in the wholesome sunlight of freedom.

The work of the various departments of the govern-

ment was systematically and regularly carried on; but officers of the army and navy, in addition to their bureau duties, were assigned to various posts, and reported regularly for night duty to the officers who had command in different public buildings; for, owing to the lack of sufficient force, the buildings were barricaded and guarded to protect them from assault and possible capture by secret enemies within the city.

My father was thus on duty at the capitol, and nearly every evening before sunset I would drive there with him; he would tell us next morning, whenever at night as field-officer of the day he had gone with a cavalry patrol to visit the outposts at the bridges across the Potomac, or at the roads entering the city.

There were three of these bridges: one, the famous Long Bridge at the foot of Fourteenth Street, across which in after-days so many troops passed; the next, about two miles up the river, called the Aqueduct Bridge, leading from Georgetown; and the third, the Chain Bridge, about five miles farther up. Not only were these bridges guarded, but portions of the plank-ing were removed at night to prevent surprise by a sudden rush.

Perhaps the most trying part of these days was at this time, when the city was cut off from railroad and telegraph communication with the North for a period of about a week; the people in Baltimore had gone out and destroyed the railroad bridges to the north and east of that city, and rumors of attack from hostile bodies from Virginia and Maryland were freely circulated. One of the things that gave me personally great satisfaction was the seizure on the part of the

government of three schooners that were lying at the wharf of the Ray flouring mills in Georgetown, just as they were about pulling off for a Southern port, laden with flour; all kinds of wagons and carts were brought into requisition, and this flour, together with great quantities seized at other mills, was carried through the city, and mostly stored in the cellars and lower corridors of the capitol, where it was used first in the barricades of windows and passages. Bacon was also stored in the capitol, and this building would have stood quite a respectable siege against an attack by means of small-arms only. Many of the "secesh" thought that this was an unwarranted desecration of such a beautiful building, but significantly intimated that all this would be changed in a few days by their friends, after they had driven the accursed, unclean marauders out.

These bright hopes were destined very soon to fade away and die by another chilling Northern blast, for on the 25th day of April the famous Seventh New York reached Washington by way of Annapolis, and brought the news that the Eighth Massachusetts was just behind them at Annapolis Junction. The Seventh had had some very hard work, as it was considered in those days, for they and the Eighth were obliged to rebuild bridges, repair a locomotive, and relay the track in many places; upon arrival they formed at the depot and gaily marched up Pennsylvania Avenue to be welcomed and reviewed by the President. With this march and welcome the gloom and uncertainty in the city were dispelled, and it was destined to remain in the hands of the Federal government.

In a short time other regiments followed. General B. F. Butler was assigned to command at Baltimore, and having brought that refractory city under control, soon reestablished railroad communication to the North.

Of these regiments I remember the First Rhode Island, under command of General Burnside. It was quartered at the Patent Office, and we soon found that it was largely composed of college students, who often came round to our house and sang their college songs, and several times brought their regimental band to serenade the young ladies in the neighborhood who were just coming into society. Of course I made a great many friends in this regiment, and had many an occasion to take little presents of home delicacies to them. The Second Rhode Island, with a light battery attached, soon afterwards came, and Governor Sprague accompanied these for the purpose of commanding all the troops from his State. These regiments were well drilled and had dress parades at the patent office, and some time about the 1st of May they were paraded to salute the flag that was formally raised over the building. They wore the service blue, and two companies of the First Regiment were armed with a breech-loading carbine, the Sharpe's, I think. Later in May they were moved out to the northeastern limits of the city, to encamp in a beautiful grove called Gales's Woods, where their tents were put up on frames, with wooden sides and floors; they erected handsome arbors with evergreens, and it became a favorite resort.

The Seventh New York also soon had a beautiful camp out north of the city, at the old Stone estate on

Columbia Heights, the mansion of which is now known as the home of the late illustrious General John A. Logan, and still occupied by his widow. As this was only little over a mile from the central part of the city, the people flocked there to see their splendid parades and hear their band. The Seventy-first New York (Light Infantry) was likewise a fine regiment, and uniformed much in the same style as the Seventh, in cadet gray. It is said that these two regiments and the First Rhode Island came back after their three months' service in great part as officers of other organizations.

The Twelfth New York, under General Butterfield, arrived without any uniforms, and looked very shabby with their equipments buckled over their varicolored citizens' clothes; they were put into camp in the central part of the city at Franklin Park. They shortly obtained the service uniform, and in a few weeks were called Butterfield's Regulars; their manual of arms was faultless, and they developed into one of the finest regiments in the city.

Another handsome regiment was Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves (the Eleventh New York). They were quartered in the capitol; they marched and drilled well, but were restless and somewhat unruly. On the occasion of a fire in the Owen House, next to Willard's Hotel, they broke out and ran pell-mell to the fire, where they worked like salamanders, running in and out of the flames, bringing out all kinds of furniture and utensils. I saw many of them the next morning, at a second alarm, form scaling-ladders of themselves to the third-story windows of Willard's Hotel; the

men hung to the window-sills and -caps, while lighter ones climbed from the ground upon the shoulders of the others and entered the burning building. Shortly after this they were ordered to Alexandria, where, as you know, Ellsworth was murdered by Jackson, the proprietor of the Marshall House; this affair cast a gloom over the city and the country at large, but it showed the bitterness of the approaching struggle. It was feared that the Zouaves would sack the town in revenge, and they had to be watched and counselled to more humane actions. Ellsworth's body was taken to the White House, where it lay in state, and from which the funeral took place, attended by the President and all the high officials of the government as mourners.

There were three regiments whose uniforms were particularly handsome and gay—the Thirty-ninth, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-ninth New York. The first was the Garibaldi Guards, uniformed as is the Italian light infantry or Bersagliari of the present time—a very dark greenish-blue cloth, with a flat-brimmed, round-top hat set off with cock's feathers. They had buxom, good-looking girls, two to each company, marching in the line of file-closers, who were called *vivandières*, and who were supposed to render the first assistance to the wounded; in passing in review they would give a pretty little salute with the right hand, but I fear they were sent back to the city before the advance to Manassas.

The Sixty-ninth was the Irish regiment, commanded by the gallant Corcoran, who was wounded at Bull Run. They have kept up their organization and wear

the same uniform as then worn—coats rather conspicuously set off with crimson and green; they carry a green flag with the harp of Erin embroidered thereon. Great things were expected of the Irish regiment, but these were never fully realized.

The Seventy-ninth was the Highland regiment, commanded by Colonel Cameron, a brother of Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, and who was killed at Bull Run. They were very showy in their kilts, and were fairly drilled, but their mutiny just before Bull Run, and before Cameron assumed command, caused confidence in them to be greatly shaken, and the colonel was trying to redeem their good name when he was killed.

I remember some regiments from Wisconsin and from Minnesota, the gallant historic First, two from Connecticut, and some from other New England States, that came about this time, fully armed and splendidly equipped, some of the latter bringing full regimental wagon trains. Many of these regiments wore a most serviceable gray uniform, which, however, was subsequently put aside for the national blue; it seemed somewhat a matter of accident that the South adopted the gray, for it had been worn at the North for years in militia companies. These organizations were composed of fine material—handsome, stalwart, intelligent men, who could turn their minds and hands to any occupation, and who, a few weeks afterwards, surrounded the city with a complete cordon of field fortifications.

The assembling of these troops soon made the question of feeding a most important matter. There is no

element that so soon affects a command as the supply of bread, which is well named the "staff of life"; and even if the Irishman did say, that "if bread was the staff of life, sure whiskey is life itself," you *can* live without the one, but not without the other. To meet the requirements of supplying wholesome fresh bread, the coal-cellars of the capitol were very soon converted into ovens, and this immense bakery had a capacity of fifty thousand rations of fresh bread daily, equivalent to nearly sixty thousand pounds, or a consumption of about two hundred and fifty barrels of flour. The bread baked was of the best quality, and notwithstanding the intense heat of summer and the great extent of the undertaking, so well were these bakeries managed that there was rarely a failure, and scarcely a loaf of sour bread issued.

It soon became evident that the Virginia side of the river should be occupied, inasmuch as the capitol was only three and a half miles from Arlington Heights, which commanded the city, the White House two and a half, and Georgetown about one mile. Consequently three columns were formed, and on the night of May 24 one column crossed the Long Bridge, one the Aqueduct, and one under Ellsworth went by boat to Alexandria; the whole movement was successfully accomplished, and a great feeling of relief came as the fortifications began to assume strength.

A successful dash by some cavalry under Lieutenant (now General) Charles H. Tompkins to Fairfax Courthouse was also encouraging. Some prisoners that he captured there were brought to the city under an escort of regular cavalry and taken directly to the War De-

partment, where I managed to get close to the wagon; they were handsome young fellows (one an officer), in bright new gray uniforms. A rather unruly crowd surrounded the wagon, and cries of "Hang them!" were raised. The officer in command of the escort was a great deal worried, but soon cleared the street and stopped the uproar.

These events had an excellent effect upon the Rebel sympathizers in the city and in Maryland, and went a great way towards making the government feel secure. All the regiments were fully occupied in drills and other instruction, and parades; and presentations of colors to regiments were inspiring and beautiful sights. We were invited out to see a handsome set of colors (national and regimental), worked by Ohio ladies, presented to the First Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Alexander McDowell McCook; after the ceremony we were invited to the colonel's tent, and partook of an excellent luncheon entirely prepared in the camp.

There was a battalion of the Third (regular) Infantry encamped not far from our house, and it, together with a battalion of the Second, made a great impression in our vicinity; the officer in command soon learned the way thither, and the companies in their morning drills would spend two or more hours at their exercises. Two of the younger officers were quite aggressive, and took effectual means of putting down the Rebellion; they would go through the very showy and glittering skirmish drill, and the movement "rally by fours" was so often executed that it brought about the satisfactory result that two very pretty young

ladies surrendered their hearts and chose the *blue* "for better, for worse."

The Fifth Wisconsin was one of the finest regiments, commanded by the bluff, hearty, and genial Amasa Cobb, afterwards in Congress from Nebraska. It was sent out to the high spur north of Arlington Heights at the end of Chain Bridge, upon which was afterwards erected the strong fort called Ethan Allen. At this time General Mansfield was in command of the Department of Washington, and in order to enter or leave the city a person had to be provided with a pass signed by his aide-de-camp, Drake de Kay; the name was very imposing written in a large round hand with heavy lines, and it soon became familiar to every officer and soldier. There was a handsome young officer in the Fifth who had made some warm friends in the city whom he was very anxious to visit, but he could not secure the coveted pass. Matters became desperate, so one morning he borrowed the adjutant's horse, saying that he was going to ride to the city; the adjutant told him not to be foolish—that of course he would be stopped by the guard at the bridge. He, however, determined to try it. Upon his arrival at the bridge he was turned back by the sentinel, but he had only moved off a few paces when the relief came; he watched the change of sentinels, and saw that a German recruit had taken the place of the other; so he turned immediately and rode deliberately to the bridge, was called upon to halt, but paid no attention until he found that the recruit had come to "charge bayonets" directly in front of his horse, which stopped short. The sentinel demanded his pass, but the officer

drew himself up to his full height and replied, "Don't you know General Blenker?" The sentinel stepped aside, presented arms, and before the corporal of the guard could interfere the officer was trotting gaily over the bridge and into the city.

Cobb cared little for tactics, and only memorized one regimental movement, which he always executed until it seemed to be his one favorite hobby; later in the war, when in General Hancock's brigade, this movement was the cause of no small irritation to the General, who one day ordered Cobb to place his regiment on a certain line somewhat to the left of that then occupied; soon Cobb's voice rang out, "Counter-march by the right flank, by file to the right, march!" The General watched the regiment drag its weary length up towards the right, then turn and march all the way back towards the left; he could stand it no longer, but broke out, "My God! There goes Cobb with his snake movement, and at a time like this!"

The first marked display of troops was on the 4th of July, when about ten thousand men were reviewed by the President, who was enthusiastically cheered, and who was greatly pleased at the demonstrations made. The regiments looked very handsome; the various uniforms of the Highlanders, Garibaldi Guards, the Irish and Blenker's regiments, and some Zouaves, all contrasted well, and as they marched down the avenue playing airs that afterwards became so popular, every one was filled with high hope and enthusiasm.

Then came the preparations for the advance to Bull Run. General McDowell had shown ability and judg-

ment in his management in the city and in the soundness of his views, and the President assigned him to the command of the column. To show that this confidence was well founded, McDowell's move commenced within a week from the time that it was intended it should; and this was a great thing, considering the obstacles to be overcome and the amount of preparation necessary. As I heard of different regiments in which I was interested receiving orders to move, I would trudge along beside my friends in the ranks to the Long Bridge and wave them a last good-by, not being allowed to cross with them.

The Sunday, July 21, came; there were those who said they heard the cannonading in the city from the distant field of Manassas. About five o'clock in the afternoon I went down to the southern extension of the Treasury and looked earnestly over towards the green Virginia shore, for we had heard of a battle being in progress, but as yet no results. I looked in vain, as did many others, but I went to bed that night wearied and excited. The Monday morning was dark and rainy, and an oppressive silence seemed to have fallen over our section of the city. As early as I could I made my way down towards Willard's Hotel. I saw some wagons and ambulances coming up Fourteenth Street from the direction of the Long Bridge. I soon found that there were wounded men inside; then there were some straggling soldiers, who were soon surrounded by excited, if not terror-stricken, people; soon others arrived, so that the avenue and other streets were filled. The loyal people brought food and drink to the wounded and to the well alike, with unstinted

generosity, and parts of the story of the disastrous day were picked up. I asked for my favorite regiments, but could hear nothing; and, unable to stand the tension longer, I ran home, crying, to my mother, who, alas, had already heard the terrible news from my father, who had been at the War Department all night, and who had come home to snatch a little breakfast. I went out again, and about noon I fell in with the First Rhode Island, but I found none of my warmest friends. One after another I called their names, and asked where they were; I was answered that such a one was killed or had been wounded, and such another was missing. I marched hand-in-hand with some men, crying as if my heart would break, all the way to their old camp, from which I was kindly sent home by some one in a carriage. But as if this were not bitterness enough, the Rebel sympathizers in the neighborhood looked triumphantly on, and laughed at the humiliation and disgrace of the Yankees, and wished that all of them had been swept off the face of the earth.

But not yet, not yet, has that prayer been answered. There was a higher destiny for even the meanest straggler from Bull Run. That battle was perhaps needed as a first lesson; it has certainly ceased to be a reproach.

The entire army did not recross the Potomac; many organizations came in in fair condition; some not at all demoralized, although tired and sleepy and hungry. The President, with wonderful power and strength of purpose, set himself at once to the task of healing the bitter wound, and in nothing has he left to the world

a better indication of his sterling character. By evening the spirits of all began to recover, and in a few days a new inpouring of regiments began. "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

Go, if you can, to Arlington Heights, as they are to-day. The place is hallowed ground; properly so, as at one time the home of him who led the colonial armies to victory, and who made the union of the States possible; now, as the resting-place of sixteen thousand men who offered their lives to save it. Stand on the broad portico of the mansion, with its large white columns—the house that Lee left when he cast his lot with his State, just as he was about to be offered a command by his beloved old chieftain, Scott. You look out directly towards the east, and see the noblest building in the world, the United States capitol. Perchance both Houses of Congress are in session, and you will see two flags floating gracefully in the air at either end, one over each House. Liberty stands upon the top of the dome, eternally enthroned. A little nearer you see the White House, Treasury, the State, War, and Navy Department buildings, embowered in a mass of trees; a little to the right the wondrous obelisk called the Washington monument, of white marble, rises to the sky, emblematical of the pure and exalted character for whom it stands. A beautiful city lies around these monuments of art and skill; at your feet, almost, flow the clear waters of the Potomac, spanned by the famous bridge; then, nearer, the noble trees and soft green turf upon the gently rounding knolls. As the day fades a rosy

tint is reflected from the public buildings, and later the lights in the city begin to shine out one by one; the air is soft and deliciously perfumed as you drink it in. The gloom begins to deepen—you start; at your right hand you discern the monument over the ashes of Sheridan; a cloud of memories rush upon you. Turn a little more, and small marble cubes gleam in the moonlight in long, serried ranks, marking the resting-place of an army. There lie the nation's dead; four thousand are unknown heroes; three thousand, mostly unknown, were on the other side, but all alike are tenderly cared for, sleeping, perchance dreaming, until another trumpet, sounded by the great archangel, shall summon them to a more glorious and eternal "muster."

EIGHTEENTH U. S. INFANTRY FROM CAMP THOMAS TO MURFREESBORO AND THE REGULAR BRIGADE AT STONE RIVER.

BY MAJOR H. B. FREEMAN,

SIXTEENTH U. S. INFANTRY.

(Read May 13, 1890.)

It is not my purpose to-night to make any criticism upon battles or campaigns; I offer only some personal recollections of the grave, the gay, and the ridiculous incidents of a soldier's life during the late unpleasantness, on the march, in camp, and in battle, as seen by a lieutenant in the fighting regiment of the Army of the Cumberland, in which it served from 1861 until after the fall of Atlanta, when, being so reduced in numbers as to be no longer efficient for service in the field, it was placed in garrison at Chattanooga, Tenn.

This regiment, the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, was one of those added to the regular army in the spring of 1861. Its colonel was Henry B. Carrington, a native of Connecticut, but for many years a resident of Ohio, and at the time of his appointment in the army the adjutant-general of that State. I was a native of Ohio, but in April, 1861, had been for the past two years living in the South, where I had good business prospects and many friends. I was loath to give them up;

still, when I found that war was inevitable, I returned home to take my place on the side to which my training and inclinations drew me with a force that I neither wished nor was able to resist. I arrived in Ohio too late for the first calls for volunteers, and in July, being in Columbus, there met Colonel Carrington, who was just beginning the organization of his regiment. I was the first man to enlist in it, and it is perhaps due to that fact that I was also one of the first enlisted men promoted to a commission in it.

The lieutenant-colonel, two majors, and three captains were from the old army; the third major was Frederick Townsend of New York, twice adjutant-general of that State, and a most accomplished soldier and gentleman. The other officers were young men fresh from the schools and business of civil life, utterly without military experience, and as they reported for duty were put under the instruction of older officers. Drills and recitations in tactics and regulations were carried on incessantly, and as the officers became reasonably well instructed in their duties they were despatched to all parts of the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, on recruiting service. Men came in rapidly, and in August, having more than could be accommodated in the city, the regiment was established at Camp Thomas, which remained until 1866 as a depot for recruits and convalescent men of the regiment. About November 1 the First and Second Battalions proceeded under command of the lieutenant-colonel, A. L. Shepherd, *via* Louisville to Lebanon, Ky., where they were assigned to General George H. Thomas's Division, forming, together with the Second

Minnesota, Ninth and Thirty-fifth Ohio Volunteers, the Third Brigade, Colonel R. L. McCook, Ninth Ohio, commanding.

We had left Camp Thomas on very short notice, were without camp equipage or transportation, and all our energies were at once bent towards supplying these deficiencies. A few of the officers had been stationed at Camp Thomas and were supplied with mess outfits, but most of us had been called in from recruiting service and were destitute of anything of the kind. We unlucky ones established our mess in a pair of hospital tents; we could cook nothing but coffee, and for other parts of our diet relied upon the farmers and darkies of the vicinity, who furnished irregular supplies of cold roast turkey and sole-leather pies. We stood around the tables, and took our cold turkey, hard bread, and coffee three times daily, when we could get it, for nearly a month; and I wish to say that white roast turkey is all right for special occasions, yet taken cold and without the usual adjuncts that belong to it, at every meal for a month or so, it is apt to pall slightly on the most indifferent palate. In my own case, for ten years after Lebanon the smell of a turkey made me ill. In the meantime, to add to our discomfort the weather was wet and cold, and, being young soldiers, we of course accumulated all the infantile diseases, and measles, whooping-cough, etc., were running amuck through the command. Shortly after our arrival at Lebanon we received our allotment of those patient, much-abused allies, without whose assistance the Rebellion could never have been squelched—our mules. They were young and unbroken. All the men

who knew anything about driving teams were directed to report to the quartermaster. There were not many men who knew much about the mule, for our people had not then the intimate knowledge of his peculiarities which they have since gained in war, likewise in politics. However, the mules were driven into an enclosure, and the experts, assisted by volunteers, proceeded to halter and drag them to the wagons, where they were harnessed and hitched up. Words fail in the attempt to describe the equine gymnastics, ground and lofty tumbling, the tugging and swearing which followed—the very air was redolent of brimstone. The fence was crowded with laughing lookers-on of the daily exhibition, but at the end of a week or so the mules were pretty well broken in, and dragged the wagons with locked hind wheels around through the mud as if they realized that their destiny was accomplished.

The health of the command was reëstablished, our messes in good order, and we began to look forward to the more serious times of the service. Our commander had served in the Mexican War, and we youngsters looked with admiring and envious eyes on the gold leaf of the brevet rank which he had then won. On duty he was, as the boys would say, a holy terror; not the slightest delinquency escaped his watchful eyes. Perfectly familiar with every detail of the service, he was everywhere; now showing a teamster how to handle his mules, or a company cook how to utilize the rations; next, a soldier how and with what to pack his knapsack, superintending drills, making of returns, and all the thousand and one things necessary

to the comfort and efficiency of his inexperienced officers and men. At night, in front of his camp-fire, he would melt into the most genial mood, and with his stories and jokes lead us to doubt whether the colonel of the day and of the evening were one and the same person. As I have said, the officers were young men; there was not a captain who was over thirty, the lieutenants were between twenty and twenty-five, while in the ranks were many young men who were to win commissions in the days to come; and when we pulled out of Lebanon in the first week of January, 1862, *en route* for Mill Springs, each man felt himself a match for at least one Confederate, big or little, as the case might be.

This was our first, perhaps our hardest, march. It rained almost incessantly, and the roads, cut up by the heavy trains in advance of us, were well-nigh impassable, so that we did not reach Mill Springs until some days after the battle had been won by our volunteer comrades. The people of the region through which we marched were supposed to be loyal, and the orders against the molestation of private property were strictly enforced in our regiment. Not so, however, in others. Although the ground was wet, we were not allowed to avail ourselves of the straw and haystacks near our camps, sometimes even in them, but were obliged to lay our blankets in the mud, while we enjoyed the felicity of seeing others carry off the straw from under our very noses. Our daily marches were not made in very good order; each company, the men carrying their knapsacks, marched beside its wagon, ready to help it up the hills or pull it out of the mud

as necessity might require. Frequently a wagon would sink to the axle in the tenacious yellow mud, when it would be necessary to unload it and carry the contents to solid ground; the wagon would then be lifted out and reloaded, probably to repeat the operation within half a mile.

The regiment having been recruited from widely separated localities, and the officers representing nearly all the loyal States, we were comparatively strangers to each other when this march began; but it welded us into a homogeneous mass, and laid the foundations of a brotherhood and *corps d'esprit* which will end only with our lives. It brought out the peculiarities and whimsicalities of officers and men. These would fill a book, and I can mention here but a few.

There was a little fellow in my company who was too short for any trousers that the quartermaster could furnish. I can see him now, his trousers dragging at the heel, and plastered with mud to the small of his back. He carried the biggest knapsack of any man in the regiment, and was always at the tail of the company. Our line of march was for some days along a small stream, which we frequently crossed; the men would make footways of rails, and Brown developed a propensity to tumble off of these bridges, which soon drew upon the attention of the regiment. At one of the crossings the ford was deeper than usual, and most of the men removed their shoes and stockings before wading through. Just below there was a log thrown across, about three feet above the water, and many of the men were crossing on that. It caught Brown's eye, but being a little more difficult than he liked, he

hesitated; the men encouraged him. "Go ahead, Jimmy, you can do it, it's easy," etc., etc. So, summoning all his courage, he stepped on the log; every one waited in expectation of the result. Brown carefully picked his way to near the middle, when he stopped, wavered, then dropped astride, and losing his balance, clasped the log with arms and legs and rolled underneath, where he hung wriggling and twisting in a desperate effort to regain the upper side, being aided by the advice of every man within sight or hearing. At last, exhausted, he dropped with an audible shiver into the ice-cold water. The men, although filled with that sympathy a soldier always feels for a comrade in such circumstances, laughed, until suddenly they saw that Brown was in danger of drowning in three feet of water; his knapsack held him on his back, the water just at his lips. A couple of men rushed in and pulled him to the bank.

There was another youngster, about nineteen. I enlisted him in central Ohio; his mother, a widow, came in with him, saw him enlisted, and sent him off to the war with her blessing. He was a country lad, and the men for a while imposed on his good-natured simplicity. When Bagley found this out he went on the war-path. He would fight at the drop of a hat, and cry all the time, but the other fellows always had enough before Bagley. I remonstrated with him once, having some interest in him, and told him he would get awfully licked some day. He slyly dropped the corner of his eye, and said, "Lieutenant, I never begin it, and I never make a fight I can't get away with."

Another character was Walsh. He was an excellent

soldier, but he had a desperate fondness for applejack, and a nose that was constantly leading him into difficulty, for it could scent that insidious liquor out though concealed at the bottom of the deepest sink-hole in Kentucky. Applejack was not plentiful along our route; we were in the rear, and most of the supply seemed to have been absorbed. It was noticed, however, that Walsh frequently had more than was good for him or the discipline of his company, and many unsuccessful attempts were made to cut off his supplies. One day his captain, who was not averse to a little applejack himself, called at a house and tried to buy some. He was turning away, when he espied Walsh, who, loaded with canteens, was slipping along the back garden fence. The Captain called him. Walsh came up. "What have you got in those canteens?" "Water, sir." "Let me see." The Captain tasted canteen No. 1—water; and so on to the last, all water. The Captain, disappointed but suspicious, sternly eyed Walsh, who had an air of mingled innocence and impudent triumph. The Captain, telling of it afterward, said, "I knew by the glint of the rascal's eye that he was getting the best of me in some way; I told him to go to camp, and as he turned away a smile spread over his face. At that moment I noticed a suspicious-looking protuberance under the tail of his coat, to which I applied my toe; it struck a canteen of applejack concealed there. Walsh stopped, looked over his shoulder, and with a sickly smile said, 'Ah, Captain, how did ye guess it was there?' He'd got it at the house where they'd refused to sell it to me; the old man had but a gallon, and Walsh had talked him out

of a canteenful. I bowed on the spot to Walsh's genius. I know it's not discipline, but in this beastly weather a man must have something to sustain him, so I made a bargain with Walsh: he is to keep me supplied in future; I furnish the money to pay for it when he can't get it otherwise, and he says it will be a cold day when my canteen is empty." The Captain was fond of his toddy, but he was never known to lose his head; his natural politeness and suavity of manner increased with the number he imbibed. They tell of him that on one occasion, when Walsh had been uproariously tight himself but had neglected to declare the usual dividend on the joint-stock applejack company, the Captain gave Walsh a severe lecture upon his conduct, closing somewhat in this way: "If you must drink, why the devil don't you do so reasonably, like a gentleman, as I do?" To which Walsh replied, "Sure, I'd like nothing better than to drink like the Captain, but 'twould kill me in a week."

After the battle of Mill Springs our division was concentrated at Somerset, Ky., and in February moved towards Munfordsville, with a view to an advance upon Bowling Green; but the enemy having withdrawn to Nashville, we proceeded by forced marches to Louisville, where about the last of the month we took boats and arrived at Nashville in the first week of March, 1862. Up to this time the army had been scattered by brigades and divisions from Donelson to Cumberland Gap; it was now mostly concentrated at Nashville, and near the middle of March started on its first campaign as an army, under the immediate command of General Buell, to take part in the operations

against that of General A. S. Johnston, then at or near Corinth, Miss. As the movement began the rains came also. Our progress was slow, delayed as we were by bad roads, high water, and broken bridges, until on April 6, near Waynesboro, Tenn., we heard the booming of the artillery at Pittsburg Landing. How we pulled through the mud that day, leaving our train behind us, not to see it again for a month! We passed wagons, guns, and caissons stuck fast in the mud and abandoned for the time, and at last, about ten at night, bivouacked by the roadside, so tired that we could hardly step. The rain poured down all night, and the darkness was like a wall. Our rations had been left with our wagons, but we found a commissary train, and it fell on me to issue rations to the companies. It was nearly morning when I finished, and I slept the rest of the night in the tail end of an army wagon which was loaded with blacksmith tools and horse-shoes. It was not a couch that a Sybarite would have delighted in, but it was a bed of roses to me, for I was tired enough to have slept on the edge of a fence-rail. I was alone when I went to sleep, but on awaking I found that two men had joined me, one of whom had his feet in my bosom, while the other was lying across my legs, which were paralyzed to a degree that rendered me almost incapable of marching the next day.

We arrived at Pittsburg Landing on the 8th of April. The condition of things at that place for some days after the battle will be remembered by all who were there. Description fails me as I recall the scene. There was a general field-hospital at the point where we landed, and the ground was simply bloody mud. The

first sight that met our eyes as we reached the top of the bank was the ghastly pile of arms and legs bleached to a chalky whiteness by the rain, and which was being constantly increased in size by the surgeons, who, with blood-stained hands and clothes, were busy under canvas sheds close by, while frequently arriving wagons and ambulances were discharging their loads of wounded and suffering men, who were carefully laid down or hobbled to a convenient resting-place to await the attentions of the surgeons; and that no element of discomfort might be lacking, there poured from the lowering clouds a heavy, chilling rain. It was enough to weaken the stoutest heart, and we gladly hurried to the front, where we bivouacked in the mud and rain, and in our own misery soon forgot the sufferers we had left behind. The situation was so absolutely wretched as to be laughable, and my memory of it is that I was water-soaked by the rain, and tortured night unto death by the woodticks. In the campaign which followed we took our first lessons in engineering, fortification, and ditching, varied by the almost daily skirmishing as we advanced. I was at an outpost during the last night of the Rebel occupation of Corinth, and was so close to their lines that we could hear distinctly all that was going on, and all were certain the place was being abandoned; but our line was held back until late in the morning, and when we finally advanced we met our troops, who had entered the place some time before. We marched upon the trail of the enemy for some time before we were recalled to our camp, where we had something to eat, and had just begun to celebrate the arrival of our sutler when we

were ordered to march. In half an hour we were on the road, and we stumbled along through the darkness until all hands were completely exhausted before a halt was made. The enemy was beyond our reach, and in a day or two we were ordered to march to Iuka Springs, where, amid the shady groves and sparkling waters, we enjoyed a welcome rest of some weeks. While we were at Iuka Bragg was at Chattanooga preparing for his advance into Kentucky. In July we began our movement northward, crossing the Tennessee at Eastport, and until well into August marched and countermarched in rear of Altamont and McMinnville, in the expectation that Bragg would offer battle somewhere between those points and Murfreesboro, it being supposed that Nashville was the object of his movement.

Quite an exciting episode occurred in one of our camps about this time, in which another character, or I might say two of them, came to the front—McNally, the Colonel's striker, and the Colonel's mare. The Colonel had peculiar ideas about the points of his saddle-horse: in the first place, it should not be more than fourteen hands high, as, having short legs, he could not easily mount a taller horse; next, the back should be short, to prevent the turning of the saddle; and lastly, the back should be long, as an infantry field-officer rode generally at a walk to secure an easy motion at that gait. It was not an easy matter to find an animal which combined all these qualities, but the Colonel, having found them in his mare, valued her highly, and after trying a number of grooms had found a suitable one in McNally, who until this un-

lucky day had been all that could be desired. We were camped in an old peach orchard: the mare was tied with a heavy rope around her neck to a dead peach-tree; she had a trick of pulling back, and nothing less than a cable would hold her on such occasions. The men were lying about in the shade, and the camp was quiet as the grave, when the Colonel, coming out of his tent and looking about, saw his mare very restive, stamping and switching her tail, and, although it was blazing hot, covered with a blanket. "McNally!" he called. "Yis, Colonel." "What is the matter with the mare? Why have you put that blanket on her this hot day? Go and take it off immediately." "Yis, Colonel, but I put the blankit on her because them little yaller flies doos be bitin' her widout it." As they talked they moved towards the mare, who was now plunging madly, and just as they reached her gave one tremendous pull, tore the tree up by the roots, and went tearing through the camp, dragging the tree with her. The Colonel stood speechless with astonishment and dismay; but suddenly he clapped his hand to the back of his neck. The situation dawned upon him with painful distinctness. He turned upon McNally. "You howling idiot," he shouted, "you've tied her in a yaller-jacket's nest!" Meanwhile the poor mare, leaving a trail of the "little yaller flies" behind her, and having knocked down about half the tents in camp, had brought up near her starting-place, got astride the tree, and was squealing and kicking like an insane mule. The camp was in an uproar; the men, who had turned out under the impression that we were receiving a charge of cavalry, were laughing and shouting,

fighting yellow-jackets, and dancing about generally in such a manner that a stranger to the reasons of their conduct might have supposed himself among a lot of escaped lunatics. McNally had disappeared. The Colonel, beside himself with rage and anxiety for his mare, was performing a war-dance, while the yellow-jackets, whose nest was in a hollow of the tree near the roots, were still at home to all callers. At last, a man wrapped in a blanket ran up, cut the rope and set the poor animal free, and the camp gradually resumed its quiet.

To return to Bragg's movements: We soon learned that he had planned a larger campaign than for the possession of Nashville, and that his purpose was to clear the "sacred soil" of a Federal army by carrying the war north of the Ohio. But the high hopes of the Confederate general were doomed to disappointment. The results of the campaign are matters of history, and I will hasten on with my story, as did the armies in the celebrated race which now began for the Ohio River. Suffice it to say that we beat him there by arriving at Louisville on the 29th of September. So here we were again at our starting-point of the year before. We had wrestled with Kentucky mud and had been chilled by her winter rains; had withstood the attacks of woodticks and graybacks in the old Confederate camps around Corinth; and had broiled beneath the summer suns of Mississippi and Tennessee. Like the boy who was kicked by the historic mule, we were not so handsome as we had been, but we had learned a heap. While we had done no hard fighting, we had interviewed our friends the Rebels

often enough to have learned the difference between the *spat* of a bullet that hits and the *zip* of one that misses. We had found the application of Tille's apostrophe to his legs on the morning of his first battle: "You tremble now, but if you only knew where I intend taking you this day you would run away if you could." Our men no longer slept in the mud when there was a convenient straw-stack; they didn't burn green wood when there was a dry fence handy. In short, they had learned the high art of living on the country, and the region must have been pretty well cleaned out where a man of the Eighteenth Regulars could not find something in addition to his hard-tack and bacon. We had also learned what a blessed thing is water. All through Tennessee and Kentucky we had found springs, streams, and wells nearly dry. I recall one day especially, between Murfreesboro and Nashville, where I saw at least five hundred men with their cups and canteens crowding to a little trickling spring that would not have filled a canteen in half an hour; and yet these men pushed and strove to reach it as if each could have drunk his fill the moment he arrived. The glare of the sun on the limestone pike was dreadful. My tongue was so swollen that I could scarcely articulate, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the men were kept in ranks. We camped that night near a stagnant pool; the men, barely waiting to stack their arms, rushed into the water, which they swallowed in great mouthfuls.

We lost no time at Louisville. Our brigade, increased by the addition of a new regiment, was put in the Third Corps, and in a day or two we again started

South, this time to stay until the war was over. The day was more than warm; the new regiment, which in the morning was nearly as large as the rest of the brigade, shod in brand-new boots and shoes, with overcoat and blanket neatly rolled on their well-filled knapsacks, took but a corporal's guard into camp that night after the march of twenty miles. They melted away like wax before the fire, and filled fence-corners, where they were greeted with cries of "What'll you take for them boots? Do you want to sell that overcoat?" Whilst another, thinking of the large bounties then being paid, would shout, "Get up, you thousand-dollar warrior!" or, "You gilded patriot, come into camp; you cost too much money to be lying around loose." To these taunts they seldom replied, but their faces spoke volumes of indignation and suffering. They came out all right, though, in time; they were passing through the same experience with ourselves, only in our case there had been no yearling veterans to jeer at us. We came up with the enemy near Springfield, and kept up a running skirmish until we reached the vicinity of Perryville. We took small part in the battle; although in hearing of the musketry, we remained quiet until late in the afternoon, when we were ordered up to repel a last assault on McCook's right. After some apparently aimless marching, taking Harrodsburg, Danville, and Lancaster in our route, we moved through Bowling Green towards Gallatin, Tenn., where General Thomas, to whose command we again came, had fixed his headquarters. General Bragg had gotten around to Murfreesboro, and had apparently gone into winter quarters; General Buell had been relieved; and

our new commander, General Rosecrans, was accumulating men and material at Nashville. Morgan's men had been busy on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, and among other mischief had destroyed the tunnels near Gallatin. Our brigade camped there while they were being repaired. I was sent with a strong detachment to bring a herd of cattle and other supplies from Bowling Green. I returned in due season, having orders to put the cattle where forage was plenty, and report my whereabouts to the division commissary at Gallatin. The country was bare, and I had about despaired of being able to comply with the forage part of my orders; but having arrived within a few miles of Gallatin, I was riding in advance of my party, looking for a camping-place, when I met General Steadman, our brigade commander, who asked me what I was doing there. I told him what I was looking for. He turned in his saddle, and said, "You see that house down there? It belongs to one of the worst Rebels in this country; he has had a safeguard all along, but it has just been withdrawn, so take your cattle there and turn them in." I went to the field, and wishing not to destroy the young wheat, which was just nicely above ground, I rode to the owner's house, a short distance away. I met a darkey coming out, who told me that his master was at home, but he thought I would not be able to see him. I went on, and after knocking at the front door several times without answer, tried a side door, which after a few moments was opened just wide enough to allow a very pretty face to peer out. With my best bow and sweetest tone I enquired if Mr. D. was at home. "No, he isn't." "Can you tell me

how soon he will return, or where I could find him?" "No, I can't." Slam! went the door. I rode off, and coming up with the darkey, who had been watching my proceedings, I asked him if there was no mistake about his master being at home. "Yessir, boss, he's home. He hides hisself when you was come round; he don't like Yankees nohow." And then he went on to say that the old man's son and a son-in-law were in the Rebel army; that there were frequently Rebel scouts at the house, and that the neighborhood generally wasn't a healthy place for men of my stripe to be found alone. By this time my party had come, and the cattle were turned into the field; they rushed for the fodder, and in a very little while the shocks that were standing could have been counted on one's fingers. I posted my guard and went to report at headquarters, and was told to remain where I was until further orders.

On my return to camp I saw talking with the sergeant a little man dressed in an old-style silk hat, long-tailed shiny black frock-coat, who was introduced to me as Mr. D., the owner of the field—in fact, of almost everything else in sight. He accosted me very politely, saying that he was sorry I had turned the cattle in before seeing him, that the fodder was all he had to carry his stock through the winter, and that the wheat was the dependence of the neighborhood for next year's bread, and that it would now all be destroyed. As you will observe, he ignored my visit to his house, and sought to put me on the defensive. However, I was not to be outdone in civility, especially as I was in possession; so I expressed my

regret that I had not found him at home, but as no one seemed to know where he could be found, and the case was urgent, I had nothing to do but turn the cattle in. I would put them in another field now if he would have the fodder hauled to them. He thought it was too late to save anything now, and so in fact it was. I was really very sorry for the old gentleman, and consoled him all I could by saying that the tramping would make the wheat stool out more heavily, and that I would give him a receipt for the forage. He grew more cheerful, and invited me to stay at his house while in the neighborhood. I declined with thanks, thinking he might be laying a trap for me, but I therein did him an injustice. My supper of bacon, hard-tack, and coffee was ready, and I asked him to share it with me, but he bade me good-evening and went home.

I didn't sleep much that night, it was cold; I had but one blanket, and besides, I was fearful that the bush-whackers might rout me out. It passed quietly, however, and I was in a good sleep, the sun having got high enough to thaw me out a little, when my sergeant called me, and, looking up, I saw a darkey with a tray, and something covered with a snowy napkin on it. "Mars D.'s compliment, and some peach and honey, and brekfus'll be ready soon's you come to de house." The peach and honey was delicious; it took all the aches and pains out of my joints and warmed me up, until I felt like a new man, and so, after making as careful a toilet as was possible under the circumstances, I went to the house. My host met me at the door and led the way to the breakfast-table, where he

presented me to his married daughter and two of the prettiest girls I had seen since I left Ohio. I was received as graciously and entertained as cordially as if I had been a welcome and anxiously expected guest. The young lady who had come to the door was especially cordial, probably because of our longer acquaintance. I suggested to her that my first impressions of herself had not been so agreeable as I had found her in reality to be; she turned the tables on me very neatly by asking if I thought my own appearance captivating. The point of this will be more apparent when I explain that I had been sleeping in fence-corners for about ten days, with a very limited supply of baggage—in fact, the trousers I then had on, my only pair, were in such a condition as to render it impossible for me to turn my back upon a lady. When I recall the strategy I practised during the several days I was there, to get out of that house without betraying the weak spots in my harness to my fair enemies, I feel that I never reached the rank in the service to which my skill in retreating entitled me. They were Rebels through and through, but I spent some very pleasant days with them, and when my orders came, as they did much too soon for me, and I bade them good-by, they invited me to call again—when the Confederacy should have been established. I replied that it was clear they hoped never to see me again, and so left them. I saw them some weeks later on the street in Gallatin, and was about to greet them, but they sailed by, their pretty noses in the air, and any tender feeling that might have been swelling in my susceptible bosom was blighted on the spot.

When I rejoined the regiment it was at Belote's Fort on the Cumberland River. While there we drilled diligently, and shortly after my arrival all the regular infantry in the Army of the Cumberland, consisting of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Regiments, and Guenther's Battery of the Fifth Artillery, were put in one brigade, to be known as the Regular Brigade. About the 30th of December we started for Nashville to join them, and as we marched through Gallatin were received by General Thomas. The sidewalks were filled by officers and men of the old division, and as the column, with our fine band at the head, swept by in perfect alignment and cadence, we were greeted with a continuous round of applause. We had served a year with the old brigade, and although at first our relations were somewhat strained, we parted the best of friends. As we passed through their camp we halted for an hour to say good-by, and their hospitality was such that when we resumed our march there were a good many of us for whom the road was scarcely wide enough to travel in.

At Nashville the army organization underwent a change. Thomas was put in command of the centre, composed of the divisions which afterwards became the Fourteenth Corps; the Regular Brigade was in Rosecrans' Division. We moved out from Nashville on Christmas. A party of us had gone to the city in the morning and had ordered a sumptuous repast at Bassett's restaurant, and had just seated ourselves to dispose of it when an orderly appeared at the door saying that the regiment was about to march. We were in our best uniforms, and hurried out, hoping to

find time to change, but we found the line formed and wagons loaded. My striker had kept out my sword, rubber-coat, and haversack, with three days' rations, and with this equipment I started on the campaign. Our wagons did not reach us again for ten days, and before the end of that time parched corn had become a luxury. We moved by the Franklin Pike, threatening the enemy's left as he retired to the line of Stone River; we crossed in the rear of McCook to our place in the centre, and reached the Murfreesboro Pike shortly before daylight on the 30th, where we remained until the afternoon, when we moved up and bivouacked near Rosecrans' headquarters. Soon after we reached the Pike. Negley's regiments began to move out, and one of them had reveille just as we were lying down. There was a fife and some snare-drums. The fifer was an artist: he played Bonaparte's march, and never shall I forget the piercing melody which filled the air of that frosty starlit night; it floated out away above the drums, and seemed as if it would reach the ends of the earth. We all sat up to listen, and it lingered in our ears until, tired, cold, and hungry, we fell asleep.

Being near headquarters and acquainted with the staff, we learned the result of operations to date, and the dispositions made for the battle, which, as is well known, was planned with the precision that a tailor fits a coat, and singularly enough was the exact counterpart of that of Bragg. In such a situation the advantage would naturally lie with the attacking force, and so it proved in this case. Bragg opened, and our right, the pivot on which our army was to swing, was overwhelmed early in the day. Our left, which was to

have swept all before it, was halted and then depleted to sustain the centre. Rosecrans' plan was overthrown in almost the twinkling of an eye, and from an army marching to victory we seemed to have become a mass of inextricable confusion, in imminent danger of being cut off from our communications and driven from the field. Such, briefly, was the situation when the Regular Brigade, which up to this time had been held in reserve, was ordered to the front. As we moved in double time to beyond the intersection of the railway and turnpike, General Thomas went up to Colonel Shepherd, and, pointing to the cedars on the right, from which were streaming the broken remnants of McCook's Corps, he said, "Colonel Shepherd, put your brigade in there, and for God's sake keep those devils back for twenty minutes." We formed right front into line, and scarcely had McCook's men cleared our front than the Rebels with a yell were upon us. Their yells were silenced by the volley of musketry which met them full in their faces. We advanced and met another line, where for twenty minutes or longer we stood and fired at pistol range, at the end of which time the lines in our rear had been established and we were withdrawn. As we approached our new line I noticed with astonishment the change that had taken place: where but a short half-hour before all had been dismay and confusion order now reigned supreme, and the eye fell upon dark lines of infantry with their glistening muskets, while on the knoll behind were the unfired guns, double-shotted with canister, the cannoneers in place, and all prepared to meet the enemy in a deadly grapple, on the result of which hung vic-

tory or defeat; and among them all there was not a soldier who did not know that, situated as we were, defeat meant almost irretrievable disaster. As we entered our lines we were greeted with a cheer, and we had been in our position some minutes before the Rebels followed, with three extended lines; and in perfect order they advanced, the western sun falling upon the faces, while the dark cedar forest behind them formed a background from which the men, their colors, and sloping muskets stood out in high relief, the whole making a picture never to be effaced from the minds of those who, with set faces and nerves of steel, were watching their approach. It was a moment in which the blood rushed upon the heart, which throbbed as if to burst its walls, when from our line burst forth a flash of flame and smoke and roar. In a few minutes all was still, the smoke cleared away, and we saw the field before us bare of life, as if swept by a hurricane. The enemy had disappeared, but not for long. Behind the curtain of the cedar thicket their lines were re-formed, and again and again, and yet again, they came, to meet the same reception and the same repulse, until at last, disheartened, they came no more. The Southern wave of victory broke and receded at the foot of the knoll where is now the National Cemetery, and the truthful historian of the battle will write that it was saved to the national arms by the Regular Brigade.

The tremendous losses which they sustained in the cedars and in the subsequent assaults broke the spirit of the Rebels; and had the results of the battle been as marked and important as were those which followed

Gettysburg, the events I have so hurriedly sketched would have been the theme of song and story so long as courage and constancy excite the admiration of men. Certainly no greater display of these qualities was ever made by American soldiery than was witnessed in that angle of our shattered line.

After the last charge had been repulsed the tension gave way and a ringing cheer burst forth. Suddenly a gigantic Reb in a short gray jacket jumped from the ground and ran for the woods in the rear. A few shots were fired at him, and he fell; some cried, "Shame, let him go!" Up he jumped again, again to fall, and so by running and falling he reached the woods three or four hundred yards away, where, pausing a moment, he looked over his shoulder, and, waving his cap in one hand, made a most expressive gesture with the other, and amid the cheers and laughter of our men disappeared in the darkness of the cedar brakes.

With this, which may be called the anti-climax of the battle, I might stop; but if your patience is not exhausted I would like to add a few more words. At the beginning of this paper I stated that the Eighteenth Infantry was a fighting regiment. By this I meant no disparagement to any other, but the impression prevails in some minds that the regular army did not bear its full share in the Rebellion, and I wish to, in some degree at least, correct this mistake. Fox in his records of regimental losses says that "of the two thousand or more infantry regiments in the Civil War, but forty-five lost over two hundred men killed and died of wounds in battle." On this list the Eighteenth Infan-

try stands twenty-seventh, with a loss of two hundred and eighteen. Its total loss, in killed and wounded, was eight hundred and fifty-four. It fought in front of Corinth and at Munfordsville, at Champion Hills and Murfreesboro, at Hooker's Gap and Chickamaugua, at Missionary Ridge and Tunnel Hill, at Resaca and New Hope Church, at Kenesaw twice, and Smyrna Church, at Eutaw Springs, Lick Creek, Jonesboro, and Atlanta; yet in none of these battles did its loss equal that at Murfreesboro, where out of six hundred and three rank and file, sixty were killed, two hundred and twenty-four wounded—a total of two hundred and eighty-four, or forty-eight per cent. Of twenty-five officers, fourteen were killed and wounded. In all its history it never failed to respond when duty called, and we who belonged to it are proud of its record, and proud that our names were on its rolls.

THE LOYAL LEGION.

BY COLONEL D. C. KERR,

SIXTEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read June 10, 1890.)

COMPANIONS, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—The Military Order of the Loyal Legion had its suggestion in the Society of the Cincinnati, and its inspiration in the mingled sentiments of gratitude and grief that marked the close of the war and the death of our martyr President.

Both societies were military in their origin, each following upon the close of a bloody and protracted war, and each composed of officers whose honorable service in that war was undisputed. The requisites of membership are the same in both: honorable military service in the past and honorable standing among men at the present.

The primary object of both orders was the same: to keep alive the memories of the war, and by social intercourse to cement the friendships which common danger and toil and suffering had created.

The Society of the Cincinnati, with Washington its first president, Gates its vice-president, and Knox its secretary, together with the long line of illustrious patriots that composed its membership, has passed

away; it served well, but it served only the purposes of its origin. It never advanced beyond the joy of comradeship and the delights of reminiscence. The Loyal Legion, which still lives, has widened the scope and broadened the purpose of its origin, and presents to-day some points in pleasing contrast to its great prototype.

It was meet that the members of the Cincinnati should exult, for they triumphed over a foreign foe; the fraternal character of our strife forbids us to boast.

Their motto was the personal vaunt, "*Omnia relinquit servare rempublicam*;" ours, as you will see upon the emblem we wear to-night, is the impersonal sentiment, "*Lex regit arma tuentur*." Their badge was the eagle; ours is the cross. Theirs was the glory of a nation created; ours, of a country preserved. And yet not alone preserved; the deeper lessons of our struggle are that this nation, under God, should have a new birth of freedom, and, as Theodore Parker expresses it, more beautifully even than Lincoln, that a government of all the people, by all the people, and for all the people, should not perish from the earth. The War of the Rebellion established and imposed on us the duty of inculcating truths which our forefathers realized only partially, if at all:

That this nation shall be an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States; that the flag shall be preserved as we made it possible to preserve it, with a star for every State and a State for every star. And one thing more: that while we cultivate a spirit of friendship and forbearance towards our Southern brethren, as the Loyal Legion has always done,

we still hold one truth imperishable—that our cause was eternally right, and theirs eternally wrong.

The Loyal Legion lives to-day to impress upon the age these lessons of patriotism, and to hand these principles down to our children. It may be asked why this cannot as well be done by the Grand Army of the Republic. No one shall outstrip me in affection and regard for the Grand Army; we love its gatherings, and we honor its purposes. The benevolent work that it has done for the widows and orphans of the dead—and is doing for the poor and disabled of the living—is beyond all praise; but there is room enough in this wide land for us both, and reasons enough why both should act in harmony.

The Loyal Legion is cultivating one field, at least, untouched by any other organization; two volumes have already been published, of original papers, by members of this Commandery, giving “glimpses of the nation’s struggle.” Other commanderies are doing the same, and a library of these books will prove an invaluable acquisition to the student and the patriot who seek a true insight into the vexed problems of the war.

In conclusion, the very name of our order contains an epitome of the history of the war. In the words of another, “We are well called the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States; for out of the military came order, and because a legion was loyal, we have these United States.”

THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1864.

BY BREVET-MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. SANBORN,

U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 14, 1890.)

THE invasion of Missouri, in the months of September and October, 1864, by a Confederate army from Arkansas, under the chief command of Major-General Sterling Price, was an event of the War of the Rebellion commonly denominated "The Price Raid."

Taking place at a time when public attention was attracted to other quarters, where affairs of greater moment were in progress, and occurring in a field somewhat remote from frequent communication with the news centres, and where consequential events were unlooked for, the real character of this enterprise has been generally imperfectly understood, and its importance greatly underestimated. The objects for which the expedition, on the part of the Confederates, was undertaken were, at the time and under the circumstances, of much importance to them and correspondingly of great danger to the Union cause. The campaign forced upon the Federal troops by the invasion was a series of rapid and difficult marches, perilous undertakings, daring and gallant exploits, hot and deadly fighting, and in the end resulted in complete

success to the Union arms and great advantage to the Union cause. To describe the campaign generally, and to narrate some of its incidents, is the object of this paper.

In the latter part of the month of August and the first part of the month of September, 1864, when the plan of the invasion was conceived and determined upon, the main Confederate armies east of the Mississippi were sadly in need of help and coöperation. Lee was staggering at Petersburg under the heavy and incessant blows of Grant; Atlanta was, as Sherman said, "ours, and fairly won"; and Hood had inaugurated his offensive campaign to the rear of Sherman, designing, as he avowed, to "push for the Ohio"—a bold venture, but not without grounds and warrant, and which came nearer being successful than is commonly believed. Thomas had been left to "look after Hood," and Thomas, surveying the scene with his clear, calm eyes, had announced that he must be strengthened with men and munitions before he should be able for the task set him. General A. J. Smith's Corps from northern Mississippi was ordered to reënforce Thomas, and these were all the troops that could be given him. The other armies had enough work to do in their respective districts.

The Confederate army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, then under the command of Lieutenant-General E. Kirby Smith, was practically inactive, and had been so for some time. Davis, in August, had ordered Smith to cross the Mississippi, where and as he could, and to come with the greater and better part of his army to Richmond and Petersburg to the help

of Lee; but it was impossible to obey such an order. Understanding the general situation fairly well, Smith and his generals believed that a diversion with their forces—then in various portions of Arkansas—if made suddenly in Missouri, would employ for a considerable time thousands of Federal soldiers who otherwise would be sent to Thomas, and thus enable Hood to “get in his work.”

Moreover, it was believed that the presence of a well-organized Confederate army in Missouri would arouse the Rebel element in that State, bring out swarms of recruits, and thus enable the army of invasion to become an army of occupation—after having picked up the numerous depots of supplies scattered throughout the southern and central portions of the State, and after having captured the arsenal and stores at Fort Leavenworth, known to be without adequate guard and protection. The movement, too, if swift enough, would accomplish the capture of St. Louis, long enough at least to “loot” it of all the invaders needed. Jefferson City, the capital of the State, could be—indeed, must be—taken, and the inauguration of the alleged Confederate “governor,” Hon. Thomas C. Reynolds, performed with due pomp and circumstance, as became his state!

Once fairly within Missouri, the invaders meant to secure themselves south of and along the Missouri River, with their eastern outposts near Jefferson City, and a line of communication open to Arkansas and the Indian Territory by way of the Kansas border. It was confidently believed that by the assistance of the recruits in Missouri, who were expected to flock in by

thousands, the army would be entirely able to maintain itself in the State through the winter against any force likely to be sent against it. Much reliance was placed, especially by Generals Price and Marmaduke, upon the Rebel-sympathizing secret orders of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," "American Knights," or "Sons of the South," known to be numerous in Missouri, and said to be longing for an opportunity to shake off the "Lincoln despotism," under which they had lived so long, and to enroll themselves under the banner of the "Stars and Bars." If, however, the main object of the invasion should fail, a vast amount of supplies could be secured during the progress of the invasion, and these could be carried away into Arkansas should it be necessary to retreat, and the spoil and the recruits obtained would of themselves amply compensate for the trouble and expense incurred.

The objects, then, to be accomplished by the Confederate government were fourfold, and in the order of their importance were as follows:

- 1st. To create a diversion of Federal troops from General Thomas, then resisting General Hood's advance into Tennessee, and thereby enable Hood to overpower this Federal army and drive it across the Ohio River, and thus regain what had been lost by the Atlanta campaign.

- 2d. To destroy the supplies accumulated at Kansas City, Fort Leavenworth, and Lawrence, and, as far as possible, capture and break up the Federal forces on duty in Missouri and Kansas.

- 3d. To recruit the Confederate army from the dis-

loyal ranks of the people of Missouri, and add to its numerical strength from ten to twenty thousand men, and arm, equip, and supply them from the ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster departments of the posts and places captured.

4th. To inaugurate a State government in Missouri and declare it to be one of the States of the Confederacy, and issue bonds and do other acts that a State government lawfully established may perform.

The duty of the Federal generals was to thwart these purposes as far as possible, and destroy or capture the Rebel forces.

At this time Missouri was without any Federal army proper, and with but comparatively few troops, which were scattered at small posts through the State. There were not above five thousand regular volunteers in the State, of all arms.

The State was held in the main by a cavalry organization called the Missouri State Militia (or M. S. M.), consisting of fourteen regiments armed, equipped, and paid by the Federal government, but not liable for service outside of the State. There was also the Enrolled Missouri Militia (or E. M. M.), composed of the able-bodied male citizens of the State, liable to military duty; but this organization, which was wholly in the State service, was only called to duty in emergencies and for brief periods—except that from the entire number, some fifty thousand, four regiments had been detailed for continual service, which were termed the Provisional Militia (or P. M. M.). Nearly all of the military posts of the State were garrisoned by the M. S. M. or the P. M. M.

General Rosecrans had been for some time the commander of this department, and the State having been practically depleted of troops, he obtained permission from the War Department to raise new volunteers to meet the exigencies of the situation. Under this permission about ten regiments, complete and incomplete, of one-year volunteer infantry, had been organized in July and August, but were practically not in service, being in camps of instruction in various parts of the State. Crops had been fairly good that year, the harvest had been gathered, the corn was ripening, and the opportunities for a raid were all that could be desired. I have been thus particular in describing the Rebel plans and purposes as they appeared then, and have been detailed since the war by certain ex-Confederate generals, and in referring to the situation, in order that the incidents of the campaign may be better understood.

As soon as the expedition to Missouri was determined upon by General Kirby Smith, whose headquarters were at Washington, Ark., he set about finding a proper officer to lead it. It was settled that the force should be composed of cavalry and artillery; for obvious reasons infantry was not wanted. General S. B. Buckner was first offered the command, but declined it on account of his unwillingness to lead cavalry. Generals Marmaduke and Shelby, both Missourians, and both very dashing and plucky officers, were considered too young to be placed over the officers who would of necessity command the divisions and brigades of the invading army, and at last General Price was selected. The chief reason for this selection was

the supposed influence of General Price in Missouri and the popularity of his name. "Old Pap," as General Price was familiarly known, was unquestionably very popular with the Rebel masses, and he was—or rather had been—a very capable soldier; but he was growing old and corpulent, was almost incapable of horseback exercise, and a younger and more active commander might upon the whole have served General Smith better.

A little time was spent in selecting the route. It was proposed to enter the State at the southwest corner, pass rapidly up the Kansas line to Fort Leavenworth, seize that post, and then turn eastward into Missouri; but General Marmaduke has left on record the statement that one reason for the rejection of this route was this: "That the southwestern corner, which was in the district commanded by General John B. Sanborn, with headquarters at Springfield, was well guarded, and there would be some hard and very stubborn fighting before the gates could be entered, and this might occasion a fatal delay."

It was my judgment then, and has ever since been, that it was better military strategy to enter the southeastern portion of the State. In this movement, St. Louis, Pilot Knob, Rolla, and other points accessible by railroad would be threatened, and larger forces drawn at once away from General Thomas, which would at once be passed by this mounted force and thrown to the rear to pursue for days without result; while an invasion from the southwest would meet with strong resistance from the start, and the Federal forces, if defeated in the first engagements, would fall

back upon constantly accumulating reserves, until strong enough to deal a stunning and overwhelming blow that would prevent the escape of the Rebel army from the State at all.

It was the impression of General Rosecrans that my district and command would be first attacked. About ten thousand men of all classes and arms—by calling out the militia—would have been available in action, and this gave some assurance of a successful resistance. The losses on both sides would have been serious. The days that the Rebel army remained at Batesville were days of anxiety to us, as all scouts brought back the same word, that when the next movement would be made it would be upon Springfield by forced marches. At Springfield everything was ready for action. It was finally concluded to enter at the southeast corner, move rapidly to and up the Iron Mountain Railroad towards St. Louis, further movements to be decided by circumstances.

The army of invasion concentrated first at Tulip, Dallas County, Ark., on the 30th of August, 1864. Afterwards, on the 16th of September, there was another concentration at Batesville, Ark. When the force had been finally organized at Batesville, it was composed of three divisions, two of Missourians and one of Arkansans. The Arkansas troops formed the first division, composed of Cabell's, Slemmon's, Dobbins's, and McCray's brigades, about five thousand strong, with four pieces of artillery, and commanded by Major-General James F. Fagan. The second division was commanded by Major-General John S. Marmaduke, and composed of the brigades of General

John B. Clark, Junior (recently Clerk of the U. S. House of Representatives), General M. Jeff. Thompson, and Colonel Thomas W. Freeman, and a four-gun battery—in all about four thousand men. The third division was commanded by Brigadier-General J. Q. Shelby, and consisted of two brigades commanded by Colonels David Shanks and S. D. Jackman, with Collins's four-gun battery—in all about three thousand. Thus the total strength of the Confederates, at the time of the concentration at Batesville, was about twelve thousand men and twelve pieces of artillery. This force was, however, rapidly increased as the invasion progressed into Missouri, until finally the army numbered about twenty thousand armed men, with about two thousand unarmed recruits. From Batesville the army moved to Pocahontas, near the Missouri line. Here four days were spent in shoeing mules and horses, repairing wagons, issuing ammunition, and arranging everything necessary.

On the 20th of September the army started from Pocahontas, Shelby's Division on the extreme left, Marmaduke's on the right, and Fagan, with the commander-in-chief, in the centre. With General Shelby's staff, as a volunteer aide, was the Confederate "governor" of Missouri, Hon. Thomas C. Reynolds. The advance was somewhat slow, but sufficiently rapid to enable the invaders to capture the towns in southeastern Missouri as fast as they came to them. Doniphan, Patterson, Fredericktown, Farmington, and other towns in the southeast were taken, and their garrisons, consisting of small detachments of militia, either driven off or made prisoners. The Iron Moun-

tain Railroad was attacked, and portions of it destroyed. Shelby took Potosi, with its garrison of seventy-five men.

On the 26th Ironton and Pilot Knob were invested. Here was a Federal force of twelve hundred, under General Thomas Ewing, who had been sent to the place by General Rosecrans. At Pilot Knob, also, there was a small fort called Fort Davidson, in which there were some heavy guns. On the 27th Ewing sustained a terrific assault from portions of Fagan's and Marmaduke's Divisions, which advanced against the fort on foot, supported by a brisk artillery fire from their own batteries on commanding situations. Two assaults were made, both of which were repulsed. That night Ewing spiked his guns, destroyed his magazine and supplies, and finding his chosen line of retreat northward, by way of Potosi, blocked, he retreated westward towards Rolla, where General John McNeil was in command with a small brigade of M. S. M. and the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry. In the fighting about Pilot Knob the Confederates lost about three hundred men in killed and wounded, and three days' time. Ewing lost twenty-eight killed and about sixty wounded. The Confederates were able to replace the men they lost by the accession of about five hundred recruits, which they received at Pilot Knob. By this attack General Price had demonstrated the formidable character of his movement, and really secured the first great object of his campaign—the diversion of Federal troops from General Thomas.

On his retreat Ewing had about one thousand infantry and a field-battery. Accompanying him was

Colonel Thomas C. Fletcher, the Republican candidate for governor in the campaign then pending, and whose person the Confederates were anxious to secure. Some miles out from Pilot Knob, Ewing turned sharply to the north, and pushing on struck the southwestern branch of the Pacific Railway at Harrison station, where he seized and extended some temporary breast-works which had been constructed by the militia, and prepared to fight until reënforced. He had marched sixty miles in thirty-six hours, his men were well-nigh exhausted, and his command was encumbered by a host of Union refugees, white and black. He had been pursued by Marmaduke and Shelby, but his route, through a semi-Alpine country, had been mainly along a high ridge, where the enemy could not flank him, and he had easily repelled every assault on his rear. At Harrison he was again attacked by Shelby, but after an investment of thirty hours the Confederates withdrew, and the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry, under Colonel John L. Beveridge—since Governor of Illinois—sent by me from Rolla, came to his relief. Shelby having gone towards St. Louis, Ewing and Beveridge marched to Rolla, then the terminus of the railroad. The Confederates were now well up in the vicinity of St. Louis. Their extreme advance was within sight of the spires of the city.

In the meantime our forces had not been idle and inactive. General Rosecrans had apprehended an invasion for some time. The "Knights of the Golden Circle" in Missouri had given him perhaps an undue amount of anxiety and concern, and he had arrested and imprisoned a number of them, including the Bel-

gian consul at St. Louis, who was said to be the "grand mogul" of the order in the State. The movements of these gentry and the frequent unguarded declaration of Rebel women to their Union neighbors that "our time will soon come," and the sudden warming into life of the entire Rebel element of the State, had made Rosecrans anxious and suspicious, and his spies had scented the real danger.

On the 3d of September General C. C. Washburn, at Memphis, sounded the alarm to Rosecrans by information that the force under Shelby, at Batesville, Ark., was about to be joined by another, under General Price, for the invasion of Missouri. On the 6th General A. J. Smith, passing Cairo with a division of infantry, on the way to General Sherman, Rosecrans telegraphed General Halleck the state of affairs, requesting orders for Smith's Division to halt at Cairo and wait until the designs of the enemy could be ascertained. On the 9th Smith was ordered by Halleck to operate against Price, but deeming it impracticable to penetrate a hundred or more miles into the interior of Arkansas or Missouri with a small column of infantry in pursuit of a large force of cavalry, whose exact whereabouts and intentions were still unknown, he decided to move his command by water to a point near St. Louis, from whence he could readily move by rail or river, and await Price's movements. Accordingly he came up the river to near St. Louis, and on the 26th of September, while the battle of Pilot Knob was in progress, Rosecrans sent him, with two brigades, to a point on the Iron Mountain Railroad, directing him to proceed as far towards Pilot Knob as com-

patible with a certainty that the enemy would not get between him and St. Louis. On the 28th, when information of Ewing's fight at and retreat from Pilot Knob had reached him, General Smith being already confronted by Shelby's Rebel division, which was moving to his west and north, apparently to cut him off, withdrew from De Soto, and moved to the north bank of the Maramec River, within ten or fifteen miles of St. Louis.

General Washburn had sent General Joe Mower's Division, of Smith's Corps, and Winslow's Brigade of cavalry across the Mississippi into Arkansas in pursuit of Price, and this force made a long, stern chase, toilsome and arduous, after the Rebel column, being all the time several days' march in the rear, until at last, worn out and disgusted, Mower turned eastward, and reached the Mississippi at Cape Girardeau, Mo., where his command took steamboats and came to St. Louis on the 8th and 9th of October.

Meanwhile, General Rosecrans, at St. Louis, had been making all possible preparations to meet and resist the enemy. When the invasion began he had only about six thousand five hundred mounted men in the department, and these were scattered over a country four hundred miles in length by three hundred in breadth. The militia in service in central and northern Missouri were kept busy at home; for just before General Price left Arkansas he sent couriers to the numerous Rebel guerrilla bands along the Missouri River, notifying them of his approach, and instructing them to cross the river, to harass the country, and by every means possible to keep the Union troops actively

employed on the north side of the river. It is a fact that though the Confederate leaders in the Trans-Mississippi Department pretended to deprecate guerrilla warfare, and refused to furnish regular commissions to the leaders of the numerous bands of guerrillas and bush-whackers in Missouri, yet they looked upon them as auxiliaries, and uniformly availed themselves of their services whenever the occasion was presented.

Soon after the receipt of Price's instructions, the guerrillas and bush-whackers were swarming in the counties along the north side of the Missouri, under the leadership of Quantrill, Bill Anderson, George Todd, John Thrailkill, and other noted and infamous chieftains. The county-seats of four counties were attacked; there were dozens of sharp skirmishes, and innumerable atrocities were perpetrated. The guerrillas were splendidly mounted, and went armed to the teeth and fought to the death. On the 27th of September, when the battle of Pilot Knob was in progress, four hundred of these miscreants, led by Todd, Thrailkill, and Anderson, captured the village of Centralia, on the North Missouri Railroad, eighty miles northwest of St. Louis, took from a train twenty-three sick and furloughed Federal soldiers, robbed the express and mail car and all the passengers, burned the train, and inhumanly murdered the prisoners. The same day this force was attacked two miles from Centralia by a force of one hundred and fifty-five men belonging to the Thirty-ninth Missouri Infantry—one of the new regiments then organizing—and in the fight that ensued one hundred and twenty-three Federals of the one hundred and fifty-five, including the commander,

a Major Johnson, were killed, while the guerrillas lost but four. The guerrillas asked no quarter and gave none, and they frequently scalped and otherwise mutilated the bodies of their victims. Often they rode about with human scalps dangling from the headstalls of their bridles, and, it was said, with human heads swinging by the hair from the pommels of their saddles.

After the Rebels had passed Pilot Knob, the city of St. Louis was in great danger. Owing to the fact that so much guerrilla work was going on in central and northern Missouri, General Rosecrans could not expect much help from that quarter for the defence of the city. But when the Confederates had reached Franklin (now called Pacific), thirty-five miles west of St. Louis, Rosecrans had concentrated within his defences about fifteen hundred volunteers from various regiments—chiefly recruits—five regiments of Illinois “hundred-day men,” and about seven thousand of the Enrolled Militia of the city, while General A. J. Smith, with four thousand five hundred men, was in supporting distance, only a few miles away. It was reported to the Confederates that Rosecrans had twenty-five thousand men, behind breastworks, with plenty of artillery. This gave further assurance that troops in large numbers had been diverted and drawn from other fields, and that the proper movement now was to throw the invading army between this force and the forces west. Hence all idea of attack was abandoned, and the Rebel army moved rapidly towards Jefferson City.

For nearly a year previous to these events I had

been in command of the District of Southwest Missouri, with my headquarters at Springfield, in Greene County, which had long been the principal depot of supplies for the army of the frontier. Early in September I had learned of the invasion, and General Rosecrans had instructed me to place the trains and public property under the protection of the fortifications at Springfield; to put the forts in the best possible condition for defence, using every foot and dismounted cavalry soldier, together with the local militia and citizens, to the best advantage; and to watch the appearance of the enemy in my district, and report the earliest indications of the direction of the coming storm. These instructions were carried out as fully as possible. I was authorized to and did call into active service the entire Enrolled Missouri Militia in the district.

On the 25th of September General Rosecrans ordered me to move to Rolla with all of my mounted force—the prospective route of the enemy having now been somewhat definitely determined upon by him and understood by us—in the same despatch cautioning me against an attack at or near Waynesville. I set out within a few hours, taking with me a considerable part of the Sixth and Eighth Regiments of Missouri State Militia Cavalry, or M. S. M., the Sixth and Seventh Provisional Regiments of the Enrolled Militia, or P. M. M., which latter regiments in a short time thereafter became respectively the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Regiments of Missouri Cavalry Volunteers; and also the Second Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers. All these troops were residents of southwestern Missouri and northern

Arkansas, and many of them had seen service, either willingly or unwillingly, in the Rebel armies. The Second Arkansas was composed very largely of "Mountain Boomers," as the Confederates were wont to term the Unionists of the Ozark Mountains, and their colonel was John E. Phelps of Springfield, a very gallant and dashing young officer, a son of Hon. John S. Phelps, who for eighteen years represented the Southwest Missouri District in Congress, and who was a leading Union man of his section, commanded a Union regiment for a time during the war, and subsequently, from 1876 to 1880, was Governor of Missouri. The men of this regiment were rather rough and unpolished, but were brave to recklessness, and indeed, my entire command was composed of splendid fighters, many of whom had personal wrongs and injuries to redress upon the Confederates.

I left behind me to garrison the posts of my district a few special details from the above-named regiments, and the Enrolled Militia, which latter organization I had called out for the purpose. The loyal people of Springfield, although they were by this time accustomed to the alarms and the varied fortunes of war, were much disturbed at the prospect and loath to see me and my troops leave them. When I returned they gave to me and my command a splendid reception and ovation, of which I presume I was as proud as Cæsar ever was on returning to Rome after his most successful campaigns and conquests in Trans-Alpine Gaul.

I marched rapidly to Rolla over the "wire road," as the road along which the telegraph ran was called. The distance was one hundred and twenty-five miles, and

was compassed in a little more than two days. At Rolla I joined General McNeil, about 10 o'clock A.M., September 28, this being the first union of troops from the West; and by virtue of my seniority I assumed command of our united forces. It was expected that Rolla would be attacked for its supplies by the combined Rebel force, and the place was put in a state of defence, and the troops stood constantly to arms until our scouts reported that the army had moved east from Harrison. At that time, as I have said, Rolla was the terminus of the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad, and was a place of considerable importance. We did not mean to abandon it or give it up until it was wrested from us. I kept my forces together and well in hand. When Ewing, as before narrated, had, after his battle at Pilot Knob, reached the railroad at Harrison station and was again engaged, I sent him but one regiment (the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry), but I was within supporting distance practically, and this was enough. Ewing and Fletcher came into Rolla on the evening of September 29, tired and weary, and with most decided opinions as to the formidable character of the invasion and the seriousness of the situation generally.

On the morning of the 30th of September it was known that the Confederates had abandoned their meditated attack on St. Louis, and had turned westward and were in full march for Jefferson City. Thereupon I marched with my own and McNeil's Brigade for that point, distant about seventy-five miles northwest of Rolla. Price was marching up the Missouri, along the Pacific Railroad, and his line of march from

Franklin—the point where he had turned from St. Louis—to Jefferson was longer than mine; but he had two days' start of me, and I had to move rapidly to beat him in the race. My route was over a broken, semi-mountainous region, thinly inhabited, and with wretched roads.

As I neared the Osage River, at Castle Rock, a few miles from the capital, a column of the enemy was seen advancing over the hills on a parallel route. Hastening forward, I reached the goal with not an hour to spare. And this brought together three brigades of cavalry on October 3 at Jefferson City, or, if General Fisk's force is counted, four brigades.

General E. B. Brown, of the Missouri Militia, had been in command at Jefferson City, with an inconsiderable force, and General Rosecrans had ordered to his assistance, from the north side of the river, General C. B. Fisk, who had arrived about the 4th of October with a few hundred men. General Brown had called out the three companies of the "Citizens' Guard," of Jefferson City, and all the able-bodied men, white and black, residing or found in the city were set to work digging rifle-pits and building or completing fortifications. On my arrival the command of the post was turned over to me. The Confederates were at the door, very numerous, very strong, and very eager and confident. They had swept up the river from Franklin, carrying all before them. On the 5th of October General Marmaduke had taken the German town of Hermann, on the Missouri, burned the railroad bridge over the Gasconade River, and captured a train laden principally with arms and ammunition destined for the defenders of

the bridge. Squads of recruits had joined them hourly, and at Union, the county-seat of Franklin County, there had come in a full regiment of mounted men, commanded by Colonel A. W. Slayback, who a few years since was killed in the office of the *St. Louis Post-Despatch* by the present editor of the *New York World*.

At the Osage River, then low and fordable, a few miles east of Jefferson City, they were met by some detachments of our troops sent out by General Brown, and there had been some sharp fighting. The ball opened on the 5th of October at Prince's Ford, where the main road from St. Louis to Jefferson crossed the Osage, and at Castle Rock, four miles above where I had crossed. Our forces at these fords consisted of a battalion of the First M. S. M., under Major Alexander W. Mullins, about one hundred and fifty of the Eighth M. S. M., and the Seventh M. S. M., under Colonel John F. Philips, now U. S. District Judge for the Western District of Missouri. The troops on the Confederate side were of Shelby's Division. The Union forces were driven back, though with considerable loss to the enemy, among whose severely wounded at Prince's Ford was the commander of Shelby's leading brigade, Colonel David Shanks, who fell a prisoner into our hands. The Confederates pushed back our troops at Castle Rock without much difficulty, and Colonel Philips retired with his command about four miles, to near Jefferson, the enemy following slowly, so as to allow his forces time to come up for the contemplated attack on the capital. Shelby's Division went into camp in line of battle six miles from town,

and General Price himself, with the reserve, came up during the night.

General Fisk was senior in rank, but he said to me that he had never been under fire, and should depend wholly upon me for everything. So, as the commander of the post and the forces at Jefferson City, my position was one of grave responsibility. I did not have under me more than six thousand men, "horse, foot, and dragoons," volunteers, militia, and citizens, while the enemy numbered fully sixteen thousand men. But I had the advantage of some fairly good fortifications, plenty of ammunition, men in whose fighting qualities I had confidence, and I determined that Jefferson City should not be reëntered until my command had been fairly and utterly whipped. The Missouri River was at my back, and I could not well have retreated if I had even entertained the thought. The appeals of women and non-combatants to me to surrender without a fight and save all of our lives as well as the town were most touching, but could not be heeded!

Everything was therefore put in order as well as might be for the expected encounter, and I may say without boasting that I somewhat relished the prospect. Generals Fisk, McNeil, and Brown gave me the fullest sympathy and coöperation, and all the men seemed eager for the fray. There had arrived on the 5th, from the north side of the river, a regiment of newly recruited infantry volunteers—the Forty-first Missouri, I think—mostly from Pike and Lincoln Counties. The colonel of this regiment, D. P. Dyer, then a smooth-faced, fresh-looking young lawyer, "all the way from Pike," came to me and very frankly said,

"General, I have here a regiment of raw recruits, all green in the tactics, but all fine shots and good fighters. They have never been on battalion drill, but they will obey orders to the best of their knowledge, and they will fight to the last before they will run. Now, I want you to overlook our ignorance and awkwardness, and in the fight put us where you think we will do the most good, either in the front or in the rear, and we will do our very best for you." I designated a position in one of the outer trenches for the regiment, and when the Colonel left he said, "Now, General, when this fight is over, you will find us right there, *dead or alive*, unless you order us away." Colonel Dyer has since represented his district in Congress, and is now a prominent lawyer of St. Louis.

On the morning of the sixth skirmishing was resumed. It had been decided by us, all the generals concurring, to oppose a moderate resistance to the enemy's advance across the Moreau, a small creek with muddy banks and a bad bottom, which, south of Jefferson, runs eastward a few miles, then turns north and passes east of the city about four miles and empties into the Missouri. Our troops were expected to retire slowly and in good order to our main defensive line, where the issue was to be fought to a finish. This day the enemy burned the railroad bridge over the Osage, near its mouth, a few miles east of the town.

Early on the morning of the 7th General Price moved against us, with Fagan's Division in front and Cabell's Brigade in advance. Our forces, chiefly the M. S. M., dismounted, met them in good style, fighting them pluckily and falling back slowly. A part of the Sixth

Regiment, under Major E. S. King, and the Eighth Regiment—which I had brought from Springfield—commanded by Colonel J. J. Gravelly, were perhaps the most actively engaged and suffered most. Fagan lost pretty severely, and we now know that many of his best officers and men were killed and wounded. I was out to the field, and I know that the skirmishers were stubborn and the fight was very fierce and deadly. It had, I think, the effect of making General Price realize what would take place if all the forces should become engaged. Our covering force having reached the town, I placed the artillery in position at the outer fortifications on the ridge south of the city, and began to shell the enemy, who occupied another ridge to the south-east a mile away. This kept them at a distance, and they did not offer to come to close quarters, somewhat to my disappointment, for we were all quite ready for them. Late in the afternoon they planted a battery on a ridge east of the city, from which they fired a few times; but we responded promptly from a section of one of our batteries which was planted east of the cemetery, and soon drove them away, and thus they learned that we were ready on every side and armed at all points.

It was now apparent that they were moving westward, but whether preparatory to an assault in force on the south and west of our position, or whether to draw me out so as to have me at a disadvantage, or whether they had abandoned the attempt to take the capital, I could not know. I had fought Price before, in Mississippi, at Iuka and Corinth, and on the Oxford campaign, and though I knew he was cautious, I knew

he was crafty and wary, and that when he did fight, fought hard. But the disposition of our troops was such that he could not make a vigorous attack upon our lines anywhere without heavy loss.

At noon of the 7th General Price concluded to give over his attempt on the capital of his State—where, by the way, he had previously sat as governor for four years—and began to pass his train to the westward. At about nine o'clock the following morning his troops left in the same direction. We were watching them closely, and before they were fairly under way we were in the saddle and out after them. Leaping upon the rear-guard, commanded by a Colonel Schnable, our advance drove it, broken and bleeding, upon the main column. Cabell's brigade of Arkansans then took the rear, and these we followed and skirmished with until late in the evening.

On this day there arrived in Jefferson City Major-General Alfred Pleasonton, who at the request of General Rosecrans had come on from the East to command the forces in the field in the campaign against Price. General Pleasonton was a graduate of West Point, had spent his life in the army, was a finished soldier, and had already gained high distinction as a cavalry leader, and we were all very glad to see him. He was given all the information we possessed, and at once made his plans.

General Pleasonton placed me in command of all the available cavalry force of the command and one battery of light artillery, and directed me to proceed at once in the direction of the enemy, delay his progress as much as possible until our infantry, under General A.

J. Smith, could come up, and to hang upon his flanks and prevent his advance north of the Missouri or into Kansas without a battle, with the combined forces of the Kansas troops and my own command. My command consisted of regiments and detachments of Missouri State Militia Cavalry, Provisional Regiments of the Enrolled Missouri Militia, two regiments of cavalry volunteers and artillery. I immediately organized these forces into three brigades. The First Brigade consisted of detachments of the First Iowa Cavalry, and of the First and Fourth M. S. M., and the Seventh Regiment M. S. M., and was commanded by Colonel John F. Philips, of the Seventh M. S. M. The Second Brigade consisted of detachments of the Third, Fifth, and Ninth M. S. M., the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry, and a battery of mountain howitzers, commanded by Colonel Beveridge, of the Seventeenth Illinois. The Third Brigade consisted of detachments of the Sixth and Eighth M. S. M., the Sixth and Seventh Provisional Militia Regiments, and the Second Arkansas Cavalry, and was commanded by Colonel J. J. Gravelly, of the Eighth M. S. M. The artillery proper, six guns, Captain Charles H. Thurber commanding, was attached to the division generally, to act under my orders. In all, my division numbered about forty-one hundred men, all well mounted and armed.

As soon as it was ascertained that the Rebels were leaving Jefferson, the First Brigade, Colonel Philips, which was already in motion, was ordered to continue to march on the Jefferson City and Springfield road towards Versailles and Warsaw, while the Second and Third Brigades were ordered forward along the line of

the railroad towards California and Tipton. General Pleasonton decided to remain in Jefferson to forward reënforcements and attend to other duties, and I was to take command of the forces in the field until he should relieve me. I of course hastened to join the troops, already advancing, but before I could get out of town artillery firing was heard on the Springfield road, showing that Philips had overtaken the enemy and was "at it" again. In a few minutes I received a despatch from Colonel Philips informing me that the enemy had made a stand at the crossing of the Moreau, southwest of the city, occupying a strong position, with artillery, and that artillery was needed on our side to enable us to carry the position without severe loss. The Second Arkansas had already been sent to his support, and I immediately ordered the remainder of Colonel Gravelly's Third Brigade, with one section of Thurber's Battery, to turn off from the California road and move to the support of Philips. The enemy retired, however, from the Moreau before Gravelly could come up, abandoning, besides his killed and severely wounded, about seventy horses. Philips's loss was inconsiderable. This was the action with the Confederate rear-guard under Schnable and Cabell, before adverted to. The First and Third Brigades and one section of artillery bivouacked on and near the Moreau that night, and the Second Brigade, with the rest of the artillery, encamped at Gray's Creek, about ten miles from Jefferson, on the California road.

At daylight on the 9th, from his bivouac east of the hamlet of Russellville, the enemy moved forward rapidly on the Springfield road, towards Versailles, my

Third Brigade in pursuit. All this day we were at work. The Second Brigade, Colonel Beveridge, moved by a neighborhood road from the road to California to the Springfield road, and advanced to the support of the Third Brigade, which was already engaged with the enemy's rear-guard. The country east of Russellville was heavily timbered, and while passing through it the enemy resisted our advance strenuously with a heavy line of dismounted skirmishers and strong reserves. Coming up with the Confederate rear, I immediately formed the entire Third Brigade in line, with some dismounted skirmishers in front, and the other brigades moved forward in support. By reason of the protection afforded by the timber and the uneven formation of the ground, the enemy was able to resist the advance of our skirmishers to such an extent that at last it was deemed proper to charge with a mounted force through his skirmish line and attack his reserves. This was accomplished by a detachment of the Sixth M. S. M., under Lieutenant Riley B. Riggs of Company K of that regiment, and the enemy retreated rapidly through Russellville, leaving several dead on the field. Lieutenant Riggs, the gallant officer who led this detachment, fell dead in the charge within five yards of the enemy's reserves.

The road was now clear to the open prairie, on which, as we emerged upon it, the enemy's columns and trains were plainly visible, and within cannon-shot. Artillery was immediately opened on the fleeing columns, which continued to move forward towards Versailles, until they had passed every road turning to the right towards California, except the road at a

place called High Point. This action on the part of the enemy determined me to move by the shortest route and by a rapid march to California (the first county-seat west of Jefferson City), in order that I might be in position to strike his flank if at High Point he should turn north towards Booneville, on the Missouri, or, if he continued his march towards Warsaw, on the Osage River, south of Sedalia, that I might move rapidly on his flank during the night and reach Warsaw ahead of him.

The head of my column came out of the timber on the open prairie near California about five o'clock in the evening, and found Marmaduke's Division in the town, a portion of this force being engaged in tearing up the railroad, and the remainder, perhaps two brigades, in line of battle. The enemy at once opened with artillery on my advance, but without effect. Dispositions were immediately made for fight; but I will not weary you with the details. Suffice it to say that in less than an hour we had driven Marmaduke away.* As the left of our line entered the town the Confederates galloped off, leaving five dead, while I think we had but one man severely wounded. As it was now dark, and we were all tired, we went into camp at California for the night.

That evening the Confederates entered Booneville, on

* During the progress of this engagement, while the Confederates were in line in a street of the town, a number of them broke ranks and ran into a saloon after whiskey. The building was soon crowded with the bibulous troopers, when suddenly one of our shells crashed into it and exploded, killing and maiming half-a-dozen, and driving off the rest in disgust and dismay.

the Missouri, Shelby's Division in advance, capturing the small Federal garrison of seventy-five militia quartered in the court-house. The next day Fagan's and Marmaduke's Divisions were in and about the town, and the guerrillas from the north side of the river crossed over on the steam ferry-boat of which the enemy had taken possession. These wretches were still gloating over the carnage they had enacted at Centralia, and many of them were said to bear on their bristles the scalps of our soldiers slain on that occasion. A day or two later Price sent Bill Anderson, the most cruel and merciless of the guerrilla leaders, back across the river, with a written order to operate against the North Missouri Railroad, directing him to "go as far east as practicable." Two weeks later Anderson was killed and this order was found on his body.

At daylight on the morning of October 10 my command left camp at California, moving through the town of Tipton and following cautiously after the enemy, bivouacking for the night within nine miles of Boonville, on the Tipton and Boonville road. Early the next morning (the 11th) we were again in motion. I sent out columns and detachments on the different roads leading into Boonville from the east and south, in order to ascertain whether all or only a part of the enemy's forces were in Boonville. One of these detachments was under Colonel Epstein, of the Fifth M. S. M., whose home was in Boonville, and who knew the country well, as did many of his men. At one time my line was pretty well extended, but our movements had been carefully planned, and no accident occurred.

We kept pushing up, and at last struck the enemy's skirmishers, driving them back. In the afternoon we had gotten fairly in front of the enemy's position at Boonville. One of our companies—Company H, Sixth Provisional E. M. M.—under Lieutenant T. J. Gideon, actually advanced into the outskirts of the town and for a time occupied two or three houses for protection. The enemy, now thoroughly aroused, opened with artillery on these houses and on our line, and also brought his main line into action. Our troops held their position as ordered, and fell back slowly in the evening across the Petite Saline, where the entire command bivouacked for the night.

The attack of the Rebel forces in and near Boonville has always been misunderstood or misinterpreted, even by the officers of my own command in some instances. It would have been an easy task to have captured and occupied the town, but it would have been without any military advantage. I had been advised by a citizen in the morning that nearly one-half of the Rebel army had crossed the Missouri River. Artillery firing from a northwesterly direction was heard before noon from north of the river, and I concluded that some small posts in that quarter were attacked, and, small as my command was, I determined at once to move upon Boonville as if it had been determined to fight a general battle, and take the place and the Rebel troops therein if possible, and thereby force the Rebel commander to bring back the force that had been sent north of the river. The movement and attack had this effect—before night ferry-boats were visible on the Missouri transporting Rebel troops from the north to

the south side of the river, and it was evident that the entire Rebel force would be concentrated in Boonville during the night. Furthermore, it was a part of my instruction from General Pleasanton to keep the Rebel forces if possible in a section not remote from Jefferson City, but under no circumstances to allow them to get between my command and that place. My command was out of rations, and had been for two days, and a train-load of these supplies was approaching *via* California Station, escorted by the Thirteenth Missouri Cavalry Volunteers. It was against my orders to risk a general engagement, except in one or two emergencies, of which the present condition was not one. To hazard battle with five thousand cavalry, fighting in a measure defensively, with myself the only general officer on the field, with an army of nearly twenty thousand cavalry, fighting in a measure offensively, and commanded by seven general officers, seemed to me to put to too great hazard all the interest of the government in Missouri and Kansas. Moreover, by falling back ten or fifteen miles my command would come upon our supply train, and be reënforced by one or more regiments of cavalry; and if pursued by the enemy it would have the effect of shortening the distance between that army and the reënforcements coming up under the command of General A. J. Smith. All these circumstances and considerations led me to the conclusion to refuse battle at or near the Petite Saline, when I had reason to suppose that it was fairly offered by the commander of the Rebel army. I may be permitted to add that this was the only occasion in the entire war when a battle was offered that I refused to fight,

and this was induced solely by the great and overwhelming interests that were at stake, and liable to be lost if an engagement was fought at that place under the circumstances then existing, while an abundant force to encounter the enemy was at that time supposed by me to be within thirty-six hours' march.

In reviewing my action on that occasion, which now seems more momentous than at the time, after the lapse of so many years, I am more and more impressed with the correctness of my conclusions, so far as my action had a bearing upon the public interest. It is now certainly known that when I commenced to fall back Shelby's Division of veteran Rebel cavalry was within four miles of the place where we bivouacked; Fagan's Division was moving squarely upon my left flank over the road by which I had withdrawn the troops from Boonville, and Marmaduke's Division was in support of Fagan's. My officers and men were enthusiastically in favor of fighting, and at no time in the war was I called upon to exercise my individual authority and power to such an extent as when I ordered my command to fall back from the Petite Saline. If, however, my command had been formed in line of battle where it bivouacked, it would have been attacked by eighteen thousand men in about one hour after I left the position. If a battle had been fought it would have been fought desperately, and the losses on both sides would have been great, victory for my command possible, but all chances against me. When, a few days afterwards, I was conversing with my superior in command about this crisis, and the temptation I was under to try it, and how I was kept from it by consid-

erations of public policy only, I received the response, "Well, Sanborn, the responsibility was all your own; if you had fought and won, it would have made you a major-general in the regular army; but if you had fought and lost, and survived the battle, you would have been court-martialled and shot."

This movement to the rear was made on the morning of the 12th of October. My command reached the supply train, and the reënforcements coming up to my support about noon, immediately procured four days' rations and faced about. On the following morning we were back to the place from which we had marched on the morning of the 12th, now reënforced by a brigade of veteran troops, commanded by Colonel E. C. Catherwood, of the Thirteenth Missouri Cavalry, which had escorted the supply train to California, near which point he joined the command and held the advance in this day's march.

A reconnoissance made by a detachment of Catherwood's Brigade, led by Captain Turley, of the Seventh M. S. M., developed the fact that the rear-guard of the enemy had left Boonville on the morning of the 13th, moving westwardly and crossing the Lamine River at the Dug Ford and at Scott's Ford. The railroad bridge across this stream was burned by a detachment sent out from Boonville for the purpose. The same day the greater portion of General Price's forces went into camp on the Blackwater and the Salt Fork, in the vicinity of Arrow Rock, on the Missouri, and Marshall, twelve miles in the interior, both in Saline County.

The Confederates were now within the large horse-shoe bend of the Missouri, comprising the county of

Saline, an old-settled and very rich and productive county, whose broad and grassy pastures, fruitful orchards, fertile fields, well-filled barns, and well-stored smoke-houses stretched out before them

“Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the hungry Rebel horde.”

The people, too, were sympathetic. Many of the raiders were on their native heath, and many more in sight of their homes, on the north side of the river. General Marmaduke was among the Rebel officers native to the county, and General Price was familiarly known. The people gave the Confederates a generous welcome. The generals and their staffs were regaled on savory chicken dinners, fragrant whiskey toddies, and the best the country afforded generally, while numerous bebies of zealous Rebel ladies swarmed about amiable old General Price and kissed his fat, rosy cheeks with great fervor and much enjoyment! The rank and file were also royally entertained. This sort of reception and entertainment had its effect upon the susceptible old chieftain and his army, and doubtless influenced their stay beyond the dictates of good military judgment, and even sound common sense. They spent five days in Saline County—days which in the end proved to them full of danger and deadly disaster.

On the 15th, from Arrow Rock, General Price sent a force to the north side of the river under General John B. Clark, Jr., who, on the 16th, assisted by Shelby, captured the town of Glasgow, on the north bank of the Missouri, and its garrison of four hundred under

Colonel Chester Harding. A considerable number of recruits came into the camps, and several men from this and adjoining counties were actually forced into the Rebel service under the Confederate conscript law. Not until the 18th did the main army move out towards the west. On the 17th General Jeff. Thompson, with one brigade, captured Sedalia, the then terminus of the Pacific Railroad, but only remained in the place a few hours.

Meanwhile our troops of the Department of Kansas, then commanded by General Samuel R. Curtis, were very busy. The commands in the field, under General Blunt, were at Lexington and Independence, watching and waiting, while the hastily organized Kansas militia and home-guards were swarming out to defend the border of their young State. Generals Smith and Mower, with their infantry, and General Winslow's Brigade of veteran cavalry were making all haste to join me, and we hoped to place the invaders between two fires. General Smith reached Jefferson City on the 14th and followed the railroad westward to the crossing of the Lamine, taking charge of the supplies, which, in consequence of the previous destruction of the bridge by the Rebels, could go no farther by rail.

I was apprehensive that the enemy might move by rapid marches to Lexington and on into Kansas, thereby preventing the organization and concentration of the forces in that State, and at the same time placing so great a distance between his army and the infantry and cavalry then moving to my support that it would be impossible for these reënforcements to join me if I should follow him and become engaged. He would,

moreover, under the circumstances, be enabled to avoid a battle with the combined forces then being marshalled against him, or with any command larger than my own.

All my movements, therefore, after the enemy left Boonville, were made with the view of holding him within the horse-shoe bend of the Missouri, before mentioned, until the Kansas troops were organized on the border, and Winslow's cavalry brigade and General A. J. Smith's command should get up within striking distance. I held the line of the Blackwater Creek and the Pacific Railroad, being north of both, and moved slowly from one "cork" of the horse-shoe towards the other. With the exception of a small force under Captain Turley, before mentioned, I moved my command by Mount Nebo church through Georgetown, then the county-seat of Pettis County, up the Georgetown and Lexington road to Cook's store, arriving at the latter point at 3 p.m. of October 15. Here I was in position to resist the advance of the enemy, if he should move south, or to attack his flanks if he should move westward towards Lexington. The detachment under Captain Turley—whose home was in the vicinity, and who knew the country very thoroughly—was ordered to follow upon the enemy's trail.

Two days of disquietude and dissatisfaction were spent by us in the vicinity of Cook's store. We were uncertain as to the intentions of the enemy. We knew where he was and how strong he was, and that we dare not attack him; and yet we were impatient to do something. Only that we possessed a goodly store of "the better part of valor," we would have ridden over

the prairies and given the insolent invaders a "turn" anyhow. Detachments from my command reconnoitred the position and movements of the enemy daily and nightly. My principal scout was William Hickok, "Wild Bill," the real hero of many exploits, and, according to the dime novels, the imaginary hero of many more. Bill was a fine scout and detective. He entered the Rebel camps, was arrested as a spy, and even taken before General Price; but his inordinate nerve and great self-possession not only saved him, but made him an orderly on Price's staff. He eventually escaped, and returned to me with valuable information during the battle of Newtonia.

On the 17th of October certain movements of the Confederates indicated that they were about to move southward through Marshall, and the fact that their advance appeared at Dover, a village ten miles east of Lexington, gave color to the supposition. Upon the suggestion of General A. J. Smith I at once moved south a few miles to a good position on the Blackwater, that I might be the better able to strike them if they should attempt to move south. Our subsistence supplies had been exhausted for two days, and it was absolutely necessary to have a supply train from Sedalia. But as soon as the enemy learned that I had moved south to the Blackwater, and that the coast to Lexington was clear, he at once and rapidly began moving westward, and on the night of the 18th had reached Waverly, some eighteen miles from Lexington. I could at any time have done the enemy very serious damage by attacking his flank and rear; but the only effect would have been to induce him to make

more rapid marches and place a greater distance between himself and our reënforcements.

On the 19th my command received a supply of rations and was ready for the pursuit. This day I received a despatch by courier from General Blunt, giving the force and position of the troops from Kansas, and indicating that both he and General Curtis were ready for any emergency. I immediately sent a reply, informing General Blunt of our own position and that of the enemy, and of our intended movements.

At three in the afternoon I received another despatch from General Blunt, then in Lexington, and to this I immediately replied. Later in the evening, and again on the morning of the 20th, I again despatched him, giving him full information of the situation, so that he might make every effort to hold the Confederates in check until we could come upon them from the east. I still regard it as the most unfortunate circumstance of the campaign on our side that my couriers and messengers to General Blunt were all prevented from reaching him, and that none of my despatches were delivered to him. Had he and General Curtis known our position and plans at this time they would have made such a stand, either at Lexington, the Little Blue River, or Independence, as would have enabled us to bring all our forces, including General A. J. Smith's infantry, into coöperative action, and the entire destruction of the enemy would have been inevitable. Left to his own conjectures as to the situation, and knowing that his own force was largely inferior to that of the enemy, General Blunt fell back from Lexington before the advance of the Confederates, after a

moderate resistance, more rapidly than our infantry under General Smith could advance, when, had he known the facts, he would have fought to the last and given time for all our forces to be brought into action.

Also on the 19th I received a despatch from General Pleasonton that Winslow's Brigade of cavalry and General Smith's Corps of infantry had arrived at Sedalia. Winslow's Brigade was composed of five cavalry regiments, the Third Iowa, Fourth Iowa, Fourth Missouri, Tenth Missouri, and the Seventh Indiana. The entire strength of this brigade at this time is reported at only eighteen hundred. The Third Iowa Cavalry was the regiment of Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Noble, the present Secretary of the Interior of the United States. With General Smith's Corps were four Minnesota regiments—the Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth Infantry—and their arduous experiences on this campaign are yet well remembered by the survivors of these gallant organizations.

By order of General Pleasonton I this day moved my First Brigade northward to Brownsville, in the southern portion of Saline County, my Second Brigade was sent to the southwest, to Kirkpatrick's Mills, in the direction of Warrensburg, while with the Third Brigade I moved in a northwesterly course, in the direction of the enemy, to Cook's store, and halted to await the arrival of General Pleasonton, who had informed me of the reorganization of our cavalry and of his resumption of its immediate command. At midnight I ordered Colonel John E. Phelps, with the Second Arkansas Cavalry, to move forward to the north on the road to Dover, a small village east of Lexing-

ton, and to proceed till he should strike the main body of the enemy or reach the Missouri River. At three o'clock in the morning I received a despatch from Colonel Phelps, announcing that the Confederates had been moving westward through Dover during the afternoon and evening of the 19th, and that late in the evening of that day cannonading was heard in the direction of Lexington. Colonel Phelps also notified me that there was still a Rebel force in Dover which he would at once move forward and attack.* I communicated all this information to General Pleasonton, started couriers for General Blunt, and though it lacked three hours of daybreak, I immediately moved with my command in the direction of the enemy.

On the 20th General Rosecrans, fully informed of the situation, directed General Pleasonton to push the centre of the cavalry division to Lexington, leaving a force to the left or southwest to watch the movements of the enemy in that direction. General Smith, with the infantry, was ordered to follow Pleasonton and the cavalry to Lexington. There has been some criticism of this part of General Rosecrans' order directing Smith to support Pleasonton's movement on Lexington, instead of sending him directly westward *via* Sedalia, south of Lexington, to cut off the enemy's passage to the southward through the State. Had this been done and the movements of the enemy been made as they subsequently were, Smith would have cut off the enemy, and probably the entire force would have been either captured or destroyed. But Rosecrans

* This he did, and with great success, routing the enemy and capturing a number of prisoners.

knew that the enemy very largely outnumbered any one of our divisions, and there was good reason to apprehend that if Pleasonton advanced on Lexington single-handed the Confederates would turn upon him and overwhelm him, then fall on Smith, and then on Blunt, defeating us in detail. There were indications, moreover, that Price meditated a decisive battle at either Lexington or Independence, and it was the part of wisdom to be fully prepared for this contingency. His army was so organized that General Price could fix the time and place of battle when advancing, and could avoid fighting infantry when and where he would. And to force him into action, even with mounted troops, was found to be no easy task.

It was on the 20th also, and near Waverly, when General Pleasonton, coming up in person, took command of the Cavalry Division, and I resumed the command of my old brigade, with which I moved forward in support of General McNeil's Brigade, which held the advance. At seven o'clock in the morning McNeil and I entered Lexington, the enemy having left an hour before in the direction of Independence, driving Blunt's troops steadily, but slowly.

The following day, October 21, we advanced to Fire Creek Prairie, west of Lexington about a dozen miles. The same day, at 2 P.M., General Brown's Mounted State Militia, from Jefferson City, and Winslow's veteran cavalry brigade reached Lexington, and at 9 P.M. Smith's infantry came into town. But, with a brief halt at Lexington, Winslow and Brown passed on to the front. On this day the enemy, under Marmaduke and Shelby, attacked Blunt at the Little Blue River,

east of Independence, the fight lasting from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Reporting the result of this engagement, General Curtis telegraphed Rosecrans that he should retire to the Big Blue, six miles west of Independence, and the same distance east of Kansas City, where the Kansas militia and the artillery were in a strong position.

Rosecrans now ordered Smith to the southwest, towards the hamlet of Chapel Hill, in order to eventually intercept the enemy when he should attempt to move south. He also despatched Pleasonton his belief that the Confederates, seeing that they were in the toils of our concentrating forces, would move southward at the very first opportunity, and that, while General McNeil's Brigade should press their rear, Pleasonton, with the other three cavalry brigades, should move to the southwest towards the village of Lone Jack, so as to coöperate with General Smith's infantry, now moving from Lexington to Chapel Hill. Of course these orders were to be obeyed at General Pleasonton's discretion, conformably to the situation, and at ten o'clock that night General Pleasonton replied to Rosecrans that the enemy exhibited no intention of moving southward, but was moving far to the west in full force, and that therefore for the present he should follow directly in pursuit, and not turn to the southwest until the proper time.

On the following day, the 22d, we advanced early, reached the Little Blue at 10 A.M., and found the bridge over that stream destroyed, and the enemy in position on the other side. A temporary bridge was soon constructed for the trains, the command crossed by a ford, the enemy's skirmishers were driven, and soon his

rear-guard, Fagan's Division, encountered—with both cavalry and artillery—and pushed into Independence. The fighting which we had so long looked for, and which I may say without boasting we had so long desired, now commenced. The leading brigade moved forward to the enemy's position on the outskirts of the town, and soon became quite heavily engaged.

Under General Pleasonton's orders I now moved up with my brigade to the right of the Second Brigade, under a severe artillery fire, dismounted the men, formed the command in two lines, and advanced rapidly on the left of the enemy's position. Colonel Phelps, with his Second Arkansas Cavalry, held the advance and charged through gardens, door-yards, streets, and alleys into the town so rapidly that all of the force before him had not time to get out of his way. He captured one of General Cabell's staff-officers, the General's sword, and a number of prisoners, and forced the enemy in his front to give way. Simultaneously the Thirteenth Missouri Cavalry (formerly the Sixth M. S. M.) charged into the town at another part of the enemy's line, carrying everything before them, sabering and pistoling those who resisted, capturing two guns of Hughey's Arkansas Battery, with caissons and horses complete, and making at least two hundred prisoners. Colonel Merritt Young, of a Rebel Missouri regiment, was killed in this charge.

Driven out of the town, Fagan re-formed his division, which was composed of three brigades, on the west bank of Stony Creek, and renewed the fight. As our forces were somewhat in disorder by reason of the charge we had made, and as it was now after dark, he

was enabled to get his command in tolerable order, and moved against our right, with the view of turning our position in that quarter. But Winslow's Brigade struck his advancing line with the rush and force of an express train, and drove it broken and bleeding from the field towards the Big Blue. I was on the way with my brigade to meet the Rebel advance, but before we could get to the desired position the main fight was over and the enemy in full retreat.

In the meantime, while we had been successful at Independence, Generals Curtis and Blunt had been worsted at the Big Blue by the Confederate divisions of Marmaduke and Shelby. Our forces here, as I have stated, were composed very largely of Kansas militia, never before under fire. They fought well and lost heavily. One regiment from Topeka had thirty-four men killed and a proportionate number wounded. Holding their ground bravely, they were nearly surrounded by the enemy, who crossed the Blue above and below their position and attacked them on three sides. Generals Curtis and Blunt withdrew to near Westport, three miles from Kansas City, and the next morning were again in a good position, full of fight and determination.

It was unfortunate, however, that we heard nothing definite from Curtis and Blunt of their operations on this day until too late to make our plans accordingly. As it was, Pleasonton was of the opinion that the enemy was in an intrenched position, that the decisive action of the campaign was imminent, and he prepared for it. At 8 p.m. he telegraphed Rosecrans as follows:

"All my brigades have been engaged. The enemy have left forty killed and many sick and wounded in my hands. Heard nothing from Curtis. If Smith can come up, in case we get a fight, it will be well. Have sent McNeil's Brigade to Little Santa Fé. Price is reported intrenched this side of the Big Blue. Fighting still going on with an obstinate rear-guard. *Let Smith come to this place.*"

General Rosecrans—as he says, very reluctantly and against his judgment, but promptly—despatched General Smith to move to Independence, as Pleasonton had requested; and again was our infantry deviated from the best course. But the Rebels could not have been brought into action with this infantry against the will of their generals. Rosecrans' message reached Smith at Chapel Hill as he was putting his column in motion for Independence, in response to a direct message from Pleasonton. Smith's command did not reach Independence until 5 P.M. of the following day, though every nerve was strained to shorten the time. Immediately on its arrival it was not allowed to rest, being ordered to move that night by a forced march in a southwesterly direction to Hickman's Mills, in the hope that it would strike the enemy in flank while passing that point. There are *ifs* and *buts* in military matters, as well as in all human affairs. Had General Smith been ordered to move from Chapel Hill directly westward to Hickman's Mills, instead of northwestward to Independence, he would have arrived at the Mills in time to strike the enemy's columns and train with nine thousand veteran infantry and five batteries—provided, of course, that the enemy had

moved on that route, which he certainly would not have done had the presence of our infantry at the Mills been known. It made no seeming difference how or where we placed our infantry division, the Rebels always avoided it and gave it the go-by. As it turned out, General Smith did not reach the Mills until long after both the enemy's columns and our own had passed.

At five o'clock on the morning of October 23, the day succeeding the engagements at Independence, my brigade was in the saddle, and we moved forward to the support of Philips's First Brigade, holding the advance. About daylight Shelby's Division of the enemy attacked Curtis and Blunt near Westport, four miles south of Kansas City. A line of intrenchments had been thrown around that city and occupied by about two thousand militia, citizens, and volunteers. Fagan and Marmaduke confronted us at the Big Blue with both of their divisions.

During his progress through the State General Price had secured by almost universal and indiscriminate impressments a long train of several hundred wagons, chiefly common farm-wagons of good quality, into which had been loaded the spoil of the campaign—clothing, provisions, forage, the contents of drug-stores, etc. He had also collected from the country large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, which were being driven along. Realizing now that he was in a "fix," Price reluctantly abandoned his meditated project against Leavenworth, and passing his train and supplies to the southward, sought to escape into Arkansas with the plunder he had secured. His fighting

this day was chiefly to cover the movements of his trains, which were guarded by Cabell's Arkansas Brigade.

Colonel Philips advanced with his brigade—supported by Winslow's—at seven o'clock, and in a short time both brigades were hotly engaged at the Big Blue, advancing against and driving the first line of the enemy with admirable spirit and gallantry. Fagan and Marmaduke brought up their entire force, and soon we were all engaged. Immediately after my brigade had reached the front line I dismounted the Second Arkansas Cavalry and sent it on foot against the enemy's right. The regiment moved forward and the enemy fell back. Thereupon, pursuant to an order from General Pleasonton, I charged with the rest of my brigade in line, and after a series of spirited and deadly encounters, wherein the issues were decided by close combats with the revolver, carbine, and sabre, and by physical courage and individual prowess, succeeded in driving the enemy in my front to the road from Kansas City to Harrisonville, a distance of about three miles. Our other brigades had done as well, and Winslow's had performed especially good service. In leading a charge General Winslow was severely wounded and compelled to leave the field, the command of his brigade devolving during the remainder of the campaign upon Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Benteen, of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, a very brave and accomplished officer, now a brevet-colonel of the regular army.

During the time he was being pushed back by us General Marmaduke had repeatedly asked for reën-

forcements, and at last Shelby's Division, which had failed to drive the Kansans beyond Westport, was sent to his assistance, and joined him at the Harrisonville road before mentioned. The Confederate lines were now re-formed, and Shelby's veterans—than whom there were no harder fighters in either army—confronted us from behind a steep and almost impassable bank-wall, barring the further progress of my brigade for a time. We soon "dressed up," however, and Thurber's Battery, which kept pretty well up with us during the charge, opened briskly. Some of the shots—in the hurry, and before accurate range could be obtained—fell among us and created some damage and no little confusion. Just then came another order to "charge at once." There was no time for deliberation or much speaking. I gave the order in two or three instances to the regimental commanders without designating the points of attack. Indeed, I did not know these points, and I had no time to ascertain them. My orders were something of the Donnybrook Fair style, "Charge! and wherever you see a Rebel, go for him." It thus happened that my charge was made too far to our right, against a strong position well defended, and before we could carry it the greater part of the enemy, with the artillery, had escaped southward, down the Harrisonville road.

My men moved forward with their usual dash and gallantry, but on reaching the bank-wall before mentioned, they were brought to a halt by the impassable nature of the ground and the stubbornness of Shelby's troopers, who refused to retreat, and pluckily gave back blow for blow. I surveyed the scene with some

anxiety, well knowing the military axiom that cavalry will not stand passive under fire, and fearing that when the pistols of my men were empty, and they saw no prospect of overcoming the obstacle before them, they would give way, and perhaps fall into disorder. I must admit that I was uneasy and apprehensive. In the reports of this particular encounter, it has been stated by General Rosecrans and others, that when Shelby "turned on Pleasonton, he for a moment shook Sanborn's Brigade," etc. This statement needs a slight emendation. The word "brigade" should be stricken out. It was Sanborn himself and alone that was shaken! The brigade bore itself very handsomely under the trying circumstances. It had ceased to advance, however, and its revolvers were fast being emptied. If the enemy should come out of his position and assault in turn, we might be driven. But just at the proper moment Thurber's Battery, which had hurt us a little at the outset, came into position on the enemy's flank, and opened a rapid and well-delivered fire of double-shotted grape and canister down his lines. This gave us a chance to straighten up our crooked squadrons, and in a few minutes the Confederates fell back in considerable haste, though fighting back spitefully when they could. Left to our choice, we soon found points of passage over the ravine and wall, and were on the enemy's rear-guard before it had left the field. Almost simultaneously the Second Colorado and other cavalry under Blunt and Curtis came charging down in line from the north and the direction of Westport, and the entire Rebel army had abandoned the battle-ground of the day,

and was hurrying southward on both sides of the line between Missouri and Kansas, having burned a number of wagons, and left in our hands not only the wounded, but a quantity of ammunition and other military stores. The Second Arkansas Cavalry, of my brigade, pursued the enemy some distance, killing eight of them in a sharp little fight at a creek south of the battle-field. A great deal of the fighting this day was from behind stone-walls, with which a number of the fields were enclosed, and the conflict on the whole was quite severe. General Shelby's assistant adjutant-general, in his published report, states that in this day's engagement Shelby's Division alone "lost more than eight hundred of its bravest and best men." The supplies at Kansas City, Leavenworth, and Lawrence were safe, and the invasion of Kansas prevented.

That night we went into camp in and about Little Santa Fé, on the Missouri side of the boundary line between that State and Kansas, and about fifteen miles south of Kansas City. We here enjoyed a fairly good rest, of which both men and horses were badly in need. The enemy, however, continued his retreat nearly all the night, seeming now to thoroughly comprehend his peril and danger.

The next morning (October 24) we were up very early and again on the chase, the Kansas forces demanding and securing the advance. That day we made a long and hard march of some sixty miles—my brigade bringing up the rear—reaching the vicinity of the Marais des Cygnes River after nightfall. Generals Curtis and Blunt, with the Kansas troops, had the advance in this day's march, which was without nota-

ble incident, save for the distance compassed and the fact that we did not halt to eat.

It was some time after dark when I came up with my brigade to the point where Curtis and Blunt had gone into camp. These generals and Generals Pleasonton and Jim Lane were all seated in a large carriage when I came up to them, and General Pleasonton was quite sick and well-nigh exhausted. I stated to General Pleasonton that, though my men had marched hard and far, yet they were in fine condition as far as spirits and grit could make them, and I asked permission to continue the pursuit until the enemy should be overtaken and brought to a stand; adding my belief that unless this was done the enemy would probably escape from us without another fight. General Pleasonton assented and ordered me to move at once, and to take with me not only my own brigade, but the entire division, which I had led earlier in the campaign, and of which, together with Benteen's Brigade (formerly Winslow's), I was again placed in command.

Accordingly, leaving the Kansas troops in bivouac, we set out at once, my own brigade in advance, and the First, Second, and Fourth Brigades following. The first distinctive point on the road we were following was Chouteau's old trading-post, on the Marais des Cygnes, a few miles west of the Missouri line, in Kansas, where had sprung up a little hamlet called Trading Post. The road, as it neared that point, passed through a gap between two large natural mounds on the prairie, situated about half a mile from the Marais des Cygnes. Each of these mounds was more than half a mile in length, and upon them and behind them was

stationed the enemy's rear-guard, Dobbins's and Slemmons's Brigades of Arkansans.

My advance was led by Colonel J. J. Gravelly, of the Eighth M. S. M., and was composed of his own regiment and a battalion of the Sixth M. S. M., commanded by Major William Plumb. The advance reached the first line of the enemy a little after midnight, and at once began skirmishing. I ordered Colonel Gravelly to push forward until the position of the enemy should be fully developed. The night was very dark. My men had been in the saddle since daybreak, had marched more than sixty miles, had eaten but a few mouthfuls, and were of course very tired and hungry and sleepy. On the night march many of them had slept in their saddles as they rode along. But when we reached the enemy they all roused up. The fatigue and privation they had undergone, instead of dispiriting them, seemed to render them wolfish and desperate, and they were in full fighting mood. A battalion of the Colorado cavalry that had been sent forward by General Curtis was formed immediately in front of the picket line of the enemy, and intersected the point at which we should draw their fire. Colonel Gravelly advanced gallantly with his command, and the troops of the enemy, many of whom were practically mounted infantry, being armed with Enfield rifles, opened a brisk fire of musketry from the gap. Our line was deployed as skirmishers and steadily advanced towards the bases of the mounds, until the enemy opened a line of fire from the bases, sides, and summits, and from the gap; and it was soon apparent that we were upon the main force. Cabell's Brigade of Arkansans, and a brigade

of Marmaduke's Division of Missourians were ordered up to the reënforcement of the Confederates, and we were soon hard at work. The night fight was a peculiar spectacle. At first the flashes of musketry from the skirmishers resembled swarms of lightning-bugs. There was a noise on our left resembling that of ten thousand voices speaking at once. The darkness was so great that the topography of the country and position of the enemy could not be determined, and I concluded to defer the general attack until the dawn of day.

At dawn, dimly in the murky sky rose the huge shapes of the mounds, like monster thunder-clouds, from which innumerable flashes of lightning darted towards us. I realized that these must be carried, and determined to attempt their capture at all hazards, and at once gave the necessary orders. The Missouri batteries of Captains Thurber and Montgomery, belonging to our division, which had come forward and been placed in position about midnight, were ready to open fire on the enemy at a moment's notice. By my order Lieutenant-Colonel Benteen, commanding the Fourth Brigade, sent one regiment along a road leading west to a ford over the Marais des Cygnes, about three miles above Trading Post, where it appeared the reserve force of the enemy was camped; and he also sent forward the Fourth Iowa Cavalry to report to Colonel Gravelly and assist him in carrying the mounds.

Colonel Gravelly was ordered to advance and occupy the summits of the two mounds and the intervening gap, immediately upon Thurber's Battery becoming

engaged. Captains Thurber and Montgomery were now ordered to open fire with all of the guns of their batteries at an elevation of sixteen degrees, bearing across the right end of the mound on our left through the gap. Under all the circumstances—the darkness still considerable, the steep and almost precipitous nature of the ground to be ascended, the lack of knowledge of the strength of the enemy before us, etc.—the undertaking seemed very perilous. Some of the officers in command of battalions came to me for confirmation of the orders they had received. “Is it a fact, General,” they asked, “that we are to charge up those mounds and try to take them?” “It is,” I replied. “Well, all right then,” they rejoined, “but—*good-by, General!*” Some of them even shook hands with me, with a significance that I well understood, but trusted to be illy founded.

The charge was eminently successful. The Fourth Iowa Cavalry gained the mound on our right without serious opposition. Colonel Gravelly, however, in his attack on the mound to the left, met with strong resistance. Here the enemy's line extended the entire length of this mound, and as our men advanced the Confederates opened a rapid but poorly directed fire, nearly all of their shots passing over the heads of our men. The Sixth and Eighth Missouri State Militia regiments, almost crawling on the ground by reason of the abrupt ascent, moved steadily forward, loading and firing as they advanced, until within a few yards of the crest, when, with ringing cheers and a rattling volley of musketry, they dashed forward, driving back the enemy and gaining the position. Perilous as had

been the ascent and assault, our loss was comparatively slight, and this fact rounded up the measure of our success, and added greatly to the general exultation. During the assault Captains Thurber and Montgomery kept up a steady fire from their batteries, and did good work. Many of their shells passed over the mounds and fell and exploded in the enemy's camp, creating great confusion, and contributing to the precipitancy of a retreat which had already been determined on and was in progress.

It was now after five o'clock in the morning. We had gained an important advantage, and it was followed up with all the energy that I could command. The brigades that had carried the mounds were thrown forward at once, and captured one gun, the breakfast of the enemy, and a great number of cattle, sheep, horses, etc. The loss of this material, especially of the *cattle and sheep*, proved one of the most serious to the enemy of the campaign.

General Pleasonton was brought to the field by the sound of the battle, and as he rode up he called out cheerily to me, "Well, Sanborn, what have you got here?" I replied, "I have a few thousand Rebels just across the river, in my front, and I can't tell what else until I go over and see." After a few minutes of conversation, during which General Pleasonton was pleased to compliment me somewhat extravagantly on what had been accomplished, he ordered me to again advance my line, and to cross the Marais des Cygnes as soon as possible.

As we now know, when General Cabell, who commanded the Confederate rear at the mounds, had sent

word to General Price at daylight that he had been driven back across the river with a loss of part of the train and supplies, Price sent General Marmaduke to command the rear with his own division and that of Fagan. Shelby's Division was on the way to Fort Scott, on a mission of pure deviltry and maliciousness, intending to destroy the town and as much of the property of the people of Kansas living *en route* as he could. The train containing what was left of the loot and spoil of the raid was placed between Shelby and Marmaduke. Thus the greater portion of the enemy's force was rear-guard. General Price himself claimed to be unwell, and it is certain that he was considerably demoralized. He did not attempt to command his forces in person, and in this he acted wisely. General Marmaduke was a very good officer, a West-Pointer, and he had seen a great deal of active service. General Cabell was also a West-Pointer, and General Fagan was a very efficient officer of large experience. Both Marmaduke and Fagan were major-generals.

We scarcely drew bridle in the enemy's abandoned camp. Operations were steadily continued. Colonel Phelps, of the Second Arkansas Cavalry, was ordered to take the advance, and move forward with all possible rapidity. He soon reached the Marais des Cygnes, and found the enemy busily engaged in felling trees across the road on the opposite side. The Seventh Provisional Militia was at once dismounted and thrown across the river about four hundred yards above the ford, and ordered to advance down the river as skirmishers until it reached the ford. At the same time Colonel Phelps advanced, and the enemy was driven

from his position at the ford when he had felled but two moderately sized trees across the road.

The Second Arkansas continued to advance, followed by the Sixth and Eighth M. S. M.; the other two regiments of my brigade were deployed as skirmishers. All kept up well, though the men were nearly exhausted from their incessant and arduous labors during the previous twenty-four hours. About half a mile from the ford we came to an open prairie, and again saw the enemy in position, with a long line of battle, strengthened by artillery. The force seemed rather formidable, and I ordered Colonel Phelps not to attack by a charge (unless he was certain that he could break it and capture the artillery) until reënforcements came up. I then returned to the ford to hurry up some artillery and other troops. The enemy had already opened on us with his artillery. I found General Pleasanton at the ford throwing forward troops and artillery with all possible expedition. After a very brief consultation, the General directed me to continue in charge of the advance, and push the enemy vigorously, with the aid of the First and Fourth Brigades—Benteen's and Philips's. These, the General said, were in the saddle, and would at once come forward "on the trot," and pass to the front of my brigade, so as to allow my men a few minutes for their much needed refreshment.

But in the meantime Colonel Phelps, whom it was hardly possible to keep quiet in the presence of an enemy, had charged with the Second Arkansas, and, aided by the Sixth and Eighth M. S. M., dismounted, had again driven the Confederates, and forced them

back to another position. Being now at the front, I assumed personal direction of affairs on our side. A section of our artillery came up, swiftly went into position on the left, within good range of the enemy's guns, and rapidly opened fire.

Colonel Philips now came forward with his entire brigade on the gallop, and by my direction advanced upon the right, towards the enemy's left. Colonel Benteen brought up his brigade with similar spirit—though two of his regiments had been on duty nearly the entire night—and advanced against what was then the Confederate centre. My own brigade, the Third, was bearing strongly to the left at this time. The force of the enemy then immediately in our front at once gave way without a fight, and retreated with such precipitancy that it seemed impossible for it to form soon again, though in reality it was only falling back to the main Confederate position, which had been taken up along a small stream called Mine Creek, and by some Turkey Creek. Philips and Benteen followed the enemy, while by direction of General Pleasanton, and according to the understanding previously referred to, I with my own brigade remained in the rear to feed and refresh the horses and men for a few minutes.

When General Marmaduke took charge of the Rebel rear that morning he first addressed himself to the work of bringing his forces into something like compact organization, sending the Confederate wagon train as rapidly as possible to the rear. He meant to form and throw his whole force upon our advance and overwhelm it before it could be reënforced. Freeman's Brigade of his division relieved the Arkansans after

the affair of the mounds, but this, as I have related, was easily pushed back, and it finally retired in great disorder. The Arkansans under Fagan were at last got into line on Mine Creek, and to this point General Marmaduke withdrew his own immediate command. For the better protection of the train—that is, to enable it to cross the creek, which was without bridges—the line was formed on the north side of the stream. General Marmaduke has since written an unofficial report of the campaign, wherein, in describing his operations of the morning of October 25, he says: “The advance of the enemy had been so persistent and strong during the morning, and the progress of our train so slow, that I was compelled to go into position and deliver battle without waiting for the return of the division of General Shelby.” Marmaduke had seven pieces of artillery, and, according to his own estimate, about eight thousand men in line at Mine Creek.

Philips and Benteen soon came upon the enemy, drawn up in battle array on the prairie, a fine field for a cavalry fight. Philips came on the ground first and deployed his brigade to the right against the enemy's left, advancing until within good carbine shot, when he opened fire, some of his men being dismounted. Benteen came next and turned to the left of the road against the enemy's right. The enemy at once opened with his artillery (Pratt's Missouri battery of five guns) and the remaining section of the Arkansas battery. Both brigade commanders were now on the field, close up to the enemy, and there was no superior authority immediately present to direct them what to do. But

acting on their own discretion, and according to the general directions I had given, each well knew what to do. So hurriedly had our preparations been made that Colonel Benteen did not know who commanded the brigade with which he was coöperating. Philips was waiting for the arrival of reënforcements before charging, but was already fighting.

Benteen immediately prepared to charge, and sent an aide galloping off to the commander of the force he saw plainly to his right, half a mile away, with a message stating his intention, and earnestly soliciting coöperation. Benteen soon formed his brigade in close column by regiments—his own regiment, the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, in advance—and moved forward at a stiff gallop. He had placed all his trumpeters on the right of the leading regiment, and presently ordered them to sound the “charge.” The bugles rang bravely out, their stirring notes were responded to by the ringing cheers of the men, and in an instant almost the brigade leaped upon the already wavering ranks of the Rebels, sabring, pistoling, and riding them down. The fighting was almost altogether hand to hand, and became in a short time a desperate and deadly *mêlée*. The squadrons were broken into whirling and struggling groups of fighting horsemen, and issues were decided by dexterity and personal prowess. The best men of both armies were engaged. The Tenth Missouri Federal Cavalry fought the Tenth Missouri Confederate, and other loyal Missourians strove against their Rebel fellow-citizens. The Confederates were outfought at every point, pushed steadily back from the onset, and at last were driven in disorder from the

field. Their seven pieces of artillery were all captured, and about eight hundred prisoners fell into our hands. Among the prisoners were General Marmaduke (who was captured and his pistols taken from him by Private James Dunlavy, of the Third Iowa Cavalry), General Cabell, Colonel Slemmons, commanding an Arkansas brigade, Colonel McGhee, Colonel Jeffers, and several other field-officers. A lot of wagons and other materials were also taken.

This engagement, commonly called the battle of Mine Creek, took place in Linn County, Kan., about six miles from the Missouri line, and near where the town of Pleasonton, Kan., now stands. The country was very sparsely settled at that time. In the hurry incident to our operations the Rebel dead were not counted, and, indeed, many of them were never buried.

Hardly had the men of my brigade unbridled their horses to allow them to eat a few mouthfuls, when the fighting of Benteen and Philips was heard beyond the ridge in our front. In a few seconds the thunder of the Rebel artillery resounded, and we knew that the contest was close and in earnest. I instantly ordered the men into column, the bugles blew "to horse," and in a few minutes the brigade was galloping to the scene of the conflict. Before we could reach the field, however, the enemy had been driven from it, as I have described, by the men of Benteen's and Philips's Brigades, now engaged in securing the fruits of the victory.

I continued to move forward rapidly, and about three miles from the battle-field again took the advance. After their defeat at Mine Creek the Confederates turned to the southwest, and soon were back

into Missouri, hurrying to the southward over a stretch of prairie country broken by timbered streams running eastward athwart their route. Shelby's Division had been recalled to the rescue. With this division were four pieces of artillery, all that were left to Price's army. When I assumed the advance I moved forward in a walk, practically in battle line, until near a stream called the Little Osage. Here I found the enemy again in position under cover of the thick timber and brush along the stream. We charged, and easily drove him out of his covert, across the Little Osage, through the timber, and out upon the open prairie, where we halted and re-formed our line.

Three full lines of the enemy were now visible within long rifle range. The Confederates claim that one of these lines was composed of their unarmed conscripts and new recruits, who had been drawn up merely for a menacing show. They also claim that the putting in position of these unfortunate men—many of whom were good Unionists, and nearly all of whom had been forced from their homes at the muzzle of the revolver—had a salutary effect, for that it caused us to go slow, and enabled a large portion of their demoralized forces to re-form and resist us with something like good results. I know nothing of the composition of any of the enemy's lines, but I do know that none of his displays and manœuvres delayed us a moment on this occasion. When the ranks of the enemy came into full and immediate view the men of my command became so eager for the fray that it seemed impossible to restrain them, and I made no attempt to do it. The brigade charged again and again without orders, driv-

ing the Confederates for fully four miles, killing and wounding many, capturing a considerable number of prisoners with their arms and horses, and compelling the burning and destruction of a great number of wagons and other property.

Nor would our pursuit have ended where it did had not the powers of nature of both men and horses failed them, and they were unable to proceed farther. A halt was ordered and rest obtained. Many of the poor horses sank upon the ground before the saddles could be stripped from their backs, and the men, from their long service on horseback, staggered about and walked with difficulty when they alighted. The Second Brigade, Colonel Beveridge's, and General McNeil's Brigade took the advance and continued the pursuit over the prairie until after nightfall and until the woody bottom of the Marmiton River was reached, at a point ten miles east of Fort Scott. Skirmishing continued all day and until late at night. Shelby held the Confederate rear, and though he formed half a dozen times as if for fight, he invariably fell back without a serious encounter, and at last was glad to take shelter in the good black bottoms of the Marmiton. During the afternoon the prairies were set on fire by the cannon, and the smoke and fire indicated the route the pursued and pursuers were following as well by night as by day. At the crossing of the Marmiton—which was at the exact point where now stands a village and railroad station called Deerfield—the enemy destroyed nearly all of his artillery ammunition, and all but about twenty of his wagons, and turned loose into the country some six hundred horses and mules. He obstructed

the ford across the stream by overturning wagons in it and cutting some trees from the banks. He also abandoned about one hundred and twenty-five of his sick and wounded.

After an hour's rest my brigade again marched, but we were unable to reach the enemy again that day, and at last, under orders, we turned to the southwest and rode into Fort Scott, followed by Benteen's Brigade, and preceded by Generals Pleasonton, Curtis, Blunt, Lane, and the Kansas troops. One brigade of Kansas troops, Colonel Moonlight's, had swept down the border and had managed to get into the town just as the advance of Shelby's Rebel Division had reached the outskirts. There would have been a hard fight for the town if Shelby had not been withdrawn to serve against us after the affair at Mine Creek. General Pleasonton went no farther than Fort Scott, and from here the prisoners were sent back to St. Louis, escorted by the First M. S. M., of Philips's Brigade.

The Kansas troops had not been immediately engaged on the 25th, and it being determined to keep up the pursuit of the fleeing enemy, they were sent out on the morning of the 26th to continue the chase. Generals Curtis and Blunt commanded them, and both seemed eager to have at least one good fight before the campaign should end. General McNeil, with his Missouri Brigade, was following directly in the rear of the Rebels, and with his usual zeal and energy was pressing them hard. McNeil and Curtis united their forces at Shanghai, Mo., a post-office twenty miles southeast of Fort Scott, and from thence General Blunt took the

advance with the two Kansas brigades of Jennison and Ford and two batteries.

My brigade rested at Fort Scott the night of the 25th and the day of the 26th. The horses were shod and the men were supplied with rations and clothing. On the morning of the 27th, pursuant to the orders of the general in command, I left Fort Scott with my brigade and one section of Montgomery's Battery, to overtake General Blunt, and hoping to come up with the enemy, believing that he would halt somewhere in southwestern Missouri to obtain supplies before entering the barren region of northern Arkansas and the Indian Territory. That day I marched sixty-two miles. Ben-teen's Brigade followed me. On the 28th, at about 4 P.M., I came up with General Blunt's Division, near the town of Newtonia, in the southern part of Newton County, Mo., about twenty miles from the Arkansas line, having marched one hundred and four miles, with artillery and a train, in thirty-six hours.

During the last few miles of our march our course had been directed by the noise of battle, and on coming up we found General Blunt heavily engaged and in a precarious situation. He had found the enemy in camp and pretty well rested, being in a strong position, and with a rear-guard well out. Blunt was a brave officer, and he at once made an impetuous attack. The Confederates knew the situation and threw their whole force upon him, with their remaining battery of artillery belonging to Shelby's Division. When we came up Blunt's line was falling back, and the Confederates had extended their lines beyond both his flanks

and were advancing upon him from the right and left.

Reporting to him for service, General Blunt directed me to form my brigade upon his left, and if possible to first check and then turn the somewhat formidable advance of the enemy's right. I hastily brought up the advance of my command, and as our horses were well-nigh exhausted, and as the battle-field was intersected with stone walls and other obstacles, I realized that we must fight on foot in order to accomplish anything. Accordingly I gave the order to dismount, and directed the regiments to come into action as fast as they could dismount and form. The Sixth M. S. M. was the first to meet the advancing enemy. This regiment went forward right gallantly and had fired but a few volleys from their carbines, when a triumphant cheer from the line announced that the enemy had turned and was falling back. The other regiments of the brigade went in with equal spirit, and soon we had rolled the Confederate advance back upon the reserve, and keeping steadily on we pushed their entire line back some three miles, when, owing to the darkness, the flight of the enemy, and the exhaustion of the troops, the fighting and the pursuit ceased. We were well enough satisfied with our day's work, at all events, for we had come upon the field in time to save a gallant division and commander from disaster, and to achieve a complete victory when defeat seemed imminent.

During that night I received an order from General Pleasonton to proceed with my command across the country to Springfield, distant from Newtonia to the northeast about fifty miles, and to resume the com-

mand of my district. I did so, marching the following morning, and when we reached Springfield the citizens and soldiery there met us in formal procession and gave us a grand ovation and a most hearty welcome.

General Blunt, with his division, and General McNeil and Colonel Benteen, with their brigades, followed the Rebels into Arkansas, but could not overtake them, and accomplished nothing of value, and soon Benteen was ordered back and sent to Tennessee. General A. J. Smith's infantry division, after marching across the State of Missouri nearly to the Kansas line, was halted at Harrisonville, and then marched back again to St. Louis, from whence it was sent to Thomas, at Nashville. A few days after it reached Nashville, Thomas, now having everything ready, put his machinery in motion, seized upon Hood, and ground him to powder.

After the defeat at Newtonia, the Confederates entered the Indian Territory, and set out for Texas, over a long and toilsome route, hundreds of miles in length, destitute of inhabitants and supplies save the wild game of the country and a few Indians living in squalor and wretchedness. The result was that on the march, according to their own statements, they lost fully one thousand men by disease, exposure, and starvation. They killed horses and ponies for food, and ate their flesh without salt or bread. They even ate skunks and other vermin. They found a few wild cattle, but the meat was poor and only made them sick. The weather was very inclement. Small-pox and diarrhoea broke out among them, and as they had no medicines, scores were left to die on the prairies and be devoured by wolves. For eighteen days, or from October 30 to

November 18, they were without supplies. Finally about six thousand of them reached northern Texas, but thereafter, until its surrender in the following June, Price's army was heard of no more.

I ought to state, however, that a day or two after entering the Indian Territory the Arkansans, under Fagan, left Price and entered their own State. On the 2d of November—on which day there was a heavy fall of snow—Fagan, with a regiment of Shelby's, attacked Fort Smith, where we had a small force under General John M. Thayer; but I had sent General Thayer word of the condition of affairs and the probable intentions of the enemy regarding him, and so he was prepared and easily beat off the attack, but unfortunately had no force at his disposal to follow up his success.

It was of most vital importance that the troops that had been diverted from General Thomas by the movement of this Rebel army in Missouri should reach him at the earliest time possible. His army was besieged in Nashville, and how long it could hold out no one knew—but every one knew that it would be just as long as military skill and human endurance would permit. Hence, immediately after the battle of Newtonia, I recommended to General Pleasonton and General Rosecrans that all further pursuits of Price's forces should be abandoned, and all our available troops sent to Nashville, and the Rebel army left to go to pieces for want of supplies and under its general demoralization in the deserted and barren region between southwestern Missouri and the Red River. This recommendation was approved by General Pleasonton and General Rosecrans, but was disapproved by General Curtis and

ultimately by General Halleck. The end was that the enemy was followed by the forces under Generals Curtis and Blunt afar off (at least so far that no engagement was brought on) to the Arkansas River, with the result of entirely dismounting Benteen's Brigade and destroying all the horses in the command, and keeping the Rebel army together, so that instead of several thousand prisoners, who would have voluntarily surrendered and come in rather than cross this river, we had several hundred only. My own brigade, under these orders from Washington, was moved southwest again and reached a point about sixty miles from Springfield at the time that the Rebels crossed the Arkansas River. All the results of our pursuit after the battle of Newtonia were adverse to the government of the United States and an aid to the Confederate States, in my judgment, then deliberately formed, and confirmed by the results that followed.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the events transpired which I have narrated so imperfectly. The war has long been over. "The Rebel rides on his raid no more." Many—ah, *very* many—of the gallant troopers, brave as any Murat or Cardigan ever led, have long been dead.

"The knights are dust ;
 Their swords are rust ;
 Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Curtis, Blunt, Lane, Gravelly, and other commanders on our side during the "Price Raid" are in their graves, as are Price, Marmaduke, Jeff. Thompson, and others of the Confederate leaders. Rosecrans, Pleas-

onton, Benteen, McNeil, Philips, and Phelps, as well as Shelby, Fagan, McCray, and Cabell, are yet living. The country in Missouri over which the raid was made is now peaceful and very prosperous, with all the adjuncts of modern civilization. Boonville, Lexington, Independence, Kansas City, and Fort Scott are now considerable cities. Where then was naught to break the expanse of wide prairies, now stand thriving towns and villages, in view of former battle-fields. Rich farms and fruitful fields are to be seen on every hand, and lands once ploughed by shot and shell are now disturbed only by the implements of the farmer. Scenes where once were heard the horrid noise of battle, the hiss of bullets, the shriek of shells, and the fierce cries of combatants in deadly grapple, now resound only with the murmuring calls of lowing herds, and the mirth and songs of contented and happy homes. The people of western Missouri and Kansas won a grand victory for the Union and humanity when they overcame the hosts of rebellion in their midst; but in bringing their fair lands under the dominion of progress and enterprise, and the organization of comfortable homes and happy families, they have achieved a triumph equally great, for

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.”

SOUTHERN MILITARY PRISONS AND ESCAPES.

BY LIEUTENANT WARREN HEWITT MEAD,

SIXTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read November 11, 1890.)

GENERAL SHERMAN expressed an evident truth when he wrote to the Mayor of Atlanta, "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it"; and nowhere in the great Civil War was it more forcibly illustrated than in the experiences of the Federal prisoners of war in the South. Much has been written concerning their treatment at the hands of the Confederates, and unverified accounts of many things have sometimes been given to the public by persons who obtained their information second-hand. This personal narrative relates to nearly two years of prison life in Libby Prison, Richmond, and Danville, Va.; Macon, Ga.; Charleston and Columbia, S. C., and two escapes; and it pertains chiefly to affairs within the writer's own knowledge, and to incidents of his personal experience.

The battle of Chickamauga was fought principally on the nineteenth and twentieth days of September, 1863, and one of the results was the capture by the Confederates of over six thousand Union prisoners. Upon the flanks of the Union army, and to protect its

retreat, there was considerable cavalry fighting on Monday, the 21st. On that day, at the extreme Federal right, the Third Brigade of Colonel E. M. McCook's first division of cavalry (of Mitchell's Corps), composed of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Kentucky cavalry regiments, under the command of Colonel Louis D. Watkins, of the Sixth, to which regiment I belonged, was engaged in covering the retreat of the Union forces and guarding wagons from the battle-field to Chattanooga, when we were assailed in front and on the flank by Wheeler's Division of Rebel cavalry. My immediate command, composed of two companies of my regiment, received the brunt of the attack in front, and kept the enemy at bay until the remainder of the brigade extricated itself and escaped. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, near Pond Springs, Ga., our small force of less than one hundred men was surrounded by Terry's Texas Cavalry Rangers, and myself and the adjutant of my regiment, Lieutenant Hugh B. Kelly, with sixty-two men, were taken prisoners.

After having been guarded at the place of capture until dark, the enemy compelled us to make a toilsome march that night to the railroad near Ringgold, a distance of about ten miles. We were here placed upon cars and carried southward with other prisoners to Kingston, arriving there the following afternoon, when we were locked in the court-house. Here, thirty hours after our capture, we received the first food, a small cake of corn-bread being given to each prisoner. On the 23d we were removed to Atlanta, and remained there three days in an open field east of the city, without shelter or blankets. From Atlanta we were taken,

with many others captured at Chickamauga, by the way of Augusta, Ga., and Columbia, S. C., to Charlotte, N. C. The cars used for transporting the prisoners were ordinary freight cars, the door on one side closed and fastened; a sentinel was placed at each side of the open door on the opposite side, and several guards were upon the top of each car. We stopped at Augusta long enough to purchase a little fruit and bread from the slaves, who crowded around us, and to afford an opportunity for certain elderly slave-holders to express their opinion of us and Northern people generally in not the most flattering terms. At Charlotte we were marched from the cars to a field near the city, and remained there all night, sleeping without blankets between the rows of standing corn grown on a part of the field. The prisoners gathered a few ripe ears, which were toasted at the fires and eaten with the eagerness of half-famished men.

The next night we were ordered to form in line in order to be marched to the station for removal to Richmond. Several had planned to escape. Holes had been dug in the sandy earth large enough to admit the body of a man below the surrounding surface; but, unfortunately, as the guards, like a line of skirmishers, were marching over the occupied grounds, one of them fell into one of these excavations upon a live Yankee! A careful examination with lights was then ordered, disclosing other holes similarly filled, and one of our number was found in the top of a tree. After sharp admonitions we were again placed in freight cars and taken to Richmond, one change having been made in going more than one thousand miles. We were crowded

together in the cars like sheep, without room to sit down, and with no water or suitable accessories.

Reaching Richmond a little past midnight, September 30, the officers and enlisted men were separated, the former, in ominous darkness, being marched to that famous bastile, Libby Prison, soon to realize that—

“ War’s least horror is the ensanguined field.”

Libby Prison—since removed to the city of Chicago, where it now stands preserved as a war relic—was an old brick building, one hundred and thirty-five feet long and one hundred feet wide, containing nine rooms, besides the basement, three stories in front and four in the rear, and the solid stone partitions between the rooms were pierced with doorways in each story. It was situated on the Lynchburg Canal, overlooking the James River, fronting on Casey Street, and was guarded day and night by about twenty-five sentinels at appointed stations around the building.

On that dark morning about forty officers were conducted into the office of Major Thomas P. Turner, the commandant of the prison, who evidently had been selected for that position on account of his bitter hostility to the Northern people. One by one we were called and directed to give up our money—Turner stating that if we did so willingly it would be returned to us when we were exchanged, but that if he was compelled to search us the money found would be confiscated. Most of the prisoners obeyed, and several thousand dollars were there given up; a few secreted their pocket-books and claimed they were penniless, and thereby escaped such robbery. Turner took from me

seventy-two dollars in bright, crisp greenbacks, which I never saw afterwards, and I never heard that any money so taken from prisoners was ever returned. We were turned over to the prison clerk, who, with a lighted candle, conducted us by a narrow stairway to the room above; and, as soon as we entered, he locked the door and left us in the dark to find out for ourselves what the new quarters afforded. Hardly had we entered the room, the floor of which was covered with prisoners, before the cry was heard, "Fresh fish!" which was repeated many times in that and adjoining rooms. In a moment we were surrounded by prisoners, who rushed upon us, first one way and then another, crying out, "Give them air!" "Dip them in water!" and like bewildering expressions. I began to think we were in a den of robbers. Afterwards I well understood that all "fresh fish," as new prisoners were termed, had to pass through a like initiation. We had no blankets or overcoats, and nothing save the clothes in which we were captured.

A daylight examination of the interior of this prison revealed that six rooms of the two uppermost stories were allotted to about twelve hundred Federal officers, of every rank, besides one room in the first story, which was supplied with water and used during the day as a cook-room; these gave to each man a space nine by three feet to eat, wash, sleep, and take exercise. No benches, stools, chairs, or tables were furnished. The prisoners, after a few months, made a number of such articles from the boxes sent by Northern friends. Most of the officers captured at Chickamauga remained in the lower middle room.

Prisoners were not allowed to go within five feet of the windows, of which there were three at each end of the rooms, secured with iron bars. The guards were instructed to fire upon any prisoner seen at these windows. One officer was severely wounded, the guard having seen him through a boarded enclosure at the side of the prison where formerly there had been an outside door. The hat of another one day was visible from the outside, and he, being notified, moved back just in time for a ball to pass and bury itself in the beam above. Captain Forsyth, of Toledo, O., was shot and instantly killed near me by one of the guards not on duty, and he was not at the time within eight feet of the window. Across the street, in a northeasterly direction, were situated the Pemberton buildings, wherein were confined several thousand of our enlisted men, and shots fired into the windows of that building were often heard.

In December the officers captured at Chickamauga obtained a blanket apiece from a supply sent by the U. S. Sanitary Commission, which were distributed by the Confederates. During the winter months it was bitter cold, as there were no fires save those in the cook-stoves used in the room below during the day. There were no lights except the candles purchased by the prisoners for their own use, and these had to be extinguished at 9 P.M. Each had his own particular place to eat and sleep, and all slept on the floor, dovetailed together, like fish in a basket, overcrowded and with imperfect ventilation.

Libby Prison had been used as a military prison from the commencement of the war. Little attention

had been given to its cleanliness and purification, and it had become infested, from top to bottom, with vermin, of the kind well known to soldiers. These parasites were on the walls and floors, and upon everything, reminding us of the third plague of Egypt. No possible mode of living, no amount of personal attention, could prevent their presence and poisonous bites. Every seam in our clothes needed daily inspection, and the clothing required boiling in water at least three times a week to prevent the greatest multiplication.

In January, 1864, a plan of escape was conceived, and for this purpose a secret company was organized. But few were admitted to the secret, for there were informers among us, willing to secure favor by betraying any plan of escape. In the cook-room already mentioned there was a large chimney running from the basement to the top of the building. In this room a hole was broken through the chimney near the floor, large enough to admit the body of a man. Crawling through that aperture, feet foremost, and dropping down ten feet, would bring a person into the dark and empty basement under the adjoining room. The side opposite the chimney was the foundation of the east side of the prison, from which foundation a large stone was removed about six feet below the surface of the outside ground, and a tunnel commenced. Two men would work day and night. The only implements used were the half of a tin canteen and an old trowel picked up from the tools of a workman making repairs in the prison. One, by the use of these implements, would loosen the earth in the tunnel and put

it in a blanket, which the other, at night-time, would convey out of the tunnel into the corner of the dark room, at the side of which the tunnel commenced. Captain I. N. Johnson, of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry, who is justly entitled to the chief credit for this wonderful and daring enterprise, labored in this tunnel more than two weeks, and remained in it all day. His absence led the prison authorities to believe that one prisoner had escaped. Food was taken to him at night by another officer, who then assisted in the work. This tunnel was about sixty-five feet long; it was dug under the beat of the sentinels, and came out about thirty feet beyond the guard in an old shed used for storage.

The tunnel was completed February 9, except breaking through the farther end. On that night the prisoners were notified, and all night long they were passing out. One hundred and fifteen thus escaped from the prison. It was slow work; the passage was difficult, and two large men—one of whom was Colonel Streight, the noted raider—stuck in the tunnel, which delayed considerably the exodus. The prisoner, before he entered the tunnel, would nearly strip himself and tie his clothing in a compact bundle, and push it ahead of him in his passage through, which was accomplished by something like the movement of a snake through heavy grass. The tunnel was closed up at daylight and the hole in the chimney concealed. About one-half of the prisoners who thus escaped were captured before they succeeded in reaching our lines, thirty miles distant. When recaptured they were put in dungeons under the cook-room—dark

cells, unfurnished and with ground floors, covered much of the time with water, in which the inmates had to sleep or remain standing. They were scantily fed, and compelled to suffer inexcusable neglect. I often secretly dropped pieces of bread through a small hole made in the floor of the cook-room to these suffering officers. After remaining in these cells about ten days, they were brought out and took their former places in the prison, to make room for the officers captured on General Kilpatrick's raid, who were treated with still greater indignity and cruelty. Being ill, I did not attempt to go through this tunnel, but gave my only pair of boots, well worn, to my messmate, Captain Charles E. Greble, of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, who escaped.

In February, 1864, a cavalry expedition was set on foot by our authorities for the avowed purpose of marching upon Richmond, then feebly guarded, and, as reported, to capture the city and release the Federal prisoners. One branch of this expedition was under General Custer, another under General Kilpatrick, and a third was under Colonel Ulric Dahlgren. The expedition was not successful. Colonel Dahlgren was killed near Richmond, and most of his command captured before effecting a junction with Kilpatrick, who, on the first day of March, came near the outer line of the Richmond fortifications, and, after a few hours of brisk cannonading by the Confederates, took up a line of march down the peninsula without serious loss.

This was the most memorable day of my prison life. Some of the guards who came in to drive us all into one room, so as to be counted out through a single

door—which was the prison daily roll-call—disclosed to us all they knew concerning Kilpatrick's raid. The dull booming of artillery was heard at intervals during the day, which proved that our troops were already engaging the enemy in the fortifications. No language can describe the hopes and feelings of the prisoners at that time. The prison officials showed unmistakable signs of fear. There was hurrying to and fro in the streets, and extra guards were visible. It was then the Confederate authorities set to work to undermine the Libby Prison. Several tons of powder were placed under the thick walls and in the basement rooms below us, with complete arrangements to fire it at a moment's notice. Such a plan for wholesale and atrocious murder is without a parallel in the history of any civilized nation. Notwithstanding this terrible situation, we were undismayed, and secretly organized ourselves into companies, with chosen leaders, so as to be ready for any emergency, hoping to be supplied with arms in case our troops entered the city, and to aid in the rescue. Men were selected to use the movable stairs reaching to the cook-room in battering down the doors leading to the street, upon the first appearance of the Federal uniforms. That night there was no sleep; the prisoners were prepared for action, and listened all night for the tramp of the oncoming liberators; we moved noiselessly about like spectres in a cave of gloom, waiting and trusting—but, alas! our deliverers came not.

The inspector of the prison took pains to inform us that if Kilpatrick should succeed in entering Richmond it would not help us, as the prison would be

blown up before he would suffer us to be rescued. Latouch, the adjutant of the prison, said, in hearing of the prisoners: "There is enough powder under the prison to send every Yankee to hell."*

The most noteworthy experience we had to undergo was the want of suitable or sufficient food. To endure the indignity of those placed over us, to be deprived of light, and to suffer from the cold during the cheerless days and nights of winter, were enough to render existence miserable; but it was a more terrible thing to be hungry from day to day, from week to week—to be always hungry.

The "chief commissary," appointed by ourselves, would distribute the rations allowed to divisions composed of one hundred prisoners; an officer selected in each division would again distribute the portion assigned to it to squads of ten, and the squad would then subdivide the amount received to its messes, composed of one or more. The daily allowance, brought in every morning, was a small cake of corn-bread, about the size of a man's fist, baked from unsifted meal, four ounces of beef, or, in lieu thereof, a half pint of worm-eaten peas, a gill of rice, and a very little salt. With the exception of the salt, none of these articles would have been salable in any American market. One-fourth of the time no meat was issued, and at one

* Pollard, the Southern writer, in his history entitled "The Lost Cause" (p. 508), acknowledges that the Richmond government placed several tons of powder under Libby Prison at this time, but also says it was for the purpose of intimidating the prisoners, which conclusion may well be doubted as to the limit of the intention of the horrible purpose.

time, for thirty consecutive days, not an ounce was sent in.

According to the usages of modern warfare, prisoners of war are entitled to the same rations that are given to soldiers; such *our* government gave to Confederate prisoners. Dr. Hammond, formerly Surgeon-General of the Army, places the amount of solid food required to maintain the organism of a healthy adult American, up to the full measure of physical and mental capability, at about forty ounces daily, two-thirds vegetable and one-third animal. The French ration issued to soldiers in the Crimea was forty-two and five-eighth ounces solid food. The English ration is about forty-one ounces; our government ration is about the same. The ration issued to prisoners in Libby Prison was from *ten* to *sixteen* ounces daily, and that of very inferior quality. Our greatest privilege was to do our own cooking. The rations would be quickly seized and cooked upon the three stoves in the cook-room, and all eaten at a single meal, and still our hunger was unappeased, and we would have to wait twenty-four hours before anything more could be had.

The peas—or, as they were sometimes called, “North Carolina beans”—were made the basis of a kind of soup. They were the most unpalatable food ever eaten by man; indeed, they are not an article of food except for cattle. Never before or since have I seen their like. Singularly as it may appear, there was not one of these peas issued which did not contain within it a little black bug, about the size of a flax seed. Hours of search failed to find a single pea not thus inhabited. When boiled, the top of the water or

"soup" would be covered with these bugs, thoroughly cooked. At first some of the more fastidious officers would split each pea and remove the bug; but they soon learned that in the absence of meat the bugs gave body and substance to the soup, improved its flavor, and altogether rendered it more palatable, though, of course, eaten under the impulse of hunger.

Hunger in captivity signifies more than when elsewhere felt. To us it meant feeble and emaciated bodies; impairment of health and constitution; minds so oppressed with the hopelessness of our situation as to force strange and alarming conditions. Some, overcome by a consuming despair, would at times forget their own names, and were uncertain as to common facts. These were exceptions, and were evidently of those who inherited imperfections and were lacking in constitutional vigor. We were continually talking of the food formerly enjoyed, which seemed a long time ago. When we lay down at night, it was to dream of feasts and tables spread with the rarest and richest food. Few nights passed without this delusion. The prisoner would waken just as he was about to partake of a sumptuous repast, to find it vanish in a dream. It was a common thing for one prisoner to ask another what luxuries he had for supper, meaning what fare his nightly dreams had proffered. The effect of such imprisonment upon the morals of the inmates can hardly be imagined. The man who goes to bed hungry every night for a considerable length of time is hardly good. A starving man is seldom exemplary. Many prisoners became demoralized, rank was ignored, personal encounters were of frequent occurrence;

selfishness was the supreme law—the natural result of such living.

A portion of the time we were allowed to receive boxes of provisions from friends North, under flag of truce, by way of Fortress Monroe. They were all examined by the Confederates, and the clothes sometimes taken out. Often, as if to purposely taunt and exasperate us, the boxes were piled up and kept for days in plain sight of the prisoners before they were delivered. Only a part of the prisoners received boxes, and all that were sent were not delivered. A Bible was sent by some kind friend in nearly every box, and usually a greenback was found thoughtfully enclosed between leaves pasted together. This book the Rebels seldom examined and never appropriated, and the prisoner was gladdened by the welcome gift thus secured. I received several boxes containing many delicacies and substantial provisions, sent by kind friends (which of course were shared with less fortunate comrades), and during the last few months in this prison the want of food was not my greatest deprivation.

Every man developed a hobby. With some it was "how to escape"; with others it was "fancy cooking," and the latter were never so well satisfied as when they could catch a mouse and prepare therefrom a cup of delicious soup. With some it was to carve articles from bone and wood; with some it was chess or cards; others were silent and always alone. Major Harry White of Pennsylvania, afterwards a Member of Congress, had an irresistible desire to make political speeches, but he was not encouraged in that house. Captain McGee of Kentucky made stump speeches.

while voices were loudly crying out, "Dry up!" "Put him out!" but, like Demosthenes at the seashore, he would talk above the storm. General Neal Dow, who was one of the special exchanges, lectured on temperance. Lieutenant-Colonel Warren E. McMackin, of the Twenty-first Illinois, General Grant's old regiment, which lost heavily at the battle of Chickamauga, where he was captured, taught a Bible class. Several army chaplains captured at Chickamauga were, for a short time prior to their exchange, among our number; so that frequently we had religious services in due form. Prayer-meetings were also held on Sunday evenings. The meetings were conducted in one corner of the room, while all kinds of prison activities were going on around the faithful band who did not neglect their worship.

Amid all the distress we had our amusements. For a short time we had a literary society. A weekly paper, called the *Libby Chronicle*, filled with prison news, was read. With musical instruments purchased from without, a few officers organized a band of minstrels, who gave several entertainments in the cook-room, and the performances afforded no little amusement. The songs and plays were original. The programmes were printed, and I preserved one of an entertainment given Christmas Eve, 1863.

After dark, when the prisoners had lain down to sleep, we had what was called the "catechism," which consisted of satirical questions with personal allusions. One would ask in a loud voice, "Who was captured up a tree?" A pertinent answer would come from another direction, naming the officer. The questions

and answers were true hits, and would be kept up for hours. Every man's history, in this way, was punctured amusingly. A brigadier-general once attempted, when he had been made the point of a question, to lecture the prisoners on conduct becoming officers of the U. S. Army, and forthwith missiles were flying around his venerable head, which made him get under his blanket in great haste. Whoever assumed the least importance was sure to meet with an effectual rebuff.

Letters of six lines were allowed to be written to friends in the North, and letters were received, subject, of course, to Confederate inspection. "Letter day" was the great day. In the preparation of this address valuable aid has been obtained from letters written from various prisons to home friends, who kindly preserved and returned them to me. One of these, written in Libby Prison on coarse brown paper, and sent unsealed, is given:

"LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 18, 1863.

"MISS F. HUGHES, CAMILLUS, N. Y.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Sorry two months in Libby Prison have failed to bring me more than a single letter. Am well, but sorely pressed with hunger! No meat or bread furnished us to-day! I do wish for an exchange. There is no prospect for any at present. If I get away from here in one year it will be as soon as I expect. Yours, etc.,

"W. H. MEAD, U. S. A., *via Fortress Monroe.*"

Those who had money could purchase the Richmond daily papers at fifty cents a copy, and nearly anything else at the same proportionate price. There was little money in the prison.

On several occasions religious services were held in the prison, but no Protestant minister in Richmond

preached, or offered to preach, to us. The Episcopal service was read once. Clergymen sometimes came into the prison and talked of politics and upbraided us on account of the war, declaring that the Yankees could never conquer the "brave Southern people." Those prisoners will never forget the able and acceptable sermons of Bishop McGill of Richmond, and Bishop Lynch of Charleston. Eminent for piety and scholarship, their discourses were filled with the noblest sentiments of charity and Christian counsel, and were beautifully appropriate to the occasion.

During the eight months we were led to hope, from week to week, that an exchange of prisoners would take place. There were a few special exchanges. In the spring of 1864 General Butler, who commanded at Fortress Monroe, and had immediate control of the cartel, wrote over his own signature that General Grant had given peremptory orders not to exchange another able-bodied Confederate. Then we no longer hoped, and the future seemed dark and perilous. We thought our government had failed in its duty; and when, on the 7th of May, 1864, at eleven o'clock at night, we were ordered to prepare to go farther south to other prisons, despair settled like a pall over us, and we feared that a Southern prison would be like that cave in mythology having no outward tracks.

That night we bade farewell to Libby Prison. Daylight found us in line upon a street in Richmond, weak and hardly able to walk. After marching across the James River we were taken in freight cars to Danville, Va., one hundred and forty-eight miles southwest from Richmond. On arriving at Danville the succeeding

morning, we were confined in a tobacco warehouse on the south bank of the Dan River. The usual rations, of poor quality but increased in quantity, were issued. Many of our number became ill on account of the heat and change of water. Remaining here but a few days, we were, on May 12, commanded to get ready for transportation to Macon, Ga., by the way of Greensborough and Augusta.

We arrived at Macon May 17, and were placed in a stockade on the eastern side of the city, called Camp Oglethorpe, an old fair ground, in which there was a spring and a small stream of water. This stockade consisted of about three acres of land enclosed by a high plank fence, near the top of which was constructed the sentinels' walk, where they paced their beats ten feet apart day and night. On the inside of the stockade, and around the same, thirty feet from the fence, was the "dead line," across which no prisoner could pass. Low board sheds had been constructed with open sides, under which the prisoners lodged. Rations were issued to squads, and the subdivisions were made by the prisoners themselves. Bacon, corn-meal, and occasionally sorghum and rice—all of the poorest quality, however, and less than twenty ounces a day to each man—were given us; these were cooked, with the little wood furnished, on pieces of iron which had been picked up, or in a single skillet allowed to a mess.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made at tunneling from Camp Oglethorpe. Lieutenant O. Gierson, of the Forty-fifth N. Y. Infantry, on June 11 was killed by the guard while at the spring, and without cause. The Fourth of July was celebrated in songs and

speeches, against the orders of the authorities. Many officers from General Grant's army, captured in Virginia, were brought in during the summer, and with their good clothes and healthful appearance they presented a marked contrast to the older prisoners. A portion of our time was spent in reading the books obtained before leaving Richmond, and a few engaged in the study of languages, or of some chosen profession; the time was employed principally in cooking, washing, and repairing tattered garments.

Much sickness prevailed, and several officers died. Many of the older prisoners suffered from scurvy, owing to the lack of proper food; an indenture with the finger in the fleshy parts of the body would remain for hours, and in the worst cases the teeth dropped out. Near the middle of the camp there was an old building which had been used for fairs before the war, where the sick mostly had their quarters on the floor. When death came to their relief, their bodies would be sadly borne to the gate by mourning comrades, and given over to the foe for burial in strange ground, unblessed by the tears of far-away kindred.

On July 27 it was announced that we were to be taken from Macon to Charleston, S. C. Six hundred prisoners' names were called, including my own; the others were subsequently moved. We packed our blankets and what other articles we possessed, and upon freight cars, as formerly, were transported to the historic Rebel city. One of the noticeable things in passing the several towns *en route* was the expression of the slaves, who, in most instances, could say or do nothing, but they evidently had apprehended the issues

of the great struggle, and would have helped us if they could.

We reached Charleston the next day, and were immediately marched to the jail—the worst prison I saw in the South. It was foul and infested. Situated upon an acre of land, surrounded by a high wall, it had been used for a long time for black and white criminals, deserters, and Union colored prisoners. The three uppermost stories were then filled with such persons, and only a portion of the ground floor was allotted to Federal officers brought from Macon, and there I had my quarters. To sleep within it was hazardous, and nearly all slept in the sandy yard, where the cooking was done. The weather was hot, and many were ill; one emaciated prisoner, by holding his arm up to the sun, could see the light between the bones of the forearm.

Many protests were made to the authorities, and in about ten days notice was given that if the prisoners would give their paroles not to escape they could occupy Roper Hospital, a large building erected for a city hospital, adjoining the jail, and in front of which was the burnt district containing nothing but fire-blackened walls and naked chimneys. About three hundred of us gave our paroles and were transferred, being all that were confined in the jail-yard. The prisoners were permitted to receive letters from home, to take exercise in the grounds surrounding the building, and to cook out in the fresh air, but were still under guard. This was the most comfortable prison I was in.

It was here where the prisoners were under fire of

the Union guns of Morris Island, four miles distant. General Gilmore was bombarding the city, and a large portion of the lower part had been destroyed and was uninhabited. It has been stated that these Federal officers were imprisoned at Charleston to prevent the further bombardment of the city, and that was our belief at the time. The shots were usually fired at intervals of a half-hour, but sometimes they came every ten minutes, and continued day and night with only occasional cessations. The shells generally burst in the air to the left of our quarters, and a solid shot was often sent far beyond us. One piece of a shell went through the roof of the building and first ceiling, and was stopped by a wooden bench in the upper story upon which an officer was seated. Another piece of over twenty pounds' weight struck and cut through the plate beam of a small building in the rear, formerly used for insane patients, and then fell in the room and struck a pan in which an officer was preparing his corn-meal for baking. A few pieces of shell fell in the yard, but no one was injured. The gunners knew our location and avoided the building as much as possible.

At first, when the sharp, shrill shriek of the shot or shell was heard, we would instinctively seek shelter; but we soon became accustomed to the danger, and it was a sublime pleasure to watch the smoke of the discharged gun and listen to the peculiar noise of the shell in its passage through the air. At night the sight was thrilling; the flash of the gun could be seen, followed by the lighted fuse moving like a meteor in its circular track from the gun, until the shell exploded, and its pieces went crashing through the buildings of

the city. A large building called the workhouse, adjoining the jail, also contained many prisoners.

In September yellow fever made its appearance in the prison. Many of the guards and a few of the prisoners died. The older prisoners escaped this dreaded disease, or had it only in a mild form; their exemption being imputed to their reduced condition and long freedom from excesses.

I had this fever, and with others was taken to a hospital in a suburb up the Cooper River, where I was confined for nearly a month. Doctor Todd, a brother of the wife of President Lincoln, was one of the Confederate surgeons in charge, and attended me. A Sister of Mercy, who had been highly educated in Ireland, and who came to this country after the commencement of the war expressly to care for the suffering, brought in grapes and delicacies, and often visited the sick and brought books for the convalescent to read. Upon recovery, still under parole, I was conveyed back to prison with two other officers, in an ambulance drawn by mules in charge of a negro driver. We directed him to drive down King Street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, until ordered to stop. For many blocks leading towards Roper Hospital, along this street, there was not a person or any living creature to be seen. Truly the city "sat solitary." The grass was growing in the streets, and the elegant buildings, as far as the eye could see, had been shattered by our cannonading. Save the startling sounds from our destructive missiles, which seemed to drop from the sky, a death-like stillness pervaded the place. While we were passing down the street a cannon-ball struck

a dwelling-house to the left, and the apprehensive negro drove on. Soon another ball came crashing through the roof of a building a short distance ahead. The driver stopped, and with fear depicted in his very looks, said, "I's not 'fraid, but the Yankees will kill dem mules, suah!" and he refused to go farther. We quite agreed with him, and he turned off and by a parallel street farther to the right soon reached our old prison quarters.

Old colored men and women came often to the iron fence enclosing our quarters, bringing, in small quantities, shrimps and crabs, which they offered to sell at a reasonable price. Those who had money purchased, and thereby occasionally enjoyed a good meal. Not one in fifty of us, however, had at this time a cent in his pocket, and no credit was obtainable, so we subsisted almost entirely upon the meagre rations allowed of corn-meal, rice, and rancid bacon.

On October 5 we were taken, in the usual way, to Columbia. I was weakened by illness, and was without food from the time of leaving Charleston until the next day, when taken from the cars in a cold rain. The surgeon in charge, after much entreaty, caused my removal, with six other officers, also ill, to a hospital in the old Presbyterian college buildings in Columbia, which was used for the Confederate sick and wounded. Placed in a single room, and generally not suffering from any acute disease, we were not confined to our beds. The surgeon in charge daily visited us, and was attentive to our needs.

One of our number, a Tennessee captain, had the yellow fever, contracted before he left Charleston. We

did all for him we could; but during the few days he continually grew worse. He was an old prisoner, and longed for his home and friends in East Tennessee, where he had suffered much at the hands of the Rebels. I was at his side during the last stage when the black vomit appeared, by which it was known he had but a few hours at most to live. Rational to the last, he soon became exhausted, and convulsively threw himself across his cot, and there, surrounded by his few helpless companions, his spirit passed beyond all earthly prison doors. The saffron-colored corpse was soon removed and buried by the hospital authorities.

After a few weeks' treatment at this hospital, and being greatly improved in strength, in November, 1864, I was taken across the Saluda River, about two miles from the city, to an abandoned field which had been covered with second-growth pines. This prison pen the prisoners named "Camp Sorghum," by which it is generally known. Nearly all the officers in various prisons had been brought here, and the number exceeded fourteen hundred.

About five acres of land were surrounded by a dead-line, and outside of this there was a "ring guard." No shelter was furnished, and the prisoners had to burrow in the earth and construct coverings from branches and twigs, or use for a tent the blankets needed for bodily covering during the winter nights. On arriving at this camp, Lieutenant Munro B. Pulliam, of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, and myself, prepared a lodging-place by digging in the ground a cellar-like space of sufficient dimensions, and by the use of small poles we gathered, made a frame overstructure and

then covered it with pine twigs. It was protection from the winter winds, but did not keep out the rain. Prisoners who had money could buy sweet potatoes and other articles. The daily rations consisted of corn-meal and rice, and occasionally sorghum, about fifteen ounces in all per man.

Many made their escape by taking advantage of the privilege of going out under guard to fetch wood from an adjoining forest. A few ran by the guard at night, and started for our distant lines. Most of those who escaped were recaptured. Several alarms took place, and on these occasions the guard, being of the undisciplined State militia, would fire into and across the camp. It was a common thing to hear shots at night, and the balls would whistle through the camp, doing little injury, as every one slept behind embankments of earth thrown up around his hut. Occasionally, however, in this as in all the other prisons, deliberate murders were perpetrated by the guards. On the first day of December Lieutenant Turbane, of the Sixty-sixth N. Y. Infantry, was inhumanly killed by a sentinel, who, without warrant or excuse, shot him in the back as he was walking quietly near his quarters. October 22 Lieutenant Young, of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was deliberately shot by a sentinel while he was seated in his chair in the evening. He lived but a few moments, after speaking a few words to his companions.

This isolated field-prison was a little world of itself. The prisoners were mostly of the better class of Northern society, but, freed so long from conventional restraints, their daily lives revealed natural dispositions

and disclosed real characters. The shiftless and the heedful, the untidy and the neat, the vulgar and the refined, the profane and the devout—were all represented here, as in the outside world. Obedient to the unswerving logic of human nature, the forces which produce the proletaire and the patrician were here displayed notwithstanding the depressive conditions. Like the first settlers of a western town, and for the same reasons, the older prisoners, though the most ragged, demanded superior recognition, and were the aristocrats of the colony.

December 11 we were notified of another removal. Forlorn and wretched, many of us barefoot, we were marched through the streets of Columbia, subjected to taunting remarks from children and citizens along the way. We were placed in the eastern portion of the Insane Asylum grounds, two acres in extent, which had been enclosed from the other portion containing the asylum in that city. Strictly guarded from sentinel boxes upon a high fence, we again set up house-keeping. Some lumber was furnished, so that after a while about one-half of the officers built for themselves quarters, others making low tents from blankets. My tent consisted of a single blanket stretched over a horizontal pole about three feet high, with the edges of the blanket on each side fastened to the ground, in which, near the prison entrance, I slept and was protected from the rain.

Rev. Dr. Palmer, the celebrated Presbyterian divine of New Orleans, who taught before the war that it was the duty of the Southern people to conserve the institution of slavery, even by secession and arms, preached

to us two able sermons. At the close of his last discourse upon Providence in battles, he gave out that impressive hymn of Cowper, commencing :

“ God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm.”

This hymn was sung with the deepest feeling by his audience of destitute prisoners, whose faith in the final triumph of the government and its perpetuity under God's watchful care had never wavered. The opinions of this learned and sincere man were afterwards radically changed.

In a tent near the one I occupied, Lieutenant S. H. M. Byers, of the Fifth Iowa Infantry, composed that commemorative song, “ Sherman's March to the Sea,” and it was sung in this prison before it was heard of outside. A fine glee club often cheered the place with this and other patriotic songs.

The prisoners suffered much from insufficient food and from want of fuel to cook with and keep warm. They were each allowed a piece of wood, about the size of an ordinary stick of stove wood, daily. Those who had money could purchase food. If gold or greenbacks were sent by Northern friends, after much delay their equivalent in Confederate money, as reckoned by the authorities, would be received. Later on, money could be obtained by giving gold drafts on Northern friends living in the East at the rate of a dollar in gold for eight dollars in Confederate money ; at the same time one dollar in gold was worth fifty dollars in Confederate notes. The drafts of Western prisoners who had

no relatives or friends East would not be accepted. I made a draft on my father, Lockwood Mead, of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., for fifty dollars in gold. Several days after the draft had been sent, a blue slip of paper, still preserved, was received, upon which was written, "Good for \$399.99"—of course, in Confederate money. On its presentation to a camp sutler, provisions could be drawn and the amount endorsed thereon. I used it fifteen days, and drew \$222.25 worth of meat and sweet potatoes. A piece of poor fresh beef the size of a man's hand ranged in price from \$14 to \$17.50.

February 14, 1865, General Sherman had entered South Carolina and was marching towards Columbia, and his cannonading was heard near the city. After a hasty summons to prepare for another move the prisoners were hurriedly marched through a misty rain and again crowded in freight cars, and about dark the train started northward. We had taken our blankets and trinkets, but the removal was so sudden that only a few were furnished with provisions. There were about forty in the car I was in.

After leaving the city we considered the possibility of escape. Guards were placed, as usual, two on the inside at the only open door, and two or three on the top of the car. It was decided to cut a hole in the bottom of the car. Several of the prisoners had a few useful tools, and among them was a small saw which had been made from an ordinary case-knife, and had been used in prison in sawing bone and wood to fashion articles to present to friends when released. After a small hole had been cut through the floor of the car

with a knife, this saw was inserted and a piece about twenty inches square sawed out. When the hole was finished the boards were replaced to await the stoppage of the train, when all who could were to pass through the hole. While the sawing was being done officers stood up and sang "Sherman's March to the Sea," and some engaged in conversation with the inside guards. In this way the attention of the guards was diverted, and they did not discover what was going on.

The train stopped at Winnsborough, S. C., thirty-four miles north of Columbia, and after waiting until the whistle blew signalling that it was soon to start, about half a dozen in turn, myself among the number, slipped through the hole and remained under the car until the train started, for if we came out while it was standing there was danger of our being seen. Several guards in charge of the train passed alongside and uncomfortably near us while we lay crouching beneath the car. As soon as the train commenced to move we crawled out between the trucks and lay down just outside of the rail, so as not to be seen by the guards on the top of the car. When the train had passed we arose. The guards discovered us, and fired at us and others who had escaped from some of the other cars. Luckily, no one was hurt, and about a dozen escaped. Our exit through the bottom of the car was so difficult and hurried, no one being permitted to speak, that I lost my hat, which had been made from a piece of old cloth; also an oilcloth sack which contained my letters, diary, an address delivered in Libby Prison, and many articles manufactured from bone and wood, of inesti-

mable value to me. It was ten o'clock, and we separated, no more than two going together. Myself and a New York officer silently walked across a field in a westerly direction until we came to the road leading to Columbia.

It was a bleak, stormy night; sleet and ice covered the fences and roads, wounding the bare feet. Cautiously passing along the way, we came to a stream, deep and cold, which had to be forded. We travelled all that night, and towards morning a blustering snow-storm came on. At daylight, fatigued and hungry, we sought shelter in an old abandoned house which stood beside the road, and was without a floor and had no foundation, except at its corners. It had numerous openings, through which the cold north wind blew the snow against our shivering forms as we lay down to rest. While we lay here two Confederate troopers went by, evidently looking for escaped prisoners.

Remaining in this building until the middle of the afternoon, we determined to cross the road and take to the woods. In crossing, we espied a house and an elderly man at a distance. Leaving the road, we were soon in the woods, which were full of swamps. Wending our way southward as best we could, treading the fallen trees and wading in water until night, we found ourselves near a railroad wood-station, which was in charge of some negroes. We were hungry, and went to their solitary cabin in rear of the wood supply just as they were ready for supper. We told them who we were and what we wanted. They spoke in whispers, and willingly gave us their only loaf of corn-bread, fresh from the skillet. Leaving them with many

thanks, we returned to the woods and ate a grateful meal, after which we travelled along the railroad track a few miles and selected a place for a night's rest under a tree. Soon several trains passed to the north, and from our concealment could be seen in the lighted cars well-dressed women and children and household goods, which convinced us that families were fleeing from Columbia, and that Sherman's army was near.

Early the next morning heavy cannonading was heard to the southwest, and in that direction we journeyed all day in one unending swamp, filled with shallow water, trunks of trees, and small islands of morass. Among these we picked our way, guided by the welcome sound of Sherman's artillery beyond the river. The barking of dogs was heard at the settlements which skirted the woods, but no human being had been seen. Before the sun descended behind the western trees we came to the main road running north of Columbia at a point with woods on both sides. Venturing to cross the road, the officer who had been my only companion since escaping from the cars reached the opposite side as I was in the middle of the road, when suddenly a Confederate trooper came dashing towards us. I told my companion to escape, and that my capture would save him. He did so, and I never heard of him afterwards, although I presume he reached our lines. "Surrender!" was demanded with the flourish of a pistol and in imperative tones and violent language; and being clothed in ragged blue, with my head and feet bare, I submitted to the inevitable. My captor had all the calico and Confederate uniforms he could carry on the back of his horse, and in like man-

ner other troopers, who were guarding quartermaster stores in advance of their retreating army, appeared. Columbia had been evacuated, and every Southern soldier had carried away what he could. One of my captors proved to be a Kentuckian, and a brother of Chief-Justice Duvall of that State. He gave me a suit of Confederate gray, with a cap and a pair of shoes. All that night I was guarded, and learned much of General Sherman's advance. The next day I was taken along with the Rebel army, a large cavalry force retreating and somewhat disorganized. The rations issued to the Southern soldiers in the field were much superior in quality and greater in quantity than those issued to the prisoners with whom I had been; and the Southern soldier was accustomed to a diet of corn-meal and bacon, and could supplement his rations by contributions from a friendly people among whom he served. The second night I was guarded a few rods in the rear of General Wheeler's headquarters, with several prisoners recently captured from Sherman's army, and a few officers who, like myself, had escaped upon removal from Columbia and had been recaptured. Among the latter was Lieutenant H. Bader, of the Twenty-ninth Missouri Infantry.

The Confederate soldiers in the field were always ready to talk or trade with a captive, and this knot of prisoners was beset by their captors, who wished for pins and knives and many other things which they could not easily obtain in the Confederacy, and who came to the guards and talked with the prisoners. Lieutenant Bader and myself, being dressed in full Rebel uniform, resolved upon another escape. While many

cavalrymen around the place where we were guarded were caring for their horses and getting their suppers, we boldly passed the guard, and each of us seized a saddle, in imitation of many about us, and walked through the Rebel camp. When we reached its limit we put down the saddles and were soon safe in a thick underbrush, a few miles north of Columbia. That night Columbia was burned. Its fires lit up the skies, and the tall trees cast their shadows across our silent pathway as we walked in the still forests between the contending armies, now hushed in night's repose; and over friend and foe the light of that burning city, where recently I had been imprisoned, glared in mockery of treason's earliest crimes.

That night we entered a farm-house as Confederate soldiers, and were given a late supper by the mistress, who was attended by her slaves, but no white men were seen. Our hostess had been informed by retreating Confederates that afternoon that the Yankees would be along the next day, and she confided to us the whereabouts of her secreted stores, which were not afterwards revealed.

After we had finished our meal, which was plain and even homely, but which is remembered as having been eaten with great satisfaction, we went into an adjoining field, and beneath a hawthorn slept a peaceful sleep. Early the next morning, as the sun ushered in a bright day, our hearts were gladdened by hearing the *reveille* of Sherman's army to the southward, and we concealed ourselves near a road, believing our soldiers would soon come. Before noon the detailed foragers of the advance division of our army came along

with their rattling sabres, making music such as I had not heard for a long time. We were concealed in a thicket by the roadside, and made our appearance as soon as we were certain of the identity of the approaching force. It was after much scrutiny, however, that they were convinced we were not Rebels, as they presented their loaded carbines at us and demanded our surrender when we emerged from the bushes. Of course we were given hearty welcome and congratulation as soon as our identity was established.

That evening we arrived at General Sherman's headquarters and were again warmly greeted. We accompanied the army to Fayetteville, N. C., where I took the first returning steamer to Wilmington, and from thence, by the way of Beaufort, N. C., and New York City, I went to Annapolis, Md., where a leave of absence was granted. Afterwards I returned to my regiment at Nashville, Tenn., and was mustered out of the service the following July, the war being ended.

The transportation train belonging to the regiment, to save which a long and stubborn resistance had been made in vain, was captured at the time I was made a prisoner, and all my papers and personal effects, consisting of the usual furnishings of a line-officer in the field, fell into the hands of the enemy. Among other valued articles there was an album containing pictures of friends and relatives—pictures highly prized, and which always awakened home memories when looked upon, possibly for the last time, before going into battle. On the fly-leaf of this album I had taken the precaution to write a request that if it should fall into the hands of friend or enemy it might be sent to my

father, whose address was given. Several months after Lee's surrender, and more than two years after its loss, it was gratefully received by express at home in the same condition as when captured, having been kindly forwarded by Rev. R. F. Bunting, chaplain of Terry's Texas Rangers, who wrote that it had been taken September 21, 1863, near Pond Springs, Ga., by Jesse A. Kirkland, private, Company E, Terry's Texas Rangers, Eighth Texas Cavalry.

From a military standpoint the policy of the government of non-exchange of prisoners was right. It was less costly to feed a Rebel than to let him return and fight. Assuming that the soldiers on both sides were equally efficient in battle, the North had to conduct military operations in unfriendly States and guard a long line of supplies, and every step advanced required many men to protect the rear, which the South, in the main, did not have to do. Hence, to preserve that equality in the field, superior numbers were required on the part of the North, and every captive gave a proportionate advantage, so that the thousands of Northern soldiers in Southern prisons during the period of their captivity were not inactive, and really held an army at bay; but at the same time the officers were deprived of promotion, and all were compelled to undergo unexampled privations.

Prison life at ten different places in the South, covering the greater part of the controlling period of the war, abounded in many incidents not easily to be forgotten. Our misguided enemies, overmastered by evil lessons and false theories, were at times hateful and severe; but the hardships and trials, wherever endured

in our civil war, were not aimless or futile, but made possible and enduring a government whose permanence and unity the conflict secured.

These recollections, and many more which cannot here be related, flit across my memory like shadowy pictures, whose dark shades are lit up by the reflection that by such and greater sacrifices this nation was restored to a higher and grander life. Companions whose fortitude and heroism sustained them in many distressful hours cannot now be mentioned. Most of them have gone to untimely but hallowed graves; those who remain carry about them the sure evidence of their patriotic sufferings, and they are content with that reward which is found in the consciousness of having served their country in the hour of its greatest need.

No lapse of time can remove from the pages of history the painful proofs of the infamy which the brief Confederate rule fastened upon itself by permitting the cruelest and most inexcusable wrongs to be inflicted upon defenceless prisoners. No valid apology can be found for the innumerable and terrible inhumanities that were perpetrated in many Southern prisons by the nation's foes during the war; and yet it could hardly be otherwise than that an unrighteous cause, in the unholy endeavor to establish a government whose chief corner-stone was human slavery, would call to its aid every possible form of desperate power.

More than twenty-five years have passed since the memorable events of the war, and with the greatest charity let us remember these things, and forever glory

in a restored flag that proudly waves over increasing States, the symbol of freedom and progress; and may it through all the years to come shelter and protect a peaceful and united people.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND AND THE LAKE ERIE RAID OF 1864.

BY LIEUTENANT GEORGE M. PHILLIPS,

ADJUTANT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH OHIO INFANTRY, U. S.
VOLUNTEERS.

(Read December 9, 1890.)

In November, 1861, Major William Hoffman of the regular army was sent by the Secretary of War to the principal Lake cities to select and recommend a location for a depot for the custody of Rebel prisoners of war. He visited Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, and Detroit, and appeared at first most impressed with the advantages offered by Detroit. At Sandusky he fell into the hands of Colonel W. T. West, at that time a prominent merchant, and then, as now, the popular proprietor of the West Hotel of that city. Colonel West, understanding somewhat the bias of Major Hoffman, took him over to inspect Johnson's Island, and procured for him estimates for the enclosure and the buildings required. This Colonel West appears to have been an energetic and public-spirited citizen, for it is said that he promptly deducted twenty-five per cent. from the estimates submitted, and offered the reduced estimate as a bid for the location of the prison at Sandusky, and thereby secured it.

A battalion of four companies of infantry, known as "Hoffman's Battalion," was immediately sent to take possession of the island, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel William S. Pierson of Detroit; and the erection of the prison walls and the necessary buildings was completed about January 1, 1862, some of the work having been done by prisoners who had been received meantime, for which they received pay from the contractors.

It will be remembered that Johnson's Island lies within Sandusky Bay, about three and one-half miles north from Sandusky, and that on the map it bears much the same relation to the bay in which it lies, in the matter of location and relative size, as the thumb-hole in an artist's palette does to the palette itself. To the north, less than a mile away, lies the peninsula which separates the bay from Lake Erie, varying in width from three to five miles. Out in the bay to the north lie the Bass Islands and Put-in-Bay Harbor, about twenty miles distant.

Johnson's Island was thereafter considered one of the most inaccessible and secure of the military prisons in the North. To its safe shores and hospitable walls were sent most of the officers captured by our army on Southern battle-fields. At first enlisted men were also received, but as the war progressed they were sent to camps at Chicago, Indianapolis, Columbus, Rock Island, Elmira, and elsewhere. Some of the most conspicuous generals were sent to forts on the Atlantic coast; but the great body of Confederate officers who became prisoners of war were confined at Johnson's Island. The number varied as the fort-

unes of the war turned and as exchanges were made, the average number imprisoned there during 1863 and 1864 being about four thousand.

It was not long before the increasing activity of Rebel sympathizers throughout the North, and the menacing attitude of a considerable Confederate element on the Canadian border, reminded the War Department of the insufficient garrison at this important post. In the "Chronicles of the Rebellion," a compilation of newspaper publications, it is stated "that on November 10, 1863, Lord Lyons, British Minister, committed to the United States Government the particulars of a plot agreed upon by Secessionists in Canada to relieve the prisoners on Johnson's Island. Measures to prevent the consummation of the plan were immediately taken."

A brigade of infantry under command of Brigadier-General Alexander Shaler was immediately transferred from the Army of the Potomac to Sandusky and the island, and remained there until the spring of 1864, when ordered back to active service, General Shaler having meanwhile been re-transferred to the East, leaving Brigadier-General Terry of Detroit in command. Meantime six companies of fresh troops had been added to the four companies of the Hoffman Battalion, forming the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Ohio Infantry, one thousand strong; and Colonel Charles W. Hill of Toledo, afterwards Brevet-Major-General of Volunteers, was placed in command of the post on the retirement of General Terry in the spring of 1864. The iron war-steamer "Michigan" was also ordered up from Erie to anchor in Sandusky Bay and

coöperate with the troops on the island in the defence of the prison.

The situation was then seemingly secure. The spring and summer of 1864 passed by uneventfully. Officers and men had but little to do except to attend to their quiet round of garrison duties and the cultivation of Sandusky society.

But little has been said or written about the prison life at Johnson's Island. A recent *Century* article by a Lieutenant Carpenter of Louisiana is probably the most conspicuous contribution to the subject, and this, it is needless to say, should be taken with some allowance. It is noticeable, however, that after duly considering the circumstances under which he writes, and giving him entire credence for the incidents he relates, he frankly says, "The officers at Johnson's Island merely *tasted* purgatory." His story, moreover, bears internal evidence that the prisoners at Johnson's Island were humanely treated, and that the hardships they endured were only such as were necessarily incident to war. The fact that he, a prisoner, rode to Johnson's Island in a passenger car and was taken away in a box car loses significance when it is stated that our own troops were treated in the same way.

It was not, of course, to be permitted that the friends of the prisoners should visit them and have free intercourse with them. Lieutenant Carpenter seems to think it worthy of mention that in a certain case a prisoner's wife was only permitted to stand "on the outside of the pen, and allowed to look at her husband as he stood on the landing of the stairs of Block 2," which, it may be added, was within easy talking dis-

tance. It was no uncommon thing for friends or relatives of the prisoners to come armed with a request in President Lincoln's own handwriting that they be permitted an interview. In such cases the prisoners were brought outside the prison under guard and permitted an interview with reasonable privacy. I occasionally surrendered my own quarters for that purpose, and more than once to the same persons.

The rigor of our Northern winters had, no doubt, its effect on Confederate prisoners, and colored somewhat their impressions of prison life and treatment. I remember very well the coming of a number of officers from Hood's army in the winter of 1864. The bay had frozen over, but not hard enough to bear teams. There was no method of transportation from Sandusky to the Island except our fort. The ice was smooth and treacherous. Some of the poor fellows were without overcoats, and none of them appeared to be accustomed to ice. Many grew cautious as their experience increased, and before the crossing was accomplished it was not uncommon to see them on their hands and knees slowly but safely making their way across suspiciously smooth stretches.

There were at first occasional escapes. The favorite method was by tunnelling, and though not often successful, the efforts were continued until it became necessary to dig a ditch all around on the inside of the walls six to ten feet in depth to the rock formation. When this was completed other methods were resorted to. One afternoon a note was received at post headquarters stating that on that night there was to be an attempted escape, and that if a squad of men should

be sent to a certain block at a certain hour of the night the conspirators might be captured and the plot frustrated. The squad went as suggested and found only silence and darkness; but on emerging from the prison gate the guard who had counted the men as they went in found that one too many was coming out. The extra man had on a blue uniform all right, but his gun, which looked well enough in the moonlight, would not bear close inspection, having been manufactured in the prison out of a piece of board, and having a *tin* barrel and bayonet attached.

Prisoners at Johnson's Island fared ordinarily the same as our own soldiers in the matter of food, medical care, etc., and had also access to a sutler's store within the prison yard, where was kept a full supply of the luxuries usually found at a post sutler's, excepting, of course, such things as would be contraband. They were not permitted to have money, except at their credit with commandant of the post, who acted as their banker and paid their orders when properly presented.

No complaint as to quantity or quality of food was heard until in the year 1864, when the War Department ordered the withdrawal of the sutler's establishment and a reduction of daily rations as a proper retaliation for the treatment of our men in Southern prisons. Just when this began and how long it continued I cannot now recall. I was on duty at post headquarters most of the time, and did not come in contact with the prisoners as frequently as others who were subject to daily detail. Only one instance of rat-eating came to my notice, and that through Lieutenant E. O.

Mitchell of my own company, who is now living in Toledo, O. He stated that one night when on duty as officer of the guard he heard an unusual pounding going on in Block 8, which was the prison hospital. He took a man with him, and as quietly as possible lifted the latch and walked inside. In a large pan on the table in front of him were what appeared to be a lot of squirrels cleaned and dressed, and right over a big rat-hole stood a man with a club in his hands, and near by stood three others looking on. He asked what they had in the pan, and the answer was, "Rats." He asked, "Don't you have enough to eat?" The spokesman replied, "Yes," but added that "if the rats were prepared as a stew, they would be a good change for the sick." He told them the noise must stop, and nothing more was heard of it.

Prisoners were permitted to send and receive letters within certain restrictions. All letters were examined at the headquarters post-office to prevent sending or receiving contraband information, and a reasonable limit had of course to be placed on the number and length of letters for each prisoner. The mail inspectors had their hands more than full, and were often highly entertained, for, as it will be remembered, many of the letters sent and received were from the very brightest of the Southern people. Letters containing cipher, or more of a foreign flavor than the not over-expert linguists in our post-office department were able to comprehend, or such as developed under chemical treatment too much information "between the lines," were quietly suppressed.

On two occasions the long roll aroused the garrison

after midnight. Once when a body of prisoners made a well-planned effort to stampede the guards and scale the prison wall so as to escape over the ice to the peninsula on the north. I think two or three succeeded in escaping at that time, and one, a Captain Frazer of Memphis, was shot dead. Their plan of action was to make a vigorous demonstration with sticks, stones, dummies, and yells, and thereby to draw the fire of the guards, who would not be able to reload in time to prevent others from escaping under cover. The other memorable night alarm was caused by a passing tornado, which unroofed several of the buildings both in and out of the prison yard, carried away the stairs from a number of the two-story blocks, and blew down the entire north and east prison wall, so that, until matters could be taken in hand, the breach was repaired by a living wall of soldiers. The situation was not reassuring to the prisoners, and no attempts at escape were made that night.

Some time during the summer of 1864 there appeared at the leading Sandusky hotel a man registering himself as Charles H. Cole, and representing himself as connected with a Pennsylvania oil company. He was very free with his money, and soon made friends among those convivially disposed. As his hotel was but three or four miles from the island and the "Michigan" at anchor there, it was not long before he was on visiting terms with the army and navy there represented. He appeared to take a fancy to the officers of the steamer, having previously met some of them at Erie, and would improve every opportunity to wine and dine them at his hotel, accepting in return

their hospitalities whenever offered. Although he soon established friendly relations with some of the officers of the post, he seemed more interested in his older acquaintances of the "Michigan." As he was easy of approach, a good talker, and an excellent story-teller, he quite soon became a popular fellow around town, and generally well known in the vicinity. His business as agent or officer of his "oil company," though it did not seem to interfere with his social engagements, would occasionally take him from Sandusky, often in the direction of Detroit, by rail or steamer as it might happen. Sometimes he might be seen among the pleasure-seekers at Kelley's Island, which will be remembered as lying out in the lake about twelve miles distant.

On September 19, about 5 o'clock P.M., half a dozen officers were hurriedly summoned to post headquarters, and ordered by General Hill to take the first ferry to Sandusky for special duty. On reaching the wharf at the foot of the parade, where a tub-like boat called the "Little Eastern," which was then serving as a government ferry, was already receiving a detail of one hundred men, the party was rejoined by the general, who stated that a plot for the capture of the steamer "Michigan" on that night had just been discovered and might yet be attempted. The chief conspirator, the genial Cole, was already under arrest on the "Michigan," and others were yet to be captured if not too late. Any further particulars of the plot he did not then nor afterwards communicate.

There were at that time no fortifications on the island, and no artillery excepting two small brass-

howitzers located in block-houses and pointed towards the prison pen. As the regiment of infantry on the island would have been powerless under the guns of the steamer had they been turned on the island, the situation was stimulating and suggestive in the extreme. For months, and with some for years, absolutely nothing had happened. Now, the gravest of perils, without any previous warning, was just at hand. Arriving at Sandusky, small details were sent in various directions and soon returned to the boat, bringing with them under arrest six or eight of the leading citizens, some of whom were "copperheads" of the most pronounced type. Their names had been given up by Cole as co-conspirators, and, though apparently dumfounded over their arrest, they were hurried aboard without ceremony. A censorship of the telegraph lines was ordered; and it was assigned to the writer to see that no cipher telegrams were sent or delivered, nor any which could not be plainly understood or properly vouched for. Pickets were placed around the incoming passenger trains, and none were permitted to pass through the lines who could not identify or satisfactorily account for themselves. At length the twilight disappeared and gave place to night, with its dark uncertainties.

The regular passenger steamers, the "Philo Parsons," from Detroit, and the "Island Queen," from Kelley's Island, both of which were due before sunset, had not yet arrived—a thing of itself sufficient to excite anxious enquiry and foreboding under the most ordinary circumstances. But everything otherwise being quiet in the city, and no suspicious or unusual

movements being discovered, the "Little Eastern" with its citizen prisoners made its quiet way back to the island. The "Michigan" still lay at anchor with her fires up, grim and silent, awaiting the impending and unknown danger. The guards around the prison yard and the pickets on the shore line of the island were doubled, and the regiment lay upon its arms, wondering what would be the next development. The long hours of the night passed in dreary procession until the approach of the morning of the 20th. No demonstration from the front or rear now seeming probable, the "Michigan" quietly weighed anchor and steamed out into the lake around the peninsula to the north and out of sight. At daybreak the absence of the familiar outline of the steamer from its accustomed anchorage at the foot of the parade, and the presence of a respectable deputation of leading Sandusky citizens at our mess tables, were the only evidences of our night's vigil.

Between five and six o'clock the next morning the officer of the picket guard appeared at headquarters with a party of half-a-dozen men, headed by a sturdy, full-bearded man who announced himself as John Brown, Jr., a son of Captain John Brown of Ossawatimie, and said they had come from Put-in Bay to give warning of the capture of the steamers "Parsons" and "Island Queen" by Rebels from Canada. As the boats had headed down the lake, or towards Sandusky, they inferred that the seizure was but preliminary to an attempt to take the "Michigan" and liberate the Confederate officers on the island. Brown and his party had crossed the channel in a row-boat.

Though the wind was blowing heavily from the west they succeeded in rowing across safely, crossed the peninsula on foot to Fox's dock, from which they took another small boat to the island to give us our first information of the seizure. The hour, the situation, the man, and his name, all combined to make the scene most dramatic. General Hill immediately sent a messenger by small boat to Sandusky, and telegraphed the following warning to the principal Lake cities:

"JOHNSON'S ISLAND, September 20, 8 A.M.

"To Provost Marshals and Military Commanders:

"The Rebels from Canada captured the steamers 'Parsons' and 'Island Queen' near the Bass Islands yesterday afternoon, and have gone down or across the lake. They disappeared from the island between ten and eleven o'clock last night, and have probably gone for reinforcements of guns and ammunition.

"The capturing party were about thirty, with abundance of revolvers and bowie-knives. No other arms were noticed at Middle Bass Island. The captors took wood enough to last two days.

"Warn all vessels and steamers, and send all important information here.

"We have one of the principal conspirators in arrest.

"CHARLES W. HILL,

"Colonel Commanding."

Before noon telegrams were received from Detroit, stating that the "Parsons" had been run ashore in Canadian waters and abandoned. In due time the "Michigan" returned with confirmation of the report. Captain Orr of the "Island Queen" reached Toledo about noon by rail from Wyandotte, Mich., having crossed to that point from Fighting Island in Detroit River, where he had been put off the "Parsons" by the Rebels. He made the following statement, which ap-

peared in the *Toledo Blade* of that date, and is the most trustworthy account of the capture of the boats now obtainable :

"The 'Philo Parsons,' Captain S. F. Atwood, left Detroit yesterday (Monday) morning at eight o'clock for Sandusky. At Sandwich a number of passengers got on board and also at Malden, making in all thirty-five to forty. They had several trunks and other baggage.

"Nothing occurred to attract attention to these men until the boat had left Kelley's Island, when they went to their rooms and soon returned dressed in long coats, concealing their persons. Under the orders of a leader, these men were so stationed as to command the boat, and then the officers and crew were notified that they were prisoners of war, and that the boat was in possession of Captain Allen of the Confederate Navy. The disguise of the men now being removed, revealed them armed with two navy revolvers, a bowie-knife, and a hatchet each. It was also found that they were provided with grappling-irons for scaling vessels. The Captain and his men were told that on any attempt at resistance their brains would be blown out, and two of the privates stood by the wheelsman with four pistols drawn, directing him in what direction to steer.

"After getting possession, instead of entering the bay the pirates passed on down the lake some five miles from the island, when they turned around, and passing Kelley's went back to Middle Bass Island.

"The 'Queen' had left Sandusky at 8 P.M. for Toledo, and stopped at Kelley's Island for some thirty or forty men of Captain Webb's Company, One Hundred and Thirtieth Ohio, who had been home on furlough. They were, of course, without arms. The 'Queen' stopped at Middle Bass Island alongside the 'Parsons' without the least suspicion of wrong, and commenced getting out her plank with the view of passing freight across the 'Parsons' to the dock, when she was suddenly boarded by about twenty armed men, who notified all on board that they were prisoners of war. They were then ordered on board the 'Parsons,' the ladies and children being allowed to go on shore. The soldiers were then all paroled as Confederate prisoners of war, and the balance of the passengers of the two boats sworn to secrecy for twenty-four hours, when they were permitted to land.

"The steamers were then lashed together and started for Sandusky. About five miles below Put-in Bay the pirates broke off the water-

cock of the pony engine of the 'Queen,' leaving a hole in her side about four inches in diameter, when she was cast off from the 'Parsons' and left to sink. The 'Parsons' then passed on and cruised about the mouth of Sandusky Bay for some time, as if watching for a signal inside, and then took her course for Detroit River. While hovering about the bay the pirates were heard discussing earnestly among themselves the probability of their being able to capture the United States steamer 'Michigan,' lying at Johnson's Island. Some claimed it could be done, while others insisted the attempt would be nothing but murder. It is Captain Orr's belief that this was the chief object of the scheme, and that the attempt failed from some miscarriage of the plan on the part of accomplices in the bay.

"The pirates asked him if there was anything strange or exciting going on at Sandusky, and seemed to expect to hear of something of that kind."

The details of the plot leading to the capture of the "Parsons" on the morning of the 19th are variously stated. Some years ago a very remarkable interview of the man Cole, who is now said to be living in Texas, was published in a Philadelphia paper and reproduced in the *St. Paul Press*. But as his portrayal of the subsequent details, of which I have personal knowledge, are so unreliable, it is hardly worth while to quote him on points in dispute. I venture to quote the following from a recent sketch published by the American Press Association, which agrees in the main with my impressions, and is probably the most accurate statement obtainable:

"John Y. Beale was a young Virginian, and had been wounded early in the conflict. As master in the Confederate navy he for some time led a daring life as a 'Swamp Angel' on the lower Potomac, destroying Union commerce on Chesapeake Bay and contiguous waters. While engaged in this work he planned a lake raid, but failed to get his government to sanction the project until 1864, when the North-

western Confederacy movement, of which Jacob Thompson was the head, made it fit in with the necessities of the Canadian conspirators. Thompson and his gang wanted a foothold on Union soil near the northern border. One of their cherished plans was an uprising of the notorious Sons of Liberty at Chicago during the Democratic national convention in August, 1864. This was a fiasco, and Thompson turned his attention seriously to the lakes. About this time Beale arrived at Sandusky, O., with authority to proceed on his raiding enterprise.

"Thompson had prepared the way for him by a careful investigation of the lake defences through an emissary located at Sandusky, Captain Charles H. Cole, formerly of Morgan's Raiders. Cole was supplied with means to entertain and bribe such Union officials as might be of service to the Confederacy, and he finally concluded that the control of the lakes could be secured by the capture of the gunboat 'Michigan,' the sole defender of the waters, and the liberation of the Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglass, Chicago, and at Johnson's Island in Sandusky Bay.

"Thompson gave Cole authority to capture the 'Michigan,' and appointed Beale to aid him. It was arranged between Cole and Beale that the former would remain at Sandusky and coöperate by bribing some of the men on the 'Michigan,' and by preparing the prisoners on Johnson's Island for an outbreak. The 'Michigan' lay off the island. The date was fixed for the night of September 19, and Beale went to Canada to organize a force, hazarding everything, as will be seen, on the success of his confederate, who, at the decisive moment, when Beale's attacking party should arrive off Sandusky, was to make rocket signals that the expected aid was a certainty."

Three days after, when the excitement that immediately followed had somewhat quieted, Generals Heintzelman, Hitchcock, and Hill, and Captain Carter of the "Michigan," examined the prisoners on board the steamer. Cole admitted the innocence of the Sandusky citizens who were arrested on his information. They were released and sent to their homes, as there was no evidence whatever of their connection with the plot.

Cole stated as his reason for implicating them that he wished to give his real confederates warning and give them a chance to escape. His ruse seemed successful, for only one was captured, a woman (his mistress), and she was afterwards released. He was shortly afterwards taken to Cincinnati, tried by court-martial, condemned as a spy, and sentenced to be hung on Johnson's Island on the 16th of February following. Returning to the island, he was kept in close confinement until the morning set for his execution. At the last moment the President commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life, and he was sent, by order of the War Department, to Fort Lafayette, where he remained until released by President Johnson in 1867. Cole was kept in entire ignorance of the commutation of his sentence when taken from the island on the very day set for his execution, and, though thinking he was going to his death, his cheerfulness and unconcern never deserted him on the journey to Fort Lafayette. During his confinement on the island we found him the same agreeable and entertaining fellow as he was when he seemed to be dividing his attention between oil stock and good dinners at the West House. He was merry and amusing to the last, and we were sorry to part with him.

The time and place of Cole's arrest have not yet been mentioned. It was said that he was arrested at his hotel a few hours before our detachment was sent from the island for the arrest of the Sanduskians, and was taken at once to the "Michigan." It was also stated that he was arrested on the "Michigan" while at dinner with the officers whom he was cultivating.

In either case, the following telegram, which in some mysterious way reached the hands of General Hill or Captain Carter, appears to have played a very important part:

"By Mad River train you will get some men marked, and by Mansfield train some more. The 'Parsons' at eight o'clock will bring you forty-five. Look after and provide for them."

The question very naturally arises, When and how was the plot discovered and the warning given? It was reported that a prisoner on the island weakened at the last moment and gave the scheme away. If we turn to Cole's interview for light on this point, he says: "A Colonel Johnson of Kentucky betrayed us. As near as I have been able to ascertain, after careful enquiry, he dropped a paper containing the information of our purposes upon the wharf just as we were leaving Malden on the morning of the 19th of September. It was picked up and the facts communicated to the provost marshal at Detroit, I believe. He telegraphed to the officers of the steamer 'Michigan,' but the despatch was by accident delivered to the commanding officer on Johnson's Island. It was merely by chance that the message reached the boat in time to save her from capture and to upset our plans."

I had an impression at the time that a telegram from the War Department was received by General Hill, on whose staff I was serving, but I did not see it, and do not now recall any statement of his on the subject. Important events followed each other from this time on in such quick succession that no opportunities for careful inspection came until the war was ended and

we became separated. While in Sandusky recently I called at the office of the *Daily Register*, hoping to refresh my memory from its files, only to learn that a fire some years before had consumed all the files previous to 1870.

General Hill is now dead and cannot speak for himself. Not feeling satisfied to leave this question unsettled, I have, through a friend, obtained the following from Major George B. Davis, in charge of the War Records Office at Washington :

“WAR RECORDS OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

“DEAR — : I have looked into the Johnson Island matter a little, and find that the raid of September 19 *found itself out*, as far as all except Colonel Hill are concerned. He seems to have shrewdly suspected that something was up, and acted promptly upon such information as he had. I think, however, that Colonel Hill's action was based upon a number of rumors and suspicious circumstances, and not upon a specific item of information. I have looked his books over, and find that he seems to have gotten the information himself and was not indebted to any superior or subordinate for it.

“Faithfully yours,

“G. B. DAVIS.”

A newspaper article connects the execution of Beale, which followed, with the assassination of President Lincoln. It says :

“J. H. Beale was from Jefferson County, W. Va., but a short distance above Washington, where many of his relatives now live. He was the intimate friend of John Wilkes Booth. When Beale was sentenced to death Booth made a powerful attempt to save his life. He enlisted all the eminent men he possibly could to his efforts, but there seemed no hope of success. As a last resort he begged his influential friends to secure him an audience with President Lincoln. Quite a number of them consented to do so, among whom was the late Colonel W. Forney. The audience was granted a short time before Beale was to be hung, and Booth made a plea for his life which moved Mr. Lin-

coln to tears. The good-hearted President would doubtless have commuted Beale's sentence after the occurrence of that night, but the positive Secretary Stanton said:

" 'There has been too much leniency in dealing with these fellows. Cole's sentence has been commuted. The law ought to take its course in Beale's case.' "

" It did, and Beale was hung. Booth's failure to save the life of his friend is said to have so preyed upon his mind that it gradually worked him up to the point of assassinating the President. "

This statement seems improbable, and can hardly be accepted as authentic history.

When we remember the situation of the country during the summer and fall of 1864, both at the front and in the North, we can more readily appreciate the serious consequences that might have followed this affair had it been successful.

It was just previous to Lincoln's second election. The convention that had nominated his opponent had declared the war a failure. There was organized opposition of the draft, and this was so serious as to occupy a prominent place in the thoughts of General Grant, as we discover from his "Memoirs." General Sherman's army at Atlanta, deprived of the presence of Logan and others who were, at the request of the War Department, in the North working for the reëlection of Lincoln, was in constant danger of having its supplies cut off. Early was menacing Washington, General Grant had been pounding away in Virginia, but the losses of Cold Harbor, following the bloody but ineffectual battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, and being followed in turn by the disastrous failure of the Petersburg mine, gave some strength to the arguments of the peace party. Sherman was

sending to Grant for reënforcements in the South while Halleck was asking Grant for troops to enforce the draft in the North. Had the Lake Erie raid proved successful, the moral effect of the release of four thousand Confederate officers, though tremendous, would have been of minor importance compared with the appalling certainty that the cities of Detroit, Toledo, Sandusky, Cleveland, Erie, and Buffalo would have been completely at the mercy of the "Michigan" manned by Confederates fully alive to their opportunities.

Those who participated in this affair have sometimes wondered that it attracted so little notice at the time, and that it is even now hardly mentioned in the war histories. This may be accounted for in part by the rapid succession of events that crowded each other during the last year of the war. It is also possible that the raid, and the tremendous possibilities involved, were lost sight of in the overwhelming enthusiasm caused throughout the country by Sheridan's defeat of Early on that day at Opequon Creek, and the more famous ride "from Winchester twenty miles away" that followed so soon after.

REMINISCENCES OF INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS IN MINNESOTA.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES STARKEY,*

FIRST MINNESOTA MOUNTED RANGERS, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read February 10, 1891.)

SOME time during the year 1856 a portion of the territory lying between St. Paul and Lake Superior was explored by a small band of settlers from St. Paul, with the view of learning the practicability of opening up a highway between the above-named points. After five or six weeks spent in examining the country between St. Paul and Grindstone Creek, near Kettle River, which is tributary to the St. Croix River, the necessary legislation was procured to locate a road, to be called the "St. Paul and Kettle River Road," a name well known and preserved until the iron horse of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad came puffing along and buried in the by-gones that old, familiar designation of what is now one of the great highways of the State. It was upon the identical line of this railroad that the events which we are about to relate took place.

The commissioners appointed to locate the above-mentioned wagon-road were R. C. Knox, James Star-

*Died at Winnipeg, Man., August 28, 1892.

key, and Charles R. Conway, the latter being afterwards superseded by Benjamin Densmore. The road was located, and before the commissioners returned to St. Paul settlers came in upon its line as far as what is now known as North Branch; and the present town of Wyoming was first settled by a party of Pennsylvanians, under the leadership of Dr. J. W. Comfort, who followed the line of the survey and selected Wyoming as their land of promise. Farther along the line of the road scattered claims were made, and improvements commenced preparatory to preëmption and purchase. The streams feeding the head water of Rum River were considered as choice selections by the hardy pioneers, and one of these streams, called Cedar Creek, or the North Branch, a tributary to Sunrise River, was also settled upon. And among its settlers were Colonel J. P. Owens, an editor of the *Minnesotian*, and A. C. Smith, who about that time edited the St. Paul *City Press*, a paper started with the object of becoming the organ of the Democratic party in lieu of the *Pioneer*, whose fealty to Democratic principles was questioned. But the *City Press*, sometimes called the "Cheese Press," did not long survive, while the *Pioneer Press* still waves.

Messrs. Owens and Smith, desirous of securing to themselves a farm, took the necessary steps, preëmpted, and, as was the common practice, employed others to live upon, improve, and hold their several tracts of land for them until such time as they should be able to occupy the same themselves. Among the settlers thus engaged were William Key and James Burns, who while thus employed were subject to the visits of

several bands of marauding Chippewa Indians, whose visits were far more frequent than pleasant, each visit generally ending in robbery and violence; and to such an extent was this carried on that the whole upper country, as then called, became alarmed. Frequent appeals had been made to the Governor and Indian Agent to remove the Indians and compel them to keep on their reservations, but without effect. Early in the month of August, 1857, a party of these red-skins appeared in the neighborhood of the Owens and Smith farm, and while the men were in the woods entered the house of Jemmy Burns and compelled his wife to feed them; and after regaling themselves as only an Indian can, took forcible possession of the food left. When in possession of all the pork, flour, etc., in the house, they then helped themselves to whatever the garden would afford, and to wind up their outrage set fire to the haystacks around. The affrighted Mrs. Burns, with her children, seeing the conflagration, went to the door and made signs to the Indians to go away. She was saluted with knives thrown at her by the wretches, some of which stuck in the door-post near her, and one killing a dog that stood by his mistress. Terror-stricken, the poor woman with her children withdrew into the house, barricaded the door, and in fearful suspense remained until the return of Burns from his work in the evening. Fearful that the Indians would return, and afraid to remain where life and property were so insecure, Burns resolved to abandon his home and seek protection from the Governor of the Territory, who at that time was the late Samuel Medary, of Ohio. The

panic-stricken family, with other settlers, set out for St. Paul, distant about fifty miles, the same night, and upon their arrival solicited the aid of Colonel Owens, who at once proceeded to the capitol and made complaint to the Governor of the conduct of the Indians, demanding protection to the frontier settlers and the removal and punishment of the Indians. After some time Burns made an affidavit to the State officers of facts as above cited, and the following was the result: Although the Indians were removed and partially punished, but not half enough, poor Jemmy Burns and his wife could never after be persuaded to go back to their old home on the North Branch. Jemmy may be remembered by some of our old settlers as the good-natured janitor at the capitol for a season, where he so often recited his Indian experience to his listeners.

About the time of these Indian troubles a company of St. Paul citizens, desirous of emulating the system and customs of the older States, organized a company of militia under the law of the Territory of Minnesota, and designated the organization as the "St. Paul Light Cavalry Company," Captain Collins commanding, who soon after was succeeded by Captain James Starkey. After the proper enrollment of the company, and an application had been made for a supply of arms, etc., they were each furnished by the Adjutant-General of the Territory with an old regulation sabre, and one holster pistol carrying an ounce ball, with the accompanying accoutrements. This was all the government could or would do for the company; but as an *esprit de corps* had taken hold of its members, they determined to live up to the regulations. Accordingly each

man procured his own horse and accoutrements, and the aid of Messrs. Horstman & Sons of Philadelphia was invited, to supply uniforms for the company. In due time the clothing came along, and on the same day of its arrival, and while the boys were in their armory over Lambert's brick building on Third Street, each receiving his suit of clothes, a tall, dark, good-looking young man entered the armory, and with respectful address enquired for the Captain, and addressed him as follows: "Captain Starkey, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "Here is a letter from Governor Medary requiring your immediate attention." Upon the Captain's enquiring of the bearer of the letter who he was, the reply came sharp and decisive, "I am the private secretary of Governor Medary; my name is Edward McCook. You had better attend to that letter at once."

The contents of the letter were as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS, TERRITORY OF MINNESOTA, MILITIA.

"TO CAPTAIN JAMES STARKEY,

"St. Paul Light Cavalry:

"You are hereby commanded to detail a sufficient number of mounted men belonging to your company, and proceed to the valley and head waters of the Rum River and remove certain bands of marauding Chippewa Indians, and protect the settlers in that portion of the territory.

"By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

"SAMUEL MEDARY.

"ED. MCCOOK, *Adjutant.*"

Adjutant McCook afterwards became one of our distinguished generals in the late War of the Rebellion.

Immediately upon reading this order attention was called, and amid almost deathless silence it was read aloud to the command. Although it was a surprise,

not a murmur was uttered; all were ready at once to do their duty in protecting the defenceless frontier settlers. But it was a Herculean task to equip and get ready for such an expedition with such a poor supply of arms; no ammunition, no tents, no quartermaster or company supplies, no transportation—nothing, in fact, except an old pistol and an old sabre apiece. Nothing daunted, however, they determined to go, and a few hours saw a change. The Captain upon his own responsibility purchased canvas for tents, which were made while on the march. Supplies were procured, forage purchased, teams hired, a surgeon engaged, and several hundred rounds of cartridges made; and within a few hours of the reception of the order the line of march was taken up. An incident worth recording occurred just after the order was received. The Captain, after sleeping on the matter, the next morning began to reflect on the responsibilities, particularly in a financial point of view, and deeming it best to call on the Governor for further instructions, proceeded to the capitol, and met Hon. H. M. Rice and Senator Stephen A. Douglass (the senator from Illinois) upon the steps together. He saluted them; they paused to receive the salutation, and Captain Starkey drew from his pocket the “order,” and, handing it to Mr. Rice, said: “Here, Mr. Rice, what do you think of this? What would you do?” After reading the document, Mr. Rice with one of his bland smiles handed it to Mr. Douglass, who read it very attentively, and, returning it to the Captain, said, with loud emphasis, “If you ask me what to do, sir, I would say, Do your duty, sir, or show the white feather!” This was a clincher.

We believe the Captain tried to do his duty; whether he did or not the truth of history will tell. However, he did not visit the Governor, but did see Major Cullen, at that time the Indian agent (the Major, an old and respected friend of the writer, is since deceased). After some little conversation, upon leaving the Major said: "Captain, these Indian outrages must be stopped. Bring them in; don't spare them—bring them in, dead or alive!"

Such was the feeling then at headquarters. Something must be done, or a complete white exodus would take place, and the tide of immigration cease. So with "Do your duty, sir, or show the white feather," the expedition started from St. Paul, with the hopes and fears of the loved ones at home considerably exercised. A few members of the company, from some cause or other, either not liking the chances of a fight or really not able to go, obtained permission to remain at home, provided their places could be filled by substitutes. This was done in a few instances, but to their credit be it said a large majority of the regular members comprised the expedition. Among them were Captain James Starkey, commanding; Lieutenant J. I. Salter, Lieutenant William Dahl, Surgeon Mead, Interpreters Brissett and McBean, Serjeant Postell, George Lowry, S. Ward, and others whose names cannot be remembered. The force consisted of thirty mounted men for duty, three baggage-wagons, and one ambulance.

On the third day out, being encamped north of Owens's farm, a heavy storm set in, and the boys having all "turned in" except the guards, the captain and the first lieutenant made a discovery which indicated the

presence of Indians within a mile; for while outside the picket-line they distinctly heard the firing of a gun and the yell of an Indian. They immediately returned to camp, ordered all fires to be put out, and the utmost silence to be preserved. Morning was anxiously looked for: it came with a drizzling rain. A cold bite of "hard-tack" and pork was the breakfast; then in the saddle, each man furnished with thirty rounds of ammunition and supplies, and the march was resumed. About two hours later the Indian camping-ground was found, but no Indians were to be seen. They had no doubt discovered the troops, and had decamped. Following the trail, about noon the expedition came to a large stream of water, at the head of which were some white men constructing a mill-dam. After bridging the stream the command crossed; and to the surprise of all they recognized one of the party to be J. Y. Caldwell, better known as Deacon Caldwell, a citizen of St. Paul, and at one time sheriff of Ramsey County. He was informed of the object of the expedition, and from him it was learned that near a trading-post on the prairie in which he had an interest a party of ten or fifteen Chippewa Indians were encamped; but they had no squaws or children with them. They were painted up like a war party, and were practising at firing with ball at a mark. "I am glad you have come, for they are a desperate set," added Caldwell. "If we don't leave the country soon they will kill or drive us off." Caldwell was then instructed by the Captain to take a horse, ride over to the trading-post and get into a friendly talk with the Indians, so as to divert their attention until the whole command could ride up,

surround them, and take them prisoners, which could probably be done without bloodshed. Caldwell promised to do as requested, and rode off on his mission, while the men dismounted for a rest in the valley of the river. After sufficient time had elapsed to enable the messenger to accomplish the purpose for which he had been sent, the order to mount was given, and the line of march was again taken up. Slowly emerging from the valley, the table-land was reached, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the trading-post, when away to the east were seen the marauders for whom the expedition had been searching so many days.

A party of Indians about a mile to the eastward were evidently making for a dense forest, apparently intending to escape thereby or to make a stand should the troops attempt an attack on them. It was evident from this movement of the savages that they must have been warned of the approach of the militia by our friend the deacon, for their attempted flight must have been resolved upon before a single man of the command could possibly have been seen by them. Quick as thought the halt was sounded, and Sergeant McBean, one of the interpreters, was ordered with the advance guard to ride as fast as horseflesh would carry them and overtake the Indians before they could obtain cover of the woods, intercept their retreat, and inform them that the troops were sent by their Great Father, not to harm them, but to have a talk with them about their being on the lands belonging to the white man.

Away over the prairie bounded the gallant advance,

while the main body marched slowly in the direction of the Indians. The enemy was overtaken by McBean and his three comrades before the belt of timber was reached. A parley ensued, and in a short time the Indians, formed in line, were seen to come towards the troops, the guard in their rear. They carried their guns across their arms, and advanced with slow, hesitating steps. Suddenly they were observed to sit down and gesticulate at the guards. Fearing for the safety of his men, the command was given "Trot, march!" and away the troops went, to be in time to take a hand in an attack, provided they were obliged to do so. This movement was seen by the Indians, who arose and came on in the same order as before. In a few seconds the troops and savages met face to face, the countenances of the latter showing signs of rage and distrust. Captain Starkey, riding to the front and in advance of his men, beckoned the Indians to come towards him, and instructed the interpreter to tell them that they should not be harmed; that their Great Father had sent his soldiers out to have a talk with them about some of their band that had been committing depredations on the white settlers; that they must go to St. Paul with the company and see their agent, who would instruct them in what they must do in the future. This talk was evidently understood by them. For a moment they exchanged glances with each other, when one, apparently the head-man or chief, gave a loud cry in his own language; then with a yell and a bound they all broke from the guard and started upon a run.

Unfortunately a lumber fence was close by the halt-

ing-place, over, under, and through which the redskins made their escape. This gave them the advantage, for some of the troops had to dismount and tear down two of the panels of the fence before the force could advance. While this was being done orders were given to fire a shot in the air, to intimidate the flying Indians; and the interpreters both called to them to stop, and they would not be hurt. But all to no purpose: their evident intention was to get under cover of the woods, and while the troops in the heat of pursuit would chase them to its boundary, the cowardly wretches from behind the trees could perhaps empty the saddles of the whole command.

After the fence was torn down the company was divided into two sections, to ride in pursuit and be ready to flank and overtake them. While in the performance of this duty Private Donnelly, a fine young man, who was mounted on a splendid horse, got considerably in advance of his comrades, and headed off a part of the Indians; then, suddenly checking his animal, he leaned forward in his saddle, and with a motion of the hand cried, "Go back! go back!" The Indians paused for a moment, but one of their number, with gun poised on the left arm, suddenly sprang with a bound from the off to the near side of Donnelly's horse, raised the weapon, and fired. Poor Donnelly was seen to reel in his saddle. This was the first hostile shot fired, and that, too, by the Indians.

It is unnecessary to say that among the troops all thoughts of peace and kind treatment vanished into air in less time than it takes to collect the memories to put this mournful portion of this history on record.

Captain Starkey at once ordered the "charge" sounded, and with an imprecation, pardonable, perhaps, at this juncture, cried aloud, "Let 'em have it, boys!" A running fight ensued, the troops charging with their heavy sabres and pistols, the Indians firing at random wherever a head appeared.

At length the Indians were routed; two or three fell; some threw up their hands in token of surrender; one or two of them fought to the last, and were cut down with the sabre or were clubbed with the butt-end of a pistol.

The fight commenced so suddenly that all thoughts of poor Donnelly, except to revenge his fall, were lost in the heat of action, until Surgeon Mead, who, with the ambulance, had been in the rear, came to his assistance. But, alas! no earthly power could avail. A fine youth, blooming into manhood, had yielded up his life a sacrifice to duty. His next comrade, Patterson, was near when the fatal shot was fired, and heard its victim simply exclaim, "Oh!" Patterson, calling him by name, asked, "Are you hurt?" The poor fellow answered, "Yes, I am, badly;" and rolling from the saddle he fell to the ground—dead. But his death did not go unavenged, though the actual perpetrator, an Indian named Sha-go-ba, ultimately escaped.

At the time of first discovering the Indians there were from twelve to sixteen of them, but the actual number was never ascertained, as the party was scattered. Six were taken prisoners, among whom was the wretch Sha-go-ba; one was killed in the field, and two were wounded—one mortally, who died on the return march to St. Paul.

There are probably some of our old settlers in St. Paul who may remember the occasion when the Captain's German teamster performed the funeral rites of the dead Indian. While getting the decomposed remains ready for interment, it being a warm season of the year, the Dutchman's task was no enviable one, and sundry decoctions of poor whiskey were used, externally for the Indian, and internally for his own benefit, a last horn being reserved for the dead internally, in this way: forcing open the mouth of the corpse, he poured therein the horn of whiskey, and said, with an oath, "There, you'll drink no more whiskey and kill no more white men." This may, to some, appear rough and improper, but our Teutonic friend, "Old Harmon," had been one of the expedition, and knew the villainy and murderous character of the wretches by whom our brave and gallant Donnelly had been murdered. At such a time maudling sentimentality is idle.

After the fight and a hastily gotten meal the return march was commenced, after securely binding the prisoners, over whom a strong guard was placed, with orders should they attempt to escape to shoot them down.

Two days' march under a hot sun brought the expedition to St. Paul, when, reporting at the capitol, all was found to be chaos and confusion. No executive, but only the acting governor, the Secretary of the Territory, Chase, was present; and from him no orders, instructions, or anything could be obtained.

The Constitutional Convention was then in session at the capitol, many of whose members left their chamber to welcome the troops on their return.

A melancholy and sad task was the delivery of the body of poor Donnelly to his grief-stricken parents and relatives, and to this day the sad scene comes up in vivid remembrance.

There was no other alternative except to take the prisoners to the armory of the company, and there keep them in confinement.

After several days the Captain, through the efforts of the Indian agent, Cullen, was served with a writ of *habeas corpus*, returnable before Judge Nelson, to produce the Indians in court on a certain day, and show cause why they were detained in custody.

On the day of the return of the writ the Indians, in charge of the guard and Captain Starkey, appeared in court. The latter was represented by counsel in the persons of Judge L. Emmet and James Smith, Jr. The result was that the Indians were ordered to be delivered up to the Indian agent; and they were all so disposed of, excepting the fiend Sha-go-ba, against whom was preferred a charge of wilful murder. After the hearing of the testimony Sha-go-ba was ordered to be committed for trial, the court deciding, however, that he must be remanded back to the county wherein the offence was committed, to be there tried. He was next day taken by the sheriff of Ramsey County over to Taylor's Falls and delivered into the custody of the sheriff of Chisago County; but on the next day, we believe, the wretch escaped from prison. No doubt his escape was aided by the officer of the law whose duty it was to have kept him safely incarcerated until the time of his trial. Such was the way things were done in those days.

However incredible it may appear, yet it is true that after the Indians were delivered to the agent there were parties in this city who actually lionized the brutes. Even while the corpse of the murdered Donnelly was lying in his father's house, awaiting the last sad rites, men were here who purchased blankets, guns, trinkets, etc., for these murderers. In fact, they were allowed to parade our streets in their gaudy attire, and one Joseph Rolette, conspicuous among the rest, had the audacity to take them to a theatre then exhibiting in the city under canvas; and a Miss Sally St. Clair, an actress of the "light order," having been tendered a benefit, these red-skins, under the guide of Mr. Rolette, were marched up to the foot-lights during the evening of the performance, and one of them deputed to perform the ceremony of presenting Miss St. Clair with a diamond ring.

But little did Mr. Rolette or his quondam associates know the danger they ran that night, for it had of course leaked out during the day of this no doubt intended insult to the memory of the murdered Donnelly; and his comrades, hearing of it, determined to prevent the insulting exhibition at the risk of shooting every Indian in the theatre that night. This they were determined to do, and each man, armed with a pistol, went to the theatre for the avowed purpose.

Late in the afternoon, however, Captain Starkey heard of the affair, and resolved, if possible, to prevent it; not that he did not share with his men their utter condemnation of such treatment from the hands of white men, but he feared that an affray might cause the shedding of innocent blood. He therefore waited

on each member of the company when they were posted in the theatre during the performance and previous to the presentation, and ultimately succeeded in preventing the attack.

The press of the city was divided on the result of the expedition. The *Minnesotian* defended the troops and rendered all praise, while other papers censured.

Such was the mixed character of the population at the time, that a large proportion of the citizens were either by ties of consanguinity or trading interest allied to the Indians and their interests, and these were known and designated as the "Moccasin Democracy," or "Indian Dynasty."

It has occurred to the writer, and doubtless to many others, to enquire why it is that such expeditions are often the subject of ridicule, sarcasm, and burlesque. What is there to cause it? A real or an imaginary danger threatens some of our people. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Those in authority command the volunteers to report for duty. They respond with alacrity; the expedition moves forward for action. When the alarm has subsided in the locality where it originated, and the cause, real or imaginary, is gone, the troops return, and how are they met? Invariably with treatment the reverse of what they are entitled to. Must blood be shed, must life be lost and property destroyed before you step to the front and protect the frontier settlements or sparsely settled towns? This miserable spirit of ingratitude and fault-finding never springs from the heart of a good citizen; it is the offspring of a biased mind, of a class with the stay-at-homes of our late rebellion, who never were

known to leave their old haunts, but dodged the draft, and in the stores and on the corners of the streets whittled sticks, chewed tobacco, and denounced every battle fought and every commander who led our brave troops into the fight, and finally wound up by saying: "I would do so and so; I would have done this; marched here, fought there," etc. God help our country if our soldiers were made of such stuff!

To the citizen-soldier is due, if anything, more praise than to the "regular." The militia of our country is the strong arm, protector, and preserver of all that is dear to us as a people. Let us hope the time has come when the volunteer who performs his duty will not be made a target for the shafts of envy and ridicule; that the "Sunrise Expedition," the "Wright County War," the "Blueberry War," each of itself shall have fair play and not misrepresentation; that the spirit of duty which each one owes to his country and its laws shall be credited to each and every member of the several expeditions above named. While the old St. Paul Light Cavalry of '57 claim no distinction, nor ask for any particular niche in the temple of fame, they do ask to be credited with a desire to do their duty while they existed as a military organization; and upon the particular occasion as cited in these pages, "they did their duty, and did not show the white feather."

In this connection it may be well to show how the brave boys of this command were compensated, and their services appreciated, by the United States Government, whose wards these marauding desperate Indians were. During the session of the first Minnesota State Legislature, a memorial to Congress was

passed praying for the passage of an appropriation to defray the expenses of this expedition. Senators Rice and Shield succeeded in getting the appropriation passed by both houses, but when it came before the disbursing officers of the government advantage was taken of the phraseology of the Appropriation Act, which cited that the sum of so many dollars, *or so much thereof as may be necessary*, is hereby appropriated, etc., to defray the expenses of the Sunrise Expedition commanded by Captain James Starkey. It was ordered that the government officers could determine how much was necessary, and only about one-half of the amount appropriated being allowed, they decided that the several items must be made in strict accordance with army regulations in time of peace—the manifest unfairness of which must be apparent to all who are acquainted with the condition of things at the time of the organization of the expedition, and the utter impossibility of the cost of such an expedition being confined within the strict limits of army rules and regulations. It could not be done, and was not done. The result was that the commander of the expedition was obliged to foot the deficiency caused by this arbitrary ruling of the War Department, in the face of all vouchers and other documents showing the actual expenses of the expedition having been submitted and approved by the State Legislature through its appropriate committee.

To continue the purposes of this paper, the writer calls to memory the early history of the Confederate war, how the Northern heart was fired when the news came of the firing on a United States Government

vessel in Charleston Harbor; the call for troops, and the organization of the First Regiment of Minnesota Volunteer Infantry in response to that call, coincident with which was the raising of a cavalry company recruited by him in this city, with nightly drills in the old market hall, and the resolve of the company to offer their services to the government to aid in crushing the rebellion. This offer was made while General John B. Sanborn was adjutant-general of the State, and the Hon. Alexander Ramsey was the bearer of this offer to the Washington authorities; the response to which was an acknowledgment of the offer of the company's services through Adjutant-General Thomas, who, while thanking the company for their patriotic offer, stated that General Scott had decided the rebellion could be crushed without the use of mounted troops. Consequently the company disbanded, many of whom joined other military organizations, went south and did noble work in defence of the Union, the commander having the satisfaction of trying to do his duty and foot the boarding-house and expense bills for about three weeks of a large number of his recruits in this city, without any reimbursement.

Not long after this the terrible Indian outbreak occurred, and the writer next finds himself in command of a militia company known as the Chisago County Rangers, who did good service under General Pope, then in command of this district. This company was stationed at Sunrise, Chisago County, acting under orders to prevent any junction being effected by the Indians at Crow Wing with those of northern Wisconsin, to prevent ammunition or other supplies being

run into the Indian settlements by unprincipled traders and others, and to protect the white settlements. These duties were performed so satisfactorily to the District Commander, that upon the order to disband all militia companies in the State exceptions to this order were only made in the case of two companies, who were kept in the service—one company in Brown County, and the Chisago County Rangers. It was while with this command the order was received from Washington to raise the First Regiment of Minnesota Mounted Rangers, and at the request of Governor Ramsey the writer was relieved from this duty and ordered to recruit for this new mounted organization. Recruiting those days was not only difficult but expensive, requiring a fund of persuasive eloquence, accompanied by a portion of that fund which some writer has designated as the great engine of civilized life.

After recruiting about six weeks a company was raised and mustered into the United States service, December 30, 1862, as Company M, First Regiment Minnesota Mounted Rangers, commanded by Colonel Samuel McPhail. The officers of Company M were James Starkey, captain, N. B. Johnson, Jr., first lieutenant, and John C. Hanley, second lieutenant.

The services of this company were numerous and various; they took part in the expedition against the Indians, commanded by General H. H. Sibley, in 1863, and, as guards and escorts, were often detailed to such duties as incidentally are imposed on mounted troops or cavalry. The following reminiscence may not be uninteresting, as well as useful for future reference, to

some of the survivors and relatives of the victims of Indian ferocity and murder on our frontier.

On or about October 22, 1863, the following order was received by the writer:

"Special Order No. 131.

"Captain James Starkey, Company M, will proceed immediately to New Ulm with thirty mounted men of his company, thence to Lake Shetek as escort to a party of citizens who are visiting that place for the purpose of burying the remains of persons massacred by the Indians, taking twelve days' rations and forage, and when the object of the expedition is accomplished will return to camp.

"Signed, COLONEL SAMUEL MCPHAIL,

"Commanding First Minnesota Mounted Regulars."

In obedience to this order, after some delay in matters of supplies and transportation, on the morning of Tuesday, the 27th of October, 1863, the expedition took up the line of march from Camp Return, near Fort Ridgely, for Lake Shetek, and on the second day out overtook the citizens referred to in the order from headquarters, consisting of a Mr. Duley, Dr. H. Eames, and Mr. M. P. Webster. We were also accompanied by Private Smith of Company B, First Minnesota Mounted Regulars, who acted as guide to the expedition, he having been at the time of the Indian outbreak one of the settlers on Lake Shetek, and was with the settlement when attacked by the Indians and driven from their homes. The command consisted of thirty mounted men, four wagons and drivers, with supplies. We reached Lake Shetek on the evening of Friday, October 30, and on the following days, October 31 and November 1, scouted around Lake Shetek and its vicinity, where was found Indian camp-fires, from

which they had recently fled on the approach of the troops.

About a mile from the lake we discovered the remains of twelve persons who had been killed by the Indians. Among the number was the remains of Mrs. Smith, the wife of our guide; her dress furnished the grief-stricken husband with the sad proof that she was among the victims. Mr. Duley also recognized the remains of two of his children, who had shared a like fate with that of Mrs. Smith.

To Guide Smith and Mr. Duley we were indebted for a complete identification of the remains of the twelve bodies discovered, which were carefully collected and disposed of as best could be done by improvising seven coffins or boxes, and placing the remains therein in the order as follows:

1st box, commencing at east end of grave, contained the remains of Mr. Foight.

2d box contained the remains of Mr. Cook.

3d box contained the remains of Mrs. Ireland and two children.

4th box contained the remains of Mrs. Everett.

5th box contained the remains of Mr. Eastlake.

6th box contained the remains of Mrs. Smith and Eastlake's two children.

7th box contained the remains of Mr. Duley's two children.

These boxes were placed in a grave about ten feet long by four feet wide, and six feet deep, at the south end of Lake Shetek, Dr. Henry Eames, one of the party of civilians, reading the impressive Episcopal

funeral service at the interment. The grave was then filled in and a mound raised thereon, and boards driven down lengthwise to mark the resting-place of the deceased.

As to the causes which led these unfortunate settlers to be corralled and slaughtered by the red-skins, the following was learned from Guide Smith, who at the time of the outbreak was a resident near Lake Shetek. When the Indians swooped down on the peaceful settlers on that eventful day he became one of the refugees, with his family, who were pursued by the savages and compelled to take refuge in a low swale or swamp covered with a tall growth of coarse reeds, under cover of which they hoped to elude the pursuit of their wily foe; but alas! they were fatally disappointed, for the Indians had pressed them too hard in their race for life, and came upon them just as they had hoped and prayed for at least temporary protection in their hiding-place until relief should come to save them. With horrid yells the Indians surrounded the swale, some mounted, some on foot; and whenever a head or sign of a human being could be seen, so surely would these murderers fire at it, with deadly aim and purpose. Mr. Foight, one of the party who were thus surrounded, had with him his rifle and plenty of ammunition, and shot several times at an Indian on horseback, invariably missing him each time. At this juncture Guide Smith crawled up to Foight and whispered in his ear, "Next time fire at the Indian pony's shoulder." Poor Foight did so at his next shot, and down came the pony and Indian, the latter killed and the pony badly wounded. So

elated at his success, Foight rose up to his full height, and with rifle in his right hand and left hand extended, he jumped from the ground and yelled aloud with an oath, "I got him this time!" At the same moment another Indian shot him through the heart, and he fell on his back with his rifle clenched in his hand with a death grip that took some force to detach it. It was just in this condition we found his remains, side by side with the other unfortunate victims of Indian vengeance.

After scouring the country around and driving out some white men who had commenced trapping for furs, not knowing their dangerous proximity to the Indians, the expedition took up the line of march to return to their camp; and when about half-way distant between Lake Shetek and Camp Return the remains of an adult were found alongside of the trail, evidently another victim to Indian vengeance. The remains could not be identified, but were buried with head-board to mark the spot where deceased had evidently fallen.

On the march homeward the whole country on each side of our line of march had been burnt or was burning for miles in extent, evidently the work of the treacherous Indians to cut off our forage supply and otherwise impede the expedition. However, the object of the expedition was accomplished, our sad duties performed; and on the evening of November 4, 1863, we reached Camp Return, both horses and men pretty well used up, caused by the nature of the country traversed, with snow and ice on an undulating prairie, and the horses so poorly shod as to be

hardly able to move without constantly falling or slipping down.

Many years since, the Rev. Dr. Mattocks (since deceased), then an active member of the State Historical Society, procured the adoption of a resolution by the society at one of its meetings requesting the writer to prepare a paper on his Indian experiences, to be read at one of their society meetings, which has not yet been done. Years have rolled by, increasing his stock of knowledge and experience of the red man's hostility to the white race, which, taken together, is the historical ground-work of this paper, prepared at the request of the Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and in response to the earlier request of the Minnesota State Historical Society; regretting only that the spirit of egotism which may occasionally appear could hardly be eliminated therefrom.

THE WORLD'S ESTIMATE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FIRST GREAT AMERICAN.

BY REV. OTIS H. TIFFANY, D.D., LL.D.,*

COMPANION OF THE THIRD CLASS.

(Read February 23, 1891.)

WHEN arrangements were announced for this celebration we anticipated only a joyous hour in rehearsing the influence of the nation's first martial and civil hero, but there have been sad processions at Washington and St. Louis and at home. We have been called to mourn the removal from among us of the chiefest of our remaining naval and military heroes. Porter, who shared with the immortal Farragut the distinctions of our navy, struck his flag at the order of the fell destroyer; and Sherman, who was the last of the renowned trio, joined Grant and Sheridan in answering the final roll-call. And nearer home, the death of our first governor, the noble Sibley, has cast unwonted gloom over the hour. Statesman and military chieftain as well, we have parted from him in deep sorrow, though "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

"And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Died at Minneapolis, Minn., October 24, 1891.

In the midst of such solemnities there is consolation in the thought that the influence of a great life is not confined to the brief years of human living but extends in prolonged and germinant progressions through the ages. George Washington's influence in stimulating true manhood is to-day as potent as at any period of his history, though all else has changed; the history of the world, the conditions of national and social life are changed, and so changed as to be almost unrecognizable if he were permitted to return to us. In his day there were none of those potent factors of civilization which result from steam, electricity, and photography. Homes were confined to the seaboard, and limited in their appointments. News was a slow traveller, and it had taken weeks and even months to receive intelligence of the heroism of the Lewises and their Virginia compatriots, and of the foolish, not to say treacherous, peace which the Scotch earl had made with the red man. Our grand-sires and grandams talked of George III., and of the autumnal congress in Philadelphia, the Boston tea-party, the ministry and parliament, wondering if paper was still to be levied on and tea still taxed, and if the righteous souls of the loyal people were to be further vexed by such injustice.

Of the men of that day afterwards famous, John and Samuel Adams and James Otis were aspiring young lawyers in Boston, where John Hancock was a merchant prince; Alexander Hamilton was at Kings, now Columbia, College, in New York; Benjamin Franklin was in London representing the postal necessities of his native colony; the Lees

were on their estates on the Potomac; Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were members of the House of Burgesses in Virginia; the Pinckneys and Rutledges were on plantations in South Carolina; George Washington was at Mount Vernon—none of them anticipating their great future. No sage or statesman then living could have cast the horoscope of a century and foretold what these generations have brought forth. Europe dispossessed of a continent, and America, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, the abode of many peoples, speaking one language, swearing fealty to one political faith, and under one flag, in which all the hues of heaven are mingled. Sixty millions of people, gathered from every zone on earth, of every hue and race and tongue, are fused into one nationality. Kings and counsellors of Europe gaze in astonishment on the activity of our Atlantic coast, and Asia, arising from the sleep of ages, beholds in startled wonder the civilization of our Pacific shore. This wonderful transformation is attributed, by the undercurrent of religious thought and feeling which pervades the nation, to an overruling and gracious Providence, and to God be all the glory. "For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them." Yet under His benignant sway many agencies have been used and many instruments made available—indeed, the whole world has been laid under contribution, in one or another form, of coöperation or of opposition. Many great

men have contributed to the result whom the nation highly honors, and whose fame with pious care she will embalm to immortality; but one has excelled all, and to him the nation owes, and will always owe, its largest debt of gratitude. As there are geographical peaks which represent to the traveller the ideal of sublimity, as Mt. Blanc is typical of Switzerland and Chimborazo of the Cordilleras, so the citizen of America, when he summarizes in his thought his country's greatness, breathes the name of Washington.

It is not my purpose to rehearse the oft-told story of the life of Washington—all our school-boys know it. They are familiar with the fact that at a period of life when in more thickly settled countries intelligent youth are occupied with academic study in schools and colleges, Washington was stretching a surveyor's chain through the valleys of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, passing days and weeks in the wilderness, beneath the shadows of primitive forests, listening to the voice of waterfalls, reposing from the labors of the day on a bear-skin, with his feet to the blazing logs of a camp-fire, and sometimes startled from the deep slumbers of hardworking youth by the alarm of the Indian war-whoop. This was the gymnasium in which Washington was trained; here the quick glance destined afterwards to range across fields of battle, through clouds of smoke and rows of bayonets, was formed. This was the school in which his senses, preserved from vice, were trained to sinewy manhood; in these exercises he became what the Indian chief called him—"The lord of the lion heart and eagle eye." He became practiced in topographical obser-

vation, innured to habits of keen local study, made familiar with fatigue, exposure, and expediments, was taught to accommodate himself to limited fare, strained muscles, the bivouac, the seasons, self-reliance, and prolonged effort. Life in the open air, skilful horsemanship, the use of the rifle, participation in field sport, promoted habits of manly activity, and all history attests how naturally frank courage is fostered by such influences. The strongest ranks in the old Roman armies were levies drawn from the agricultural laborers; the names of Hofer and Tell breathe of the mountains; English yeomen decided victory where their kings met those of France in early wars. This was the preparatory ordeal of Washington's career, wherein he experienced alternately the solace of domestic comfort and the privations of a border campaign; the tranquil respectability of private station and the responsibility of anxious office; the practice of the camp and the meditations of the council; the hunt with gentlemen and the fight with savages; the safe and happy hospitality of a refined circle and forest life in momentary expectation of an ambush. Through all these scenes we see him presenting perfect self-control, loyalty in every duty, as firm and cheerful during the bitter ordeal at Fort Mifflin as when riding over his domain on a summer morning or shooting game on the banks of the Potomac; ready to risk health, to abandon ease, to forego private interests with a public spirit worthy of the greatest statesman; yet scrupulous, methodical, and considerate in every detail of affairs and position. In this routine of duty, in the traits thus elicited and the con-

fidence thereby established, we see a school which influenced the will, the habits, and the disposition of the man, and which laid the foundation of his character and confirmed the principles as well as the aptitude of his nature.

In his first public official employment, when twenty-one years of age, he displayed upon an obscure theatre—where, if he had fallen, he would have fallen as a leaf in the forest—that courage, resolution, prudence, disinterestedness, and fortitude which through life marked his conduct. He sprang into active service considerate, wary, and fearless. And that Providence, which seemed to have raised him up for other and higher duties, seemed to spread a protecting shield over him; for it rarely happens, in the busiest and most adventurous life, to escape unharmed from such risks and perils as were incurred by him, when in his youth he was thrown from a raft, or when in young manhood the Indian discharged his rifle at him when only a few paces distant. The stories of his youth, his manhood, and his age are alike familiar to us all; they are the nation's household words.

His character has been so examined and appreciated, so inspected and exhibited, that the world knows it by heart. Yet there is great difficulty in explaining this man on the ordinary basis of human estimates; and this probably arises from the fact that the peculiar eminence of his character consists, in no small degree, in the lack of those salient points which identify the characters of ordinary men, and are exhibited in the undue development and over-action of some single moral or intellectual quality. According to the laws

which regulate historical romance, no hero would be more difficult to adapt to these purposes; even such a master as Thackeray makes him exceeding tame in his "Virginians." Still, what have been criticised as faults in the hero were essentials in the make-up of the man. A severe adjustment of all parts to each other seems to have produced or occasioned a repose and harmony which might be readily interpreted into an absence of decisive qualities. But what are thought to be his deficiencies could not have been supplied by opposite qualities without serious detriment to the symmetrical result.

He was no orator; but had he been fervid and eloquent, he would of necessity have been implicated in the political contentions and party discussions which raged with such aggravated fury during his time.

He was a man of scrupulous exactness in minute details of business, returning halfpence and exacting his just dues, even by legal measures; but had he been regardless of pecuniary interests he would of necessity have been a man of less prosperous fortune, and his actual capacity for public service would have been impaired.

He was not a man of enthusiastic temperament, and hence has been spoken of as lacking in sentiment and destitute of feeling; but who can imagine a man of gush and tenderness successful in the exigencies of his experience, directing the movements of drafts, of discontented militia, dealing with an irresolute and distracted Congress backed by an empty treasury? In the hands of a man of more sentiment the cause would have been shipwrecked in its earliest hours. But he

was not destitute of refined feeling: he knelt in tears by the death-bed of his stepdaughter; he wrung his hands in anguish at beholding the useless sacrifice of his soldiers, and threw his hat on the ground in mortification at their cowardly retreat; his face was mantled with blushes when he attempted to reply to a vote of thanks; his lips quivered when he bade farewell to his companions in arms; he embraced a brother officer in the transport of victory, and trembled with indignation when he rallied the troops of the fatherless subaltern. Having established his quarters at a certain farmhouse, the General learned that a sick girl occupied an upper room, and gave strict orders that no gun should be fired and no drum beat near the place. After supper, having retired quietly to his room, he heard an uproar in the dining-room, caused by the boisterous behavior of the thoughtless members of his staff. Opening his door gently, he walked on tiptoe noiselessly across the room, and, taking a book from the mantel, he returned in the same way, bidding his officers good-night with a bow and a smile, and closed his door with such care as to make no disturbance, but to rebuke the careless men effectually, and displayed a degree of thoughtfulness for the suffering which would have been impossible in a rude, uncultured person, and exhibited a type of manhood worthy of admiration and imitation.

We must remember that his prudence was sneered at by the ambitious, his military capacity distrusted by even his most intimate friends, and his masterly inactivity misinterpreted by those who awaited his signal for action. His calm remonstrance, his inward

grief, his exacted magnanimity, reveal a heroism of soul not surpassed by any other. If he had been delicately sensitive to opinion he would have succumbed to the personal abuse and vilification he received, for there were periods in his career when he was assaulted with rancor and bitterness unparalleled; still he was the only leading man of the armies of the Revolution who never dropped a hint of abandoning the cause. Judged by contrasting the number of his victories and reverses, he was not a successful general, yet he retained the confidence of his troops and the respect of officers throughout all disasters until the final though long-delayed hour of triumph.

While not wholly destitute of personal qualities which strike the imagination and secure the plaudits of men, in none of them did Washington brilliantly excel. How, then, in the absence of endowments which fascinate, can we account for a character in whose presence levity was repressed and pretension silenced, which, neither seeking nor desiring place or power, was forced into the occupancy of every office and the reception of every honor which the country could confer, and which, more than that of any man of whom history makes mention, appeased malignity, united party, and carried its possessor triumphantly through the most arduous and invidious duties? What was the magnetism which attracted attention, inspired confidence, and exalted him to the most important and responsible stations? The answer must be, the exact proportion and equable adjustment of moral and intellectual endowments, with the entire absence of counterbalancing weaknesses and vices. A man of sterner

ambitions would have risked all on some desperate encounter. A man of less self-respect would have perilled his authority where military discipline was so imperfect in attempts at conciliation. A man of less solid and more speculative mind would have compromised his prospects by inconsiderate arrangements. One less disinterested would have abandoned the cause from wounded self-love, and one less firm from impatience and dismay. One whose life and motives could not bear the strictest scrutiny would soon have forfeited confidence, and moral consistency and elevation could alone have fused the discordant elements and concentrated the divided spirit of the people. The added development of any single quality would have been an obtrusion, which would have diverted attention from the round proportions and orbéd symmetry of the man.

So exalted a character must have been touched from above. God both illumines the spirit and inspires the will. And while no philosopher of the eighteenth century was more firm in support of the right and freedom of religious opinion, none more tolerant or more remote from bigotry, so no saint had firmer or fuller belief in God, nor more absolute trust in His overruling providence. These traits, indeed, formed the essence of his character. His creed must be found in his conduct, for he was a man of action, not of words, and his whole life was a continuous act of faith in God, as the eternal, intelligent, personal administrator of moral order in the universe. As a necessary result, his integrity was never swayed by motives of expediency and worldly policy. He never faltered in his

faith in virtue, and drew the promise of ultimate success from honest conviction of the justice of Heaven.

His life is the embodiment of the American Revolution and of the foundation of the Republic, which formed the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of our history—events which equalled any others in dignity and importance, and surpass all others in the influence which they exert on human freedom and progress.

Known to us, until recent events have caused a more wide and extended enquiry, as military hero and President, later study has developed the great and commanding influence he exerted in the formative period of our national life, and to-day he is revered not only as chieftain and hero, but as statesman and exemplar of fundamental principles of national life. It is now seen that in addition to great prudence he possessed great wisdom and foresight; besides great military skill he had a profound insight into problems of statesmanship; and that, leaving out altogether the absurd stories of that "fiddling old Parson Weems," who invented the story of the "hatchet," he was from his youth a "predestined hero," a man so endowed by nature and so gifted that at any period of history and in any land or clime he must have come to the front as wise, discriminating, and influential.

It is a rare and wonderful fact that his personal character is hailed by the consenting voice of the world as a model of excellence, solitary, transcendent, and unapproached. Men of all classes take pride in his name; it is a watchword of liberty in every land; it is heard with mingled respect and apprehension in the palaces of kings, and with reverence in the hut of the

savage. Men of the most discordant principles, men who agree in nothing else, friends of liberty and despots, unite in according to Washington the loftiest place in the temple of human greatness.

Many pens have shed original light in exhibiting that pure and canonized name—a name concerning which we are sometimes in doubt whether it is more the object of veneration or of love. And we are often uncertain whether we are paying homage to real and unexaggerated merit, or to ideal excellence created under the influence of gratitude after the lapse of years. And when seeking refuge from the selfish pretension and pompous egotism of men and parties, we ask, What do men think of him? What is the world's estimate of him? we are delighted to find our highest estimation confirmed by the calm judgment and philosophic investigation of other hemispheres; for the opinions of enlightened foreigners, when studiously formed and voluntarily and in good faith pronounced, have something not unlike the gravity of the judgment of after-times.

Instead, therefore, of offering my own poor words of further eulogy, I propose to weave a chaplet culled from the tributes paid his memory by men of note, and reverently lay it upon his shrine.

I begin with freedom-loving and whole-souled Germany, whose critical and learned Von Raumer says: "Few men who have earned for themselves a celebrated name in the history of the world exhibit such a harmony, such a concordant symmetry of all the qualities calculated to render himself and others happy, as Washington. His noble, blameless, and spotless image

will remain a model and a rallying-point to all, to encourage the good and to deter the bad. How petty do the common race of martial heroes appear in comparison with Washington!"

I turn to generous, impulsive, and enthusiastic France, where Monsieur Guizot, who as a philosophic historian has left a reputation second to none, has said: "He" (Washington) "did the two greatest things which in politics men can have the privilege of attempting. He maintained by peace that independence which he had acquired by war. Of all great men, he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate. In this world God has no higher favors to bestow."

When the news of the death of Washington reached France, Napoleon, the First Consul, not only went into mourning himself, but caused the whole army to do the same, and issued the following general order: "Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny, he consolidated the liberties of his country. His memory will ever be dear to the French nation, as to all freemen in both the Old and the New Worlds, and especially to the soldiers of France, who, like him, fight for equality and liberty."

Talleyrand, minister of foreign affairs, prepared the following minute: "The name of Washington is inseparably linked with a memorable epoch; he adorned this epoch by his talents and the nobility of his character, and with virtues that even envy dared not assault. History offers few examples of such renown. Great from the outset of his career, patriotic before his country had become a nation, brilliant and universal despite the passions and political resentments

that would gladly have checked his career, his fame is to-day imperishable, fortune having consecrated his claim to greatness, while the prosperity of a people destined for grand achievements is the best evidence of a fame ever to increase."

Foulon the eloquent said, in announcing the death of Washington in the chamber of deputies: "The tomb has claimed him who was the model of republican perfection."

The Hungarian Kossuth said in a speech at Cincinnati: "Let him who looks for a monument of Washington look around the United States; the whole country is a monument to him—your freedom, your independence, your national power, your prosperity, and your prodigious growth is a monument to Washington."

In Holland the society of its chief men, called "Felix Meritis," held solemn services, and inscribed on a memorial monument beneath the name of Washington: "This society honors the merits of so great a man, whose death humanity deplores."

The navy of England displayed its flags at half-staff, a tribute never before or since paid except to royalty. But the orators, statesmen, and poets of England have spoken deathless words of admiration and of eulogy.

Thomas Erskine, afterwards lord-chancellor, the greatest forensic orator of England, in a letter to Washington, says: "I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence."

Charles James Fox, styled by Macaulay the "Eng-

lish Demosthenes," says: "A character of virtues so happily tempered by one another and so wholly unalloyed by any vices is hardly to be found in the pages of history."

Henry Grattan, the Irish orator, says: "In modern times Washington, I believe, was the greatest man."

Mackintosh said: "A civil war must end in military despotism. The example of Washington is solitary."

Sir Archibald Allison speaks of the disinterested virtue, prophetic wisdom, and imperturbable fortitude of Washington.

Lord John, afterwards Earl, Russell, said: "To George Washington alone in modern times it has been given to accomplish a wonderful revolution, and yet to remain to all future times the theme of a people's gratitude, and an example of victorious and beneficent power."

Lord Macaulay, in his famous essay on Hampden, speaking of the effect produced by the news of Hampden's death, said: "England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone."

Lord Byron said: "To be the first man, not the dictator or the Sylla, but the Washington or Aristides, the leader in talent and truth, is to be next to divinity."

Thackeray speaks of "Washington, the chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties, calm in the midst of conspiracy, serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his

back—here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.”

Lord Brougham worthily said: “How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences, when, turning from the contemplation of such a character” (as Napoleon), “his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or any other age; this is the consummate glory of the great American—a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried, but a warrior whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn, and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to touch his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required. Until time shall be no more, a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue will be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal Washington.”

William Smythe, professor of modern history, “University Cantab”: “Let it be considered what it is to have the management of a revolution and afterwards the maintenance of order. Where is the man that in the history of our race has ever succeeded in attempting successively the one and the other, not on a small scale—a petty state in Italy or among a horde of barbarians—but in an enlightened age, when it is not easy for one man to rise superior to another and in the eyes of mankind—‘A kingdom for a stage, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene.’ Armies were led to the field with all the enterprise of a hero, and then

dismissed with all the equanimity of a philosopher. Power was accepted, was exercised, was resigned precisely at the moment and in the way that duty and patriotism directed. Whatever was the difficulty, the trial and temptation, or the danger, there was the man who was not only at all times virtuous, but at all times wise; he might have been pardoned though he had failed amid the enthusiasm of those around him, and when liberty was the delusion; but the foundations of the moral world were shaken, and not the understanding of Washington."

Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, said: "It matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate, him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his residence creation. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplification of some single qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty the pride of every model and the perfection of every master; a conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it."

I am thus furnished with the materials for my chaplet.

Von Raumer brought me German laurels; Kossuth contributed the dark Hungarian pine; France sent her lilies by Chateaubriand, and imperial fleur-de-lis by

the great Napoleon. England's navy gave us royal oak, while Erskine, Fox, and Brougham gave in turn holly, and elm, and beach. McIntosh brought Scotia's thistle and heather, while Phillips contributed the shamrock and the yew of Ireland. How now shall I combine and complete it better than by binding all these together with a cord of compelled approbation from one of the most astute and critical of his contemporaries, one whose political sympathies often threw him into antagonism to Washington—of course I mean Thomas Jefferson, whose personal alienation caused him to pass the gates of Mount Vernon forgetful of the courtesies of life, whose hand was often busy in severing the links of friendship between Washington and his associates, and yet whose manly candor compelled him to say: "I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and, were I called to delineate his character, it would be in terms like these: his mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided going through with his purpose whatever might oppose. His integrity was most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known. He was in every sense of the word a wise, good, and great man. And it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from men an everlasting remembrance. I felt on his death with my countrymen that 'verily a great man has fallen this day in Israel.'"

To these might be added the estimates of Hildreth and Prescott, historians; Chief-Justice Marshall; and Edward Everett, who was both biographer and eulogist; but I conclude this summary of tributes by quoting the words of America's greatest orator; for it was Daniel Webster who said: "America has furnished the world the character of Washington, and if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington is all our own. Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it, never for a moment having had sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the mode of his times, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people; growing up beneath and permeated by the genuine influence of American society; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the War of Independence, our great triumph of peace, the formation of the Union and the establishment of the Constitution—he is all, all our own. Washington is ours. That crowned and glorious life—

“ ‘Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
Each pressing forward in the mighty throng
Ambitious to be seen, then making room
For greater multitudes that were to come.’

that life was the life of an American citizen.”

Who shall bear our woven chaplet and place it at Mount Vernon?

Let delegates from the allied orders of the Society of Cincinnati and the Loyal Legion have the first place.

Then statesmen who write upon their hearts, in letters brighter than gold, his farewell address, and feel that his counsels are both pole-star and compass to the Ship of State.

Then educators leading our youth, for his plans for a national university were wise and his suggestions of its necessity were cogent.

Then may come soldiers who, whether trained to military deeds or wearing peaceful laurels, feel the contagion of his influence,

" Whose high endeavor was an inward light
That made the path before him always bright."

Then sailors who in devotion to his name have compelled the recognition of our flag on every sea and among all nations.

Then lawyers and judges who remember that, though the ermine never clothed him, his judicial intellect, his love of justice, and his reverence for truth made him a pattern for the jurist.

Then merchants who honor him who fostered trade, regulated finance, protected commerce, and strove to make its range as wide as the dark, broad sea.

Then farmers, coming from teeming flocks and "granges full," who glow with pride as they remember the Cincinnati of the Western Hemisphere.

Then mechanics who hail him as the wise master-builder of our institutions, and recall with pride their fathers' talk of Washington.

Then the mothers of America who feel that they

owe a debt of gratitude to one who was the most dutiful of sons, and of whom his mother could say when the nation hailed him as its savior, "George always was a good boy."

Then sons of the soil, we to the manor born, who thrill as we recall the order at Valley Forge, "Let none but Americans be placed on guard to-night."

And citizens of foreign birth share with us, for he bade them welcome to our hospitalities and clothed their rights with the panoply of a nation's might.

Members of the press will claim a place, for they well know that his pen was always loyal to truth and public good, and that to his fame more pens have been gladly dedicated than to any man born within twice a thousand years.

Freedmen have good cause to love one who, in 1786, resolved "never to possess another slave by purchase," and who wrote in the same year: "There is not a man who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery; my suffrage for this will never be wanting."

All shall have room, for philosophers find in him a character solid as principle and faultless as morality.

Poets find in his life an epic more wonderful than the "tale of a Troy divine."

Musicians find in him a variety in unity more complete than harmonies "hit by voice and hand."

His associates, bound to him by mystic ties, worshipfully hail him "Master."

Moralists applaud him, for in "General Orders" issued July 27, 1779, he says: "My feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the

soldiers;" and directs "officers of every grade, for the sake of religion, decency, and order, to use their influence to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful."

And ministers of religion revere him, for before each battle he bowed in prayer, and at the home altar and in the closet was reverently studious of God's Word.

All classes and people who recognize the purity of his life and the exaltation of his devotion shall unite in the grateful tribute.

As these shall stand uncovered at his tomb, what visions rise before them!

In panoramic view, the vision of to-day, we may behold:

A child at play on the slope of the Potomac.

A young surveyor, guiding his fragile raft over the turbulent Allegheny.

An intrepid aide-de-camp rallying the fugitive army of Braddock.

A dignified commander drawing the sword of freedom under the Cambridge elm.

A baffled but undismayed leader erect in the boat which shivers amid the floating ice on the Delaware.

A sagacious general cheering his famished and ragged men in the wintry desolation of Valley Forge.

A victor receiving the final surrender of his country's foes.

A triumphant progress through a redeemed and rejoicing land.

An inaugural oath-taking as the first President of the Republic.

Then a sad parting from his brother-officers, and the surrender of his commission at Annapolis.

A dispenser of hospitality in the peaceful retirement of Mount Vernon.

A farewell blessing bestowed upon his countrymen, and a funeral procession to the tomb, followed with the tearful benedictions of humanity.

As thus revealed he appears a kingly spirit throned among the hills, grander and more majestic than he seemed at the beginning of the century, the girth of his base the measure of earthly greatness, but so high the peak the heavens seem his shrine, his crystal habitation. And the roll of ages will only increase his fame.

EARLY LIFE AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

BY CAPTAIN W. McCROBY,

SEVENTH INDEPENDENT COMPANY OHIO SHARPSHOOTERS, U. S.
VOLUNTEERS.

(Read April 14, 1891.)

It is difficult to speak justly of our personal friends; even the weaknesses and demerits of those we love are gilded with the rays that spring from the central sun of our affection, and thus take on the semblance of strength and merit. Even if we are forced to confront a positive wrong done by one to whom we are tied by the closest community of interest, affection, and purpose, that which seems wrong to others only serves us as a foil to bring into stronger light his known virtues, and we forget the weaker side of his character in our perfect knowledge of its positive strength and potent helpfulness.

You have designated me to speak of one of the great historic characters of the war; but when I cause the pendulum of memory to swing backward thirty years, and strive to recall the incidents of most prominence in the days of the Great Rebellion, I am prone to forget that General William Tecumseh Sherman was a mili-

tary hero and a great general, who had led armies to victory and planned campaigns which emblazon his name upon the scroll of history beside those of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick, and Napoleon. To my mind he is presented as the man kindly, considerate, affectionate, courageous, entirely just and honorable.

If you will go back with me seventy-one years and sixty days from this time to a little town by the name of Lancaster, situated on the banks of the Hocking River, thirty miles southeast of Columbus, O., you will find a babe in its mother's arms. As this child has only made its appearance and does not differ from the many other babies of his age, his appearance and identity will not and does not call for any particular mention. His father is a prominent lawyer, and enjoys the confidence and respect of the legal fraternity of the State. The family are not rich, and their means of support comes from the earnings of the father, which, at that early day, was a meagre sum (being only thirty-three dollars per month) as compared with the earnings of attorneys of like ability of the present day. The father and mother, having a robust and hearty lineage to bank on, enjoyed excellent health, which was imparted to their eleven children—the subject of this paper being the sixth.

He grew in strength and stature, and in a few years was known on the streets of Lancaster as "Cump" Sherman. His hair was red, his complexion fair; slender in form, quick in motion, nervous and mischievous. In school he was apt in learning the lessons assigned him, and had plenty of time for the enjoyment of all

the plays, games, and amusements that came in his way.

All went well until the summer of 1829, when the father, who had been Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio for the past six years and was then holding court in the southwestern part of Ohio, was attacked by the cholera and died before word could be carried to his family, one hundred miles away. This news to the family who had lost their only support was sad and untimely. The bereaved mother had no alternative but to place the children in other homes, where they could be cared for; some were placed among relatives, some with friends, and some with strangers. The Hon. Thomas Ewing, a personal friend of Judge Sherman, lived at Lancaster, and felt that he owed it to his dead friend's family that he should provide for one of the boys. He so expressed his desire to his estimable wife, who entertained the same opinion. Mrs. Ewing was anxious to get the best boy of the family, and so visited a neighbor who lived near the Shermans, and was told by her that they had regarded "Cump," who then was nine years old, to be the most industrious, the most mischievous, and the brightest of the family. Relying on this information, Mrs. Ewing expressed her desire to Mrs. Sherman to have "Cump" come and live with them, which was agreeable to Mrs. Sherman and the boy, and he was accordingly adopted as a member of the Ewing family. Mr. Ewing sent him to the Lancaster school until the spring of 1836, when, having as a member of Congress from Ohio the privilege of naming a person from his district for appointment as a cadet at the United States

Military Academy at West Point, he secured the appointment for his adopted boy, William Tecumseh Sherman.

Up to the time of his appointment young Sherman had developed an independency of character that cropped out in all his actions, and which characterized his deliberations in after-life. When he felt that he was right he would not be persuaded or compelled to give up his opinion. Many instances are mentioned by his acquaintances and associates, but I can only find one that fully gives the absolute independency of the boy when he felt he was right. This occurred shortly after his father died, and before he became a member of the Ewing family. This story was told by the Rev. Dr. Bronson, who was for years the pastor of John Sherman's church at Mansfield, O., and who was at the time of Judge Sherman's death an Episcopalian minister at Lancaster. General Sherman's father and mother were both members of the Episcopal Church, but their church being vacant, they attended the Presbyterian Church. For some reason or other the boy was not baptized until he was nine years old. His father had named him William Tecumseh through an admiration he had for the great Indian chief Tecumseh, and the young boy had gone by the nickname of "Cump" up to the time of his baptism. After the death of Judge Sherman young "Cump" of his own accord went to the Presbyterian Church to be baptized. When the boy came before the minister, the Rev. Mr. Wright, and the assembled congregation for the performance of the ceremony, the name "William Tecumseh" was handed the preacher. As the divine

read it a frown came over his austere features, and he objected decidedly to sending the boy out into the world with such a name as "Tecumseh." "Tecumseh," said he, "is the name of a heathen, of an unsanctified and unregenerate savage, and I will baptize the young man simply 'William.'" Hereupon the nine-year-old boy raised his hand and said, "I am not going to be baptized by any other name than William Tecumseh. My father called me Tecumseh, and Tecumseh I will be called; if you want to baptize me so, all right; if you don't, I won't have any baptism." The preacher thereupon waived the point and the ceremony went on. Sherman had his first fight and first victory. The name of Tecumseh stuck to the future general, and the name of "Cump," so General Rosecrans says, was changed to that of "Old Cump" at West Point.

His letters to his friends during his cadet life are very interesting, as exhibiting the variety and force of his thoughts, and the energy and decision of his character at that early age. Through them all runs the elastic spirit of youth, and a manly candor and directness of speech that never left him.

General Rosecrans says he entered West Point two years after General Sherman, in 1838, and he remembers Sherman very well as a cadet. He says: "Sherman was two classes above me, but he was one of the most popular and brightest fellows in the academy. I remember him as a bright-eyed, red-headed fellow, who was always prepared for a lark of any kind, and who usually had a grease-spot on his pants. These spots came from our clandestine midnight feasts, at which Sherman usually made the hash. He was considered

the best hash-maker at West Point, and this, in our day, was a great honor. The food given the cadets then was furnished by contract; it was cheap and poor; and I sometimes think that the only meals we relished were our midnight hash lunches. We prepared for them by slipping boiled potatoes into our handkerchiefs when at the table and hiding these away inside of our vests. One of us would steal a tumbler of butter during the meal, and by poking it into a glove we could fasten it by means of a fork driven into the under part of the table, and keep it there until we got ready to leave. In addition to this we would steal a little bit of bread, and some of the boys had in some way or other got hold of a stew-pan. After the materials were gotten, one of the boys who had a retired room, where there was least danger of discovery, would whisper invitations to the rest to meet him that night for a hash feast. When we got there 'Old Cump' would mash the potatoes and mix them with pepper, salt, and butter in such a way as to make the most appetizing dish. This he would cook in a stew-pan over the fire—we had grates in those days—and when it was done we would eat it sizzling hot on our bread, which we had toasted. As we did so we would tell stories and have a jolly good time; and Sherman was one of the best story-tellers of the lot. He was by no means a goody-goody boy, and he was one of those fellows who used to go down to Benny Haven's of a dark night at the risk of expulsion to eat oysters and have a good time. Not long ago, while general of the army, he went to West Point, and in company with the Commandant of Cadets made an inspection tour

of the barracks. He was not looking for contraband goods, but he got to talking about our old school days at West Point, and he said: 'When I was a cadet one of the considerations was as to what we were to do with our cooking utensils and other things during our summer vacations, and we used to hide our things in chimneys during the summer months. I wonder if the boys do so still.' This visit was made during the month of June, and as Sherman said this he was in one of the cadet's rooms. As he spoke he went to the fireplace and stuck his cane up the chimney. As he did so a frying-pan, an empty bottle, a suit of citizen's clothes, and a board which had been stretched across the chimney came flying down, and the cadets who occupied the room were thunderstruck. General Sherman laughed, and telling the Commandant not to report the young man, he went on to another room. He stood high in his class, especially in mathematics. He could have taken the honors of the class, but he did not care for study. He was blunt in his speech. He had no policy or diplomacy about him, and if one of the professors asked him to do a problem, he would blurt out at times, 'I can't do it.' 'Why?' asked the professor. 'Well, to be frank with you, I have not studied it.' Nevertheless he stood so well as an honest, bright student that he never was punished for such remarks, but his carelessness cut down his average."

Even were I qualified to write this great man's biography, this occasion is not the proper one for its reading; hence I pass over the formative period of his life, the pregnant days of his boyish career at West Point,

when he formed those school acquaintances and life-long friendships which we all so fondly dwell upon as we climb upward towards the meridian of life, and which grow still brighter as those friends one by one descend down into the dark valley which has no light save through the windows of hope and divine promise.

"The child is father to the man," and young Sherman early acquired the school reputation of being honorable, courageous, spirited, humane, affectionate, and self-reliant. He learned easily, and graduated sixth in a class of more than forty, including such names (since become historic) as Stewart van Vliet, George H. Thomas, Richard S. Ewell, George W. Getty, William Hayes, Bushrod R. Johnson, and Thomas Jordan.

After graduation he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in Company A, Third Artillery, and ordered to join the company then stationed at Fort Pierce, Fla., where he saw his first year or two of active service. This service was not of an inviting character. The hot sun in the summer and the swarms of mosquitoes rendered active excursions nearly impossible, and the frequent incursions against the hostile Seminoles in the winter on foot, and often by boat penetrating the everglades, was always attended by severe labors and exposures, and involved no slight degree of risk. When no hostile force called for attention by our little army, and the companies got back into camp, and the officers and men were thrown on their own ingenuity to devise means of spending the time, then the character of the soldier was developed, and each pursued his own fancy.

We find Sherman spending his leisure time over a

few selected pets—a little fawn, a crow, a crane, tame pigeons, white rabbits, and a full-blood Indian pony, etc. In a letter dated April 10, 1841, he says: "Rather small matters for a man to deal with, you doubtless think, but it is far better to spend time in trifles such as these than *drinking* or *gambling*." Here we find the key to this great general's success—industry, research, busy; always finding something to do; to busy one's self with trifles was better than *drinking* or *gambling*. In 1844, while associated with Colonel Church in investigating certain claims growing out of the "Florida War in 1837 and 1838," he made a professional study of the topography of the country, which became invaluable to him during the Rebellion.

On January 12, 1844, he writes: "Since my return I have not been running about in the city or island as heretofore, but have endeavored to interest myself in Blackstone, which, with the assistance of Bouvier's Dictionary, I find no difficulty in understanding. I propose to read all works and commentaries on the common-law practice. This course of study I have adopted from feeling the want of it in the duties to which I was lately assigned. I have no idea of making the law a profession, by no means; but, as an officer of the army, it is my duty and interest to be prepared for any situation that fortune or luck may offer."

This constant study and close adherence to duty while a young man laid the foundation for the generalship and military strategy that he displayed during the war, and won for him such fame as a general that but few, if any, have ever acquired.

In 1842 he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and assigned to Company G in the same regiment.

In 1843 he obtained a four months' leave of absence and returned to the home of his boyhood at Lancaster for rest and recuperation. Here, at the age of twenty-three, he became engaged to Miss Ella Ewing, the daughter of his friend, guardian, and second father. The marriage did not occur until many years later.

In reviewing the lives of those men who have reached large eminence among their fellows, men are too apt to ignore the silent but ever-present benediction of a pure wife upon the character and the fortunes of the husband. Mrs. Sherman was a remarkable woman in many respects; united to a devout Christian character she had an almost masculine fixedness of purpose. Her devotion to her husband through all of the mutations and strange vicissitudes of his varied fortunes was most touching and womanly. She had the sublimest faith in his ability, his courage, his steadfastness of purpose and his destiny; and that faith, more than any other one incident in his career, moulded and fixed his own belief in himself.

Sherman would have been but half Sherman had it not been for his marriage with a woman of constancy and faith such as Ella Ewing was.

From Florida he was sent to Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi, and finally as quartermaster, commissary, and assistant adjutant-general to General S. W. Kearney in California. In 1849, while in California, he was one of the first men to broach the subject of a transcontinental railroad; and through

his influence and at his request the first surveying party was put in the field for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of building the Union Pacific Railway; thus showing the breadth and scope of the great intellect which afterwards discovered, in midst of discomfiture and disaster, the way to crush the Rebellion by making the historical march to the sea.

On January 1, 1850, he returned to Ohio to see his old mother, living at Mansfield, paying six hundred dollars for transportation. On May 1 he was married to Miss Ella Ewing at the residence (in Washington City) of her father, then Secretary of the Interior under President Taylor; and in July, 1850, he was assigned to Company C, Third Artillery.

On September 27 he was promoted to captain in the Commissary Department, which was regarded as one of the highest prizes the military profession had in store for the subaltern. He was assigned to duty at St. Louis, Mo., upon the staff of the commanding officer of the Department of the West. In September, 1852, he was transferred to New Orleans. Soon after he was offered a partnership with the firm of Lucas, Turner & Co., bankers of St. Louis, which required him to go to San Francisco and take charge of a branch house there. After looking over their business, he resigned his commission in the army September 6, 1853, entered into business with this firm, started for California September 20, 1853, and arrived there October 15, 1853. Here he remained until May 1, 1857, when the business was closed up. Proceeding to New York City he opened an office there July 21, 1857.

On October 17, 1857, he went to St. Louis, staying

there until December 10, 1857, when he went to Lancaster, spent the holidays with his family, started for New York, January 5, 1858, and was off for San Francisco January 28. Having closed up the banking business, he left San Francisco July 3, 1858, arrived at Lancaster July 28, and commenced looking for some business to support his family.

On September 1, 1858, he formed a partnership with Thomas and Philemon Ewing, under the firm name of Sherman & Ewing, whose business was to practise law at Leavenworth, Kan. He proceeded there at once and commenced active work in his new profession. It was understood that Thomas Ewing should do the active court work and Sherman should look after the office business. On January 1, 1859, Daniel McCook was admitted to membership, and the firm was called Sherman, Ewing & McCook. The firm did a good business, but, as General Sherman expressed it, "the firm was larger than its business, and I kept my eye out for something more certain and profitable."

On June 11 Sherman wrote Major Buell, assistant adjutant-general on duty in the War Department, asking if there were any vacancies among the paymasters. To this letter Buell replied that there were none, but there was to be a military college organized in Louisiana, and if Sherman applied for the superintendency he possibly would succeed. Sherman at once made application, and succeeded in getting the appointment.

Sherman's legal practice commenced September 1, 1858, and ended July 5, 1859. There are many incidents told in reference to the transactions of this firm, and while some are true, many are false. I name

one here which is a good story, whether true or not. It was the understanding from the organization that Colonel Sherman should only be required to attend to the office work, and all business in the courts should be done by Dan McCook and Tom Ewing. But after the firm had got well under way, and Colonel Sherman had become familiar with the practice of law—and in fact, as his partners put it, “Sherman did all the talking in the office”—they made up their minds to give the Colonel a chance in court at the first opportunity that was presented. One day, while Sherman was in the office alone, an Irishman came in and said that he was in trouble and wanted a lawyer. Sherman asked him to sit down and give him the points in the case. The Irishman stated that he had rented a small lot of an Irish landlord for five dollars per month; that he had erected a house on it which was occupied by his family; that he had built an addition to the house, and by some mistake had built it over on the same landlord's land which he had no lease for. The landlord had charged him two and a half dollars per month extra for this small piece of ground, and declined to take rent for the lot without he paid the additional two and one half dollars, which the renter said was exorbitant and unjust. Sherman told him he would take the case. He made notes of the points in the case, and took a fee of five dollars in advance, and placed the notes in Dan McCook's hands, to be attended to when the trial came off, and paid no more attention to it. McCook and Tom Ewing kept their eyes open for the case, so the story goes, and on the day it was set for trial they both absented themselves from the office,

where Sherman could not find them. About one month after the Irishman had left the case he walked into the office and said his case had been called and he wanted a lawyer at once. Sherman sent to all parts of the city for McCook, but could not find him. Accordingly he went to the court-house, intending to ask a continuance of the case, but found the plaintiff there with all his witnesses ready for trial, and unwilling to continue the case. Moreover, the judge refused to grant a continuance, and of a necessity Sherman had to try the case; and he did so, taking up all the time he could, expecting McCook every minute to come in. But he did not come, and Sherman had to go it alone. The plaintiff's attorney was a spread-eagle politician, and wanted to make all he could out of the case; he sailed into Sherman without mercy, and charged him with trying to rob the poor and defeat the ends of justice, etc. This was a little more than Sherman could stand, and when his turn came he paid little or no attention to the merits of the case, but went for the attorney, winding up with the proposal to wipe the court-house floor with his carcass. The consequence was that judgment was entered against Sherman's client for the amount claimed and costs. Soon after the trial was over Dan McCook made his appearance, and took great interest in the case—awful sorry he was absent, etc. He sent for the Irishman and told him to obtain some of his friends to help him move the house on a lot near by, owned by a non-resident, which was immediately done; and as the renter was a poor man, and had nothing upon which the landlord could levy but his house, the house could not be taken

in execution. This ended the case. The grasping landlord, though successful in his judgment, failed in the execution. McCook and Ewing had oceans of fun out of it, the Irishman had saved his house, did not have to pay his rent, was abundantly satisfied, and Sherman abandoned the practice of law.

Sherman became superintendent (in 1859) of the Louisiana Military Academy. The embers of discontent were smouldering in the North, and were ready to burst into a flame in the South. The fall of 1860 found him at the head of this school, saying nothing to arouse the antagonism of his neighbors, but profoundly convinced in his heart that civil war would ensue, and as profoundly determined to cast his fortunes with the North when the first blow should be struck. It came by the secession of South Carolina in December, and later the seizure of the military stores at Baton Rouge by order of the disloyal governor of Louisiana. These warlike acts brought out the following letter from Sherman :

"LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY OF LEARNING
AND MILITARY ACADEMY, JANUARY 18, 1861.

"GOVERNOR THOMAS MOORE, BATON ROUGE, LA.

"SIR: As I occupy a quasi-military position under the laws of the State, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such position when Louisiana was a State in the Union, and when the motto of this seminary was inserted in marble over the main door, 'By the Liberty of the General Government of the United States, the Union esto perpetua.'

"Recent events foreshadowed a great change, and it becomes all men to choose ; if Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be in every sense of the word wrong. In that event I beg you will send or appoint some

authorized agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war belonging to the State, or advise me what disposition to make of them. And furthermore, as President of the Board of Supervisors I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as Superintendent the moment the State determines to secede, for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old government of the United States.

“With great respect, your obedient servant,

“W. T. SHERMAN, *Superintendent.*”

Sherman was not prevented from taking his departure from the South, and the following March (1861) found him at his old home in Lancaster, and a few days later in Washington in consultation with President Lincoln. But he had lived in the South, and many public men professed to believe that he was tinctured with secession proclivities; therefore there was no offer of military employment. He went to St. Louis as president of a street railway company, but all the time burning to repay by active military service the debt he owed to the national government for his education. Here he wrote the following letter:

“OFFICE OF ST. LOUIS STREET R.R. Co.,

“May 8, 1861.

“HON. S. CAMERON, *Secretary of War*,

“WASHINGTON, D. C.

“DEAR SIR: I hold myself now, as always, prepared to serve my country in a capacity in which I was trained. I can not and will not volunteer for *three months*, because I cannot throw my family on the cold charity of the world; but for the three years' call made by the President an officer can prepare his command and do good service.

“I will not volunteer as a soldier, because, rightfully or wrongfully, I feel unwilling to take a mere private's place, and having for many years lived in California and Louisiana, the men are not well enough acquainted with me to elect me to my appropriate place.

"Should my services be needed, the records of the War Department will enable you to designate the station in which I can render most service.

Yours truly,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

This letter, on the fourteenth day of May, brought him a commission as colonel of the Thirteenth Regular Infantry, a position he accepted after consultation with his wife and friends.

Allow me to read right here two or three letters never before published, which will give the key to the entire character of General Sherman.

There is nothing in the annals of history that so firmly and clearly shows his loyalty to the government, and the high sense of personal dignity and duty he owed his superior officers, than the letters he wrote Andrew Johnson in January and February, 1868.

In the winter of 1867 President Johnson made up his mind to dispense with Secretary Stanton. It was at that time the latter was under suspension. The President, who was the true friend of General Sherman, determined to establish an eastern division of the army, and place General Sherman at the head of it, he to also officiate as Secretary of War during the interim following Stanton's suspension. During that period there were several characteristic letters written by General Sherman to the President, bearing upon the subject of the President's tender of such promotion to him. These communications were of a confidential nature, and their contents have never before been published. They have been obtained through the courtesy of a gentleman of Washington City, who, from 1865 to 1869, was the President's secretary;

copies of the same, which he had noted in shorthand, being in a small, worn-out diary, his particular companion of those days. This gentleman states that it was with some degree of reluctance he translated the letters for the public eye, but it was at the same time in accordance with what he had told General Sherman a few months ago, that some day he intended to give to the world one of the best letters that he had ever read, written by him (the General).

The entry made by the secretary in his note-book, under date of February 3, 1868, was as follows :

“The President had for some days in contemplation the creation of a new department headquarters at Washington, and to place Sherman in command, his headquarters to be in the War Department ; then, when Sherman was firmly established, to remove Stanton and place Sherman there as Secretary *ad interim*. Sherman's own views are best illustrated in the following letter :

(CONFIDENTIAL.)

“‘LIBRARY ROOM, WAR DEPARTMENT,
“‘WASHINGTON, D. C., January 31, 1868.

“‘*To the President :*

“‘Since our interview of yesterday I have given the subject of our conversation all my thoughts, and beg you will pardon me for reducing the result to writing.

“‘My personal preferences, as expressed, were to be allowed to return to St. Louis to resume my present command, because my command was important, large, and suited to my rank and inclination, and because my family was well provided for there in house, facilities of school, living, and agreeable society ; while, on the other hand, Washington was for many (to me) good reasons highly objectionable, especially because it is the political capital of the country and the focus of intrigue, gossip, and slander.

“‘Your personal preferences were, as expressed, to make a new department East adequate to my rank, with headquarters at Washington, and to assign me to its command ; to remove my family here

and to avail myself of its schools; to remove Mr. Stanton from his office as Secretary of War, and have me discharge the duties. To effect this removal two modes were indicated: to simply cause him to quit the War Office building, and notify the Treasury Department and the Army Staff departments no longer to respect him as Secretary of War; or to remove him and submit my name to the Senate for confirmation.

“Permit me to discuss these points a little, and I will premise by saying that I have spoken to no one on the subject, and have not even seen Mr. Ewing, Mr. Stanbery, or General Grant since I was with you.

“It has been the rule and custom of our army since the organization of the government that the second officer of the army should be at the second important command, and remote from general headquarters. To bring me to Washington would put three heads to our army—yourself, General Grant, and myself—and we would be more than human if we were not to differ. In my judgment it would ruin the army, and would be fatal to one or two of us.

“Generals Scott and Taylor proved themselves soldiers and patriots in the field, but Washington was fatal to them both.

“This state of things defeated every army that had its head here from 1861 to 1865, and would have overwhelmed General Grant at Spottsylvania and Petersburg had he not been fortified by a strong reputation already hard earned, and because no one then living coveted the place; whereas, in the West we made progress from the start because there was no political capital, nor enough to poison our mind and kindle into life that craving itching for fame which has killed more good men than bullets.

“I have been with General Grant in the midst of death and slaughter, when the howls of people reached him after Shiloh; when messengers were speeding to and from his army to Washington bearing slanders to induce his removal before he took Vicksburg; in Chattanooga when the soldiers were stealing the corn of the starving mules to satisfy their own hunger; at Nashville when he was ordered to the “forlorn hope” to command the Army of the Potomac, so often defeated; and yet I never saw him more troubled than since he has been in Washington, and been compelled to read himself a “sneak” and “deceiver,” based on reports of four of the Cabinet, and apparently with your knowledge. If this political atmosphere can disturb

the equanimity of one so guarded and so prudent as he is, what will be the result with one so careless and so outspoken as I am?

“Therefore, with my consent, Washington never.

“As to the Secretary of War, his office is twofold. As a Cabinet officer he should not be there without your hearty, cheerful assent; and I believe that is the judgment and opinion of every fair-minded man. As the holder of a civil office, having the supervision of moneys appropriated by Congress, and of contracts for army supplies, I do not think Congress, or the Senate by delegation from Congress, has a lawful right to be consulted.

“At all events, I would not risk a suit or contest on that phase of the question. The law of Congress of March 2, 1867, prescribing the manner in which orders and instructions relating to “military movements” shall reach the army, gives you, as constitutional Commander-in-Chief, the very power you want to exercise, and enables you to prevent the Secretary from making such orders and instructions; and consequently he cannot control the army, but is limited and restricted to a duty that an Auditor of the Treasury could perform. You certainly can afford to await the result. The executive power is not weakened, but rather strengthened; assuredly he is not such an obstruction as would warrant violence, or even a show of force would produce the very reaction and clamor that he hopes for to save him from the absurdity of holding an empty office “for the safety of the country.”

“This is as much as I ought to say, and more, too; but if it produces the result, I will be more than satisfied, viz.: that I be simply allowed to resume my proper post and duties in St. Louis.

“With great respect, yours truly,

“W. T. SHERMAN, *Lieutenant-General.*”

The President's secretary had noted under date of February 19, 1868:

“President Johnson received a letter from General Sherman dated St. Louis, February 14, addressed to the President, transmitted through the General-in-Chief, and forwarded to the President through Grant. President Johnson could not understand why Sherman did not communicate directly with him, and although Sherman expressed himself in earnest terms to be relieved of the command of the proposed new

department, yet the President was of the opinion that the General would be pleased to come to Washington, saying he thought his wife would like to do so."

Then follow the notes of the second letter :

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF MISSOURI,

"ST. LOUIS, MO., February 14, 1868.

"*To the President.*

"DEAR SIR : It is hard for me to conceive you would purposely do me an unkindness, unless under the pressure of public duty, or because you don't believe me sincere.

"I was in hopes since my letter to you of the 31st of January that you had concluded to pass over that purpose of yours, expressed more than once in conversation, to organize a new command for me in the East, with headquarters in Washington; but a telegram from General Grant of yesterday says that 'the order was issued ordering you [me] to Atlantic Division,' and the newspapers of that morning contained the same information, with the addition that I have been named as 'Brevet-General.'

"I have telegraphed to my own brother in the Senate to oppose my confirmation on the ground that the two higher grades in the army ought not to be complicated with brevets, and I trust you will conceive my motives aright.

"If I could see my way clear to maintain my family, I should not hesitate a moment to resign my present position and seek some business wherein I would be free from these unhappy complications, that seem to be closing about me in spite of my earnest efforts to avoid them; but necessity ties my hands, and I must submit with the best grace I can till I make other arrangements.

"In Washington are already the headquarters of a department and of the army itself, and it is hard for me to see wherein I can render military services there. Any staff officer with rank of major could assuredly fill any gap left between these two military officers, and by being placed in Washington I will be universally construed as a rival to the General-in-Chief, a position damaging to me in the highest degree.

"Our relations have always been most confidential and friendly, and if unhappily any cloud of difficulty should arise between us, my

sense of personal dignity and duty would leave me no alternative but resignation. For this I am not yet prepared, but I shall proceed to arrange for it as rapidly as possible, that when the time does come (as it surely will if this plan is carried into effect) I may act promptly.

"Inasmuch as the order is now issued I cannot expect a full revocation of it, but I beg the privilege of taking post at New York or any point you may name within the new military division other than Washington. This privilege is generally granted to all military commanders, and I see no good reason why I too may not ask for it; and this simple concession, involving no public interest, will much soften the blow, which, right or wrong, I construe as one of the hardest I have sustained in a life somewhat checkered with adversity.

"With great respect, yours truly,

"W. T. SHERMAN, *Lieutenant-General.*"

The President did not delay long in sending the following reply by telegram, February 19, 1868:

"TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

"ST. LOUIS, MO. :

"I have just received, with General Grant's endorsement of reference, your letter to me of the 14th inst. The order to which you refer was made in good faith and with a view to the best interest of the country and the service. As, however, your assignment to a new military division seems objectionable, you will retain your present command.

ANDREW JOHNSON."

General Sherman responded by telegram in these words:

"ST. LOUIS, February 19.

"To the President :

"Your very kind despatch is at hand. I cannot express under what deep obligations I am for your concession to my wishes.

"W. T. SHERMAN *Lieutenant-General.*"

While General Sherman was a strict disciplinarian and a vehement and positive writer, in all his writing mirth and humor crop out. No officer enjoyed the

army joke or the camp-fire story more than he did. In camp, after our march was over and the log fire had been lighted, no one was more ready to hear the incidents of the day or relate them than he; and it was the custom each evening, when the weather was favorable, to see a large circle about the camp-fire talking of the past, present, and future. I will name a few incidents that came under my own observation, which at the time greatly amused us.

On the 5th of October, 1864, while Hood was making his way on the rear of our army and Sherman was pressing him hard (Sherman and staff had repaired to the top of Kenesaw Mountain, eighteen miles distant from Allatoona Mountain, where our forces were besieged by the Rebel Army), General Corse had been ordered from Rome, thirty-five miles distant, to Allatoona. The signal station was located there the night before. It had been raining hard, and the road was very muddy. The signal tent was made of a tent-fly; they had a long board which extended from the back of the tent outside about six feet, and on the further end of this board Lieutenant J. Q. Adams was located, looking through a telescope for signals from Allatoona. The board in the tent was laid on rough ground, and rocked easily. Adams had a forked stick driven in the ground to rest his telescope on, and a cracker-box for a seat, which was placed on the board. General Sherman was very anxious and kept in motion, asking questions and imagining about everything. There seemed to be some indication of a battle. When things had got to the desperate point of anxiety and Adams had his first glimpse of the Allatoona sig-

nal, General Sherman, not thinking what he was doing, stepped on the end of the plank, which tumbled Adams, telescope, and box over, to the amusement of us bystanders and to the disgust of Adams. Adams picked up his telescope and seat, fired a few double-headed adjectives at the fellow that upset him, and went on with reading the message, which interpreted said, "*Corse is here.*" This delighted Sherman at the right time, for Adams came out of his tent in search of the "damned idiot" (as he called him) that had upset him. He was met at the tent by General Sherman, who assured him that it was all an unintentional mistake; he was very sorry that he had caused him so much pain and humiliation, and he desired to ask an apology, etc. Adams was thunderstruck with this turn in affairs, and begged the General not to mention it, for it was all right.

In 1868 I met Adams in Columbus, O., and he wanted to get an appointment in the army. I recommended him to General Sherman as an officer he knew well, but the General replied that he had never seen or heard of him. I replied that this was the fellow that sent and received a message at Kenesaw, and the fellow he tumbled over by stepping on the plank that extended out of the tent. General Sherman recollected Adams, and recommended him for an appointment in the cavalry where he is now serving.

The following story is told by some of our officers, which, true or false, is good to recall.

General Corse had been on Sherman's staff during part of the Atlanta campaign, and General Sherman was much attached to him. The message of Corse to

Colonel Dayton that he was short a cheek-bone and an ear was distressing to General Sherman, and on October 9 he rode over to Allatoona to see him, accompanied by his surgeon-general. On meeting Corse he expressed his sympathy, and urged him to let Dr. Moore see the wound. Very reluctantly he removed the bandages, and Sherman was surprised to find that there was only a scratch on the cheek and a small tip of the ear gone, and after some deliberation he said: "Corse, they came damned nigh missing you altogether, didn't they?"

General Sherman's good judgment of past and present events gave him a good basis to measure future events. While many are fully shown in his public history, I will name one that never has been mentioned.

The next morning after the Secretary of War had offered a prize for the capture of Jefferson Davis, I called General Sherman's attention to this fact, and said as I had a fine lot of scouts I would like to compete for this prize. Sherman, to my surprise, said: "I am sorry this prize was offered. It would be better for the United States government if he gets away to some foreign country without capture; and if it will expend fifty thousand dollars in securing his safe escape to some foreign land, it will be the best investment it ever made." I asked General Sherman why he thought so. He replied: "The politicians are running this country, and if Jeff Davis is captured he will be confined in some fort for a while; some of our Northern politicians will immortalize themselves by going on his bonds, and he will be a free man in less than one year; he and his brigadiers will be compet-

ing with other politicians for the national offices of the Union. But you let him get away, he won't even dare come to the North; the South will make it too hot for him to even visit there; and the consequence will be that all the general officers of the Rebel Army will follow suit, and the government will get rid of the painful duty of hanging them for treason, as they rightly deserve."

Nothing expresses more fully the love and affection for General Sherman among some honorable people of the South than the words of Colonel D. F. Boyd, whom I met at Sherman's grave at Calvary Cemetery at St. Louis when General Sherman was buried. He is now professor of mathematics in the University of Kentucky at Frankfort. He had arrived at the grave some time before the remains. He said: "I knew General Sherman for many years, and though I fought on the other side from him in the late war, I must say that there was no man in the Confederate service that I thought more of. General Sherman was the founder of the State University of Louisiana, and I was the first professor of mathematics in that institution. When the war broke out he went into the Federal Army, while I joined fortunes with the Confederates, and for a while I lost sight of him. At length I was captured by his army, and upon finding out who my capturer was I communicated with him, announcing the fact that I was his prisoner. He sent for me, and we had a long talk together, which I think was one of the pleasantest experiences of my life. I remember how he introduced me to Admiral Porter, and laughed when I resented the manner of introduc-

tion. 'Admiral Porter,' he said, 'this is Mr. Boyd; he thinks he is a Confederate captain, but he is in reality only my old professor of mathematics.' I was with the General several weeks, and I must say they were the most agreeable ones of my life. I was ultimately exchanged and returned to my regiment. I came all the way from Frankfort, Ky., to see him buried, and would have come if the distance had been three times as great and I had been twice as old. I thought I would be the only man here to represent the Louisiana University, but I found two other representatives, Dr. John F. Sibley and Lieutenant Lewis, of the Second Cavalry."

General Sherman's clear perception of duty and his high appreciation of it well performed were always a pleasure to those near him.

After we had been out on the Atlanta campaign for about three months the diet of hard-tack and pork became rather monotonous, and we longed for our mothers' pantry, the pies and gingerbread that we got on circus days, and the chicken-pie and sausage and spare-ribs that were wont to gladden our hearts in winter days, and we decided one day to go up to Nashville and get a square meal and return next day; so we started one night, got there next day, and put up at the big hotel, and enjoyed the hospitality of the landlord with a relish.

By some means we missed the morning train and also the evening train, and it was five days before we got back to headquarters. Each one framed an excuse, but none seemed to me to fit the occasion. On arriving at my tent I was told that General Sherman had been

to see me many times in the past four days. I made up my mind to make a clean breast of it and tell him all about it; the other officers, who were not officially so near him as I, to remain at my tent until I returned, dead or alive, and reported. I washed up, put on some clean clothes, and went to the General's tent. He was lying on a cot. I said, "How are you, General?" He looked at me and took in my embarrassing situation, and said, "Halloo, Mack, what's new?" I commenced telling my story about being hungry and going to Nashville, etc. He broke in by saying, "Been to Nashville?" I said, "Yes." "When did you go?" I said, "Five days ago." "Well," said he, "to be plain with you, I never missed you." I was all broken up; I asked him if he wanted anything. He said, "No, everything is all right." I went to the tent, told the other officers what the General said, and advised them not to make fools of themselves by saying anything to the General until they were asked to do so.

After Hood had been disposed of General Sherman got permission to make the memorable march to the sea, which he had been planning for months, a departure that the authorities at Washington were loth to sanction; and after permission had been granted, had not our telegraphic lines been cut by the Rebels or some one else just after Sherman got permission to go, there would have been such formidable objections offered that would have possibly defeated the grand results of the march. It is reported that General Rawlins was absent when Grant gave the permission to go, and when he returned asked to have it recalled.

This is partially confirmed by President Lincoln's letter to General Sherman of December 26, 1864. He says:

"When you were about leaving Atlanta for the Atlantic coast I was anxious, if not fearful; but feeling that you were the better judge, and remembering 'Nothing risked, nothing gained,' I did not interfere. Now the undertaking is a success, *the honor is all yours*, for I believe none of us went further than to acquiesce."

General Grant telegraphed him November 2, 1864:

"I don't see that you can withdraw from where you are to follow Hood without giving up all we have gained in territory. I say, then, go on as you propose."

Again, on November 7, 1864, General Grant telegraphs:

"Your dispatch of this evening received. I see no present reason for changing your plan; should any arise, you will see it, or if I do I will inform you. Great good fortune attend you. I believe you will be eminently successful, and at worst can only make a march less fruitful of results than hoped for."

The march was made, and its results more than proved the wisdom of the master-mind that had planned it, and gave General Sherman credit throughout the world of being the military genius of the age in which he lived.

This campaign discouraged the leaders of the Rebellion, compelled Lee to surrender at Appomattox to Grant, and Johnson to ask for terms of capitulation at Durham station, which ended the war.

Our political leaders, who had occupied high places of observation and safety in the rear, could well see the results and to whom credit and honor was due, but

their jealousy was so aroused that it overshadowed their honesty and loyalty to the successful general of the war.

Sherman started to the sea with sixty-two thousand two hundred and four officers and men. They represented sixty-two thousand families in the United States that were praying for the safety of dear ones who had long been absent. On November 16, 1864, at 7 o'clock A.M., we rode out of Atlanta headed for Savannah, and destroyed all communications, so that we were lost to the world of newspapers and army correspondents. The eyes of the whole nation were turned towards Sherman and his army. The English papers predicted our hazardous march as utterly impossible of success. The Rebel papers daily published reports of our destruction, and the whole North was looking, listening, and reading the news as it was printed.

On November 20 there was a gathering at Washington City of citizens and soldiers, and President Lincoln was present and made a speech; after he was through, he said: "Now if there is any one who wants to ask me any questions, I am ready to answer." An old soldier in the audience signified his desire to ask a question, and the President bade him proceed. The soldier said: "I would like before I go to sleep to-night to know where General Sherman is." President Lincoln replied: "Now, my dear sir, you have got me. I know where General Sherman went in at, but the Lord only knows where he is coming out."

This was the feeling of all the world; when he came out at Savannah all right, the end was in sight. He crushed the Rebellion, put an end to the war, had

gained the love and admiration of every liberty-loving citizen of the United States; and this love and admiration never ceased or changed, except to grow stronger as the years passed by; and the old, old story will descend from father to son while ages last.

What use to particularize to this audience at this time the incidents of this man's sublime career in the War of the Rebellion? In language as simple and direct as the Commentaries of Cæsar he has himself in his memoirs pictured a panoramic view of his military history, so that "he who runs may read." It is written also by a thousand trained hands upon the guide-board of his country's history, while the inspired pen of poets yet unborn will linger lovingly upon his splendid achievements and the rapid developments of his manly and sterling character. Intimately associated with him for nearly three years, I learned to love him as a father before the capacity in me had grown to the dimensions of appreciating him as a commander. But in the light of such history as I have read he now seems to me the great military genius of the war. Had Stonewall Jackson not met with an untimely death he would probably have been a rival of Sherman in the art of war as evolved during the Rebellion. He had the same intensity of purpose; the same steadfast faith in the justice of his cause; the same nervous desire to be on the move and doing something. Action, action, action, was the watchword of General Sherman as a military commander. He was never contented in camps, and his discontent with the Fabian policy of some of the army dignitaries was often expressed, garnished by the choicest selections from classical pro-

fanity. The bond between him and Generals Grant and Sheridan was found in the single word "action." Grant was a bulldog in war. Once let him get his jaws locked in the flank of his foe and nothing could unfasten his hold. Sheridan was a St. Bernard, slow to arouse but terrible in anger. Sherman was a stag-hound. Profoundly impressed with the justice of his cause, he was sometimes nervous, morose, surly, and almost unbearable while watching for the slow and measured actions of somebody else. He must be held in the leash always. But take off the nozzle and let his nose once scent the trail—what a metamorphosis!

On the march through Georgia he was as happy as a schoolboy with an unexpected holiday. There was only one thing that gave him any concern: he anticipated more fighting *en route* to Savannah, and was constantly wondering when and where the enemy would concentrate to receive him. Notwithstanding the apparent carelessness of the historic "March to the Sea," there was never one moment in which he was not prepared to close up the rank and offer battle to the enemy.

The marvellous executive ability displayed by General Sherman during the Atlanta campaign has never been equalled by any general or commander of modern warfare. He had marched through the enemy's country one hundred miles, not a level plain or open prairie, but a hilly, mountainous, woody, stony, barren land, intersected with deep and broad rivers, easily defended by the enemy, who knew every foot of the ground.

All bridges were destroyed and roads made impass-

able by felling trees, but like magic the ways were cleared for our army, and the destroyed bridges appeared in place as fast as the enemy could destroy them.

The great bridge over the Chattahoochee River near Atlanta, four hundred and ninety-one feet long and ninety-two feet high, across a deep and muddy-bottom stream, was rebuilt and trains passing over it in four and a half days.

On one occasion when the Rebel cavalry had destroyed the road in his rear, and, as they thought, had made it impassable for weeks and had sent a rapid courier to make such report to the commander of the Rebel forces, before the courier finished his report he heard the whistle of the locomotive which had passed the obstruction loaded with supplies for the army at the front; from this it was the standing joke in the Rebel Army that Sherman not only carried a duplicate bridge in his pocket, but also a tunnel.

With a road over four hundred miles into the enemy's country to supply an active army of one hundred thousand men, and fully forty thousand more at garrisons, and sick and infirm, was a feat easier told than done; but Sherman did it, and did it so well that no soldier was hungry, nor did any of the twenty-five thousand animals suffer for want of food.

History does not record such executive ability and generalship. No general seems to have comprehended the value of time in war more than General Sherman. In all his military movements his strict punctuality is observed; he was always on time, and this inspired all about him with the idea that not a moment must be lost.

Above his other excellences shine his promptitude, celerity, and immeasurable activity. Always ready for the start, indefatigable on the march, omnipresent in battle, relentless in pursuit, unfailing in mental resources, fruitful of experiments, enthusiastic in victory, he seems to carry his army in his hand and push it forward with irresistible power.

He wrote before he started on the march to the sea, "Tell my old friend, D. D. Porter, to look for me about Christmas." Four days before that his army occupied Savannah.

He wrote to his chief quartermaster to expect him on March 15 on the coast of North Carolina. On the 14th he entered Fayetteville and opened communication with the ocean.

He proposed to destroy the Memphis and Charleston Railway in 1862 near Iuka. All things ready, he called to him General Fry and Major Bowman, and said: "The object of this expedition is to destroy the railroad bridge over Bear Creek and the trestle-work on this side. I have tried twice to break this road and failed. It must be done now at any cost; it is worth millions to the government; to fail now will be disgrace to us all. Major Bowman, I expect you to surprise the guards, seize the bridge, and burn it. I will look for the smoke about noon to-day."

On February 14, 1891, he breathed his last, and a wave of sorrow swept across the continent. Had General Sherman died when fighting one of his fierce battles or just after peace had been declared, grief at such a loss might have been unusually acute; yet it would not have been so deep nor so lasting as now,

when for upwards of a quarter of a century since the battle-flags were furled the honored warrior has been before the country.

Of the dead General it could never be said that he grasped "the skirts of happy chance." It was by hard and unremitting work that he laid the foundations of character and good judgment which so often stood him in such excellent stead. It was, it is true, the outbreak of the war which served to bring to light all his qualities as a leader and a strategist; but they could not have remained hidden, no matter what might have been his vocation. The annals of European wars during the nineteenth century cannot show greater foresight, a quicker grasp of the situation, nor more decisive generalship than was displayed by him.

His clear comprehension of the opposition the government would have to contend with in the field, and the earnestness with which he expressed it, helped to arouse the country to a realization of what was really coming, and was a great service to the government in getting troops in the field. His earnestness was his chief characteristic under all circumstances; and he can be imagined as saying with Henry V.:

"In peace there is nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger."

But, above all, the quality that distinguished General Sherman was his thorough adherence to duty. Wellington always talked of duty, and so did Grant and Sherman; with them the path of duty was the

way to glory, and they never ceased to inspire others with the same feeling.

Assurance was given in everything he did or said; rugged and independent, sometimes hot-tempered, but unselfish and loyal, with a deep scorn for all that is base and cowardly; modest and unassuming—a man of the people. All in all, he was the most versatile among the great captains. Every characteristic was peculiarly his own—a man of impulse, quick to form his opinions, and instant in executing them. Outspoken in every presence, he formed his own opinions and expressed them at will without regard to the surroundings. His frankness and unquestioned sincerity were made manifest to all who came in contact with him. He was the life of the society in which he moved, but he cared little for its forms and nothing for its glitter. He was a constant reader on all subjects, and was at home and interesting in conversation, prepared for any question which arose. He was plain in his taste and approachable by the humblest of those who had served under him, and was ever kind to them in extending any assistance which he could render. He hated shams. He accepted the honors which were showered upon him with undisguised satisfaction; he felt that he was worthy of them, and knew that the nation bestowed them gladly. He retained his vigor in wonderful degree; age had made almost imperceptible inroads upon him. In spite of the load he carried through the war and the strain he endured in common with all commanders, he lived to a greater age than any of them, and at last died from a disease not peculiar to old age. He goes to his rest full of

years and of honors. He was active to the last among his fellow-men, and his fame is secure.

So long as the history of the nation lives in the literature of the memories of men his material deeds will shine bright among the achievements of those whose swords saved the Union from the Rebellion.

As we fold him in his country's stars, roll the drum, and fire the volley, we can look back on the great names which illuminate the history of the Republic and feel that to the list has now been added one whose memory will ever be kept green by a nation of freemen.

INCIDENTS OF PRISON LIFE, WITH CAUSES OF CONFEDERATE CRUELTY.

BY CAPTAIN C. L. SUMBARDO,

TWELFTH IOWA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 13, 1891.)

THIS paper is not presented as a model of literary excellence; in it appears no attempt at dramatic effect, but simply a partial account of personal experiences and observations, with a few reflections prompted by them, during seven months as a prisoner of war; also an apology for Southern cruelty. No charge is made against the South of to-day, this being a voice from that past (1861-65) which will not slumber while lives an actor who bore part in those tragic scenes.

In recounting army experiences, to give facts without "poetic license" almost leaves one's patriotism subject to question. But some are endowed with broader vision and more fervid imagination than others. We have frequently enjoyed sensations of astonished bewilderment, our manly bosoms expanding with feelings of pride and conscious power, while listening to graphic descriptions of war scenes in which we were equally participant with the poetic narrator, but from which we had not caught such high inspiration. Some-

times even a vague suggestion of "unearned increment" would insinuate itself. The prison incidents of this sketch occurred early in the war, when less cruelty was practised in Southern prisons than after the South had suffered a succession of serious reverses.

Before entering the army, volunteer soldiers soberly pondered chances of hardship, wounds, and death, but memory does not recall any who calculated upon the contingencies of capture and those now well-known concomitants of prison life. The Twelfth Iowa Infantry was at Fort Henry, and was engaged in the siege and capture of Fort Donelson. So, after defeating our enemy fortified, we expected to make short work of him in open field that memorable Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, and return to camp in time for divine service. Sixty rounds of ammunition, a canteen of water—and we did conclude to issue one day's rations—included each man's equipment. Owing to slight derangement in our plans, we regretted not having taken blankets.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock P.M. we were with General Prentiss and his command marching from the battlefield of Shiloh in a southwesterly direction towards Corinth under a strong Confederate guard. We passed over the ground which had been occupied until late in the afternoon by the force opposing Prentiss; it was almost covered with Confederate dead and wounded. Having gone into action, as stated, with one day's rations, our haversacks being about empty many were replenished from those of the enemy, over whose dead bodies we were marching. In each haversack so secured was somewhat more than a day's rations

of good cooked food, consisting of pork, wheat biscuits—not hard bread—roasted coffee, and about four ounces of brown sugar. The writer also secured a linen towel and a gray blanket, which were much coveted during the next seven months. I recall having met but one body of organized troops that night; this was a force of about fifteen hundred infantry, one mile from where we were captured, moving southeasterly towards our left. There were stragglers scattered through the woods on every hand, while many wagons and some artillery were going to the rear, creating the impression that a retreat had already been begun by our enemy.

At 9 o'clock P.M. we halted in what had been a corn-field, eight miles southwest of Pittsburg Landing. We lay down in the furrows, but were soon disturbed by a miniature deluge compelling us to stand during the night. Strange to say, when morning came there was not a cheerful Yankee countenance visible; however, the rain had subsided, the sun shone brightly, and a cup of hot coffee restored animal spirits, allaying somewhat the discomfort of standing in drenched clothing on muddy ground. There were about twenty-five hundred prisoners. Brigadier-General Slaughter had them in charge; for a time it seemed they were "an elephant" on his hands; reports came from the front, and he appeared undecided. His aides were flying in different directions, and it was fully 9 A.M. Monday before we began marching towards Corinth, distant about eighteen miles, which we reached over bad roads about 4 P.M. After nightfall we were ordered into stock cars that had not been cleaned since

cattle had been transported in them, and soon started for Memphis. It rained, as usual, during the night, and water dripped upon us through the dilapidated cars, soaking our clothing, and rendering the car floors like a reeking barnyard.

Reaching Memphis about 5 P.M. Tuesday, we remained in the cars until 2 A.M. Wednesday, when, during a rain-storm that filled the streets with water, we marched two miles to a three-story brick block on the levee. My squad was quartered in the third story, the floors below being occupied as a wholesale grocery. After our severe experiences for three days and three nights, this shelter was exceedingly grateful. Let a Yankee remain in one place long enough to take his bearings, and with or without capital he sets himself up in business. Untoward circumstance quickens his fertile genius and furnishes stimulant for his delicate "gall." There was a large new tarpaulin of considerable value, forty feet long by eighteen feet wide, that had been prepared with waterproof substance on the floor of our new quarters. This was hastily rolled and left in one end of the room. Exigencies of the service required that this tarpaulin be at once issued as far as it would go, in strips four feet by six, which was accordingly done without ceremony. This appropriation was not discovered by our captors until the day we left Memphis. A windlass and rope for hoisting were also in this upper room, with a hatch-door opening to the room below. The pull-ropes were tightly wedged; a Yankee climbed to the windlass, unwound the large rope, then lifted the hatch-door, and was let down by others holding and

paying out the rope. Soon he signalled and was pulled up, his arms loaded with boxes of cigars, bags of loose smoking-tobacco, and packages of black tea. Repeated incursions were made until our room was stocked with such commodities as could be concealed. This Northern enterprise received no Southern recognition during our stay at Memphis, which was about eight days. We were then removed to Mobile, Ala., and quartered in a brick cotton warehouse open in the centre, with roof on two sides, being extremely hot when the sun shone, and filled with smoke during times of cooking. Here occurred an incident that will ever remain fresh in my memory as one of the most touching episodes of army experience—my introduction to the “Southern grayback”! At first it seemed impossible to regard him with familiarity, but soon he became a constant bosom companion.

We remained in Mobile five days, and took steamer on the Alabama River for Cahaba, where we were also quartered in a cotton warehouse, but received kind treatment. The authorities turned a stream of pure spring water through the building, which carried our sewage into the river, distant fifteen rods. One man at a time was here permitted on his word to walk for an hour around the town. My hour was delightfully spent. An English merchant-tailor invited me into his store. Our few moments’ conversation in a back room seemed to be mutually enjoyed. He was opposed to the war, but dared not make it known. His two sons were in the Southern army, but even they were not aware of his sentiments. He gave me a quantity of reading matter that afforded much

pleasure, as it was read and circulated until worn out. I was walking on the principal residence street when two young ladies drove leisurely along in a single carriage. In passing I must have glanced at them, for they tossed a rose from the back of the carriage; I secured the flower and pressed it to my lips. They waved their pretty hands and drove away.

We were next taken to Macon, Ga., stopping one night *en route* at Montgomery, Ala. Arriving at Macon, we occupied a part of Oglethorpe fair ground, a pleasant enclosure containing perhaps forty acres, with a variety of shade trees, also a stream of clear water running through the ground assigned to us. There were three buildings that had been used for displaying articles during fairs, besides a row of stalls for cattle and horses. The best building we used for a hospital; the other two and the stalls were appropriated for places in which to sleep, but more than half our number were compelled to sleep on the ground without shelter. Up to this time we had been subjected to no intentional cruelty, but were treated as well as could be expected from a people lacking that humane consideration for others the cultivation of which was not possible under their then existing social conditions.

A battalion of infantry and a battery of six twelve-pound howitzers composed the prison guard, commanded by Major Hardee, who, we were told, was a nephew of General Hardee. He was a humane, intelligent officer, and under his management prison life was at the minimum of hardship. Our rations were in kind and amount like those issued to Southern soldiers. We were allowed to go into the woods for fuel, and to

escort our dead to burial; decent coffins and a hearse were furnished, the graves were dug; in fact, our treatment under Major Hardee indicated his nature to be that of a refined gentleman. Late in June he was succeeded by Major Rylander, who, we were informed, was by profession a Methodist clergyman. We soon found him to be a cold, canting, cadaverous excrescence that subsisted on cruelty, and whose assumption of piety was a damnable fraud. If there is such a place, we may fairly conclude he was "fore-ordained" to at least a probationary period of future existence in his old-fashioned sulphurous hell. On assuming command he curtailed our space, cut down our rations in quality and amount, punished prisoners for every misdemeanor by tying them with hands above their heads, with the buck and gag, and by staking them on the ground with arms and legs extended. He gave cruel orders to his guards without notifying the prisoners; refused to let us cut our fuel; did not supply sufficient food for cooking; forbade an escort to attend burials—in fact, seemed to tax his satanic ingenuity in devising schemes for oppression. We had no medical attendance worth mentioning, and no medicines except those purchased with rations of the sick. In our hospital, with about a hundred patients, no lights were furnished, and all the lights we had were made by frying out the fat of bacon, putting it in plates, with cotton rags for wicks. No sick man would enter the hospital until he became helpless, as all felt he would "never come out the front door." Nurses were detailed or volunteered from our number. On August 10 there were twelve

hundred prisoners, three hundred of whom were on the sick-list. Few were entirely well, but the sick-list included only those who needed constant attention. It was not uncommon for ten or twelve deaths to occur in twenty-four hours. Just back of the hospital a few boards were laid on the ground, on which the dead bodies were piled like cord wood, with no other shelter than a piece of canvas. I have seen them left in the hot sun awaiting burial until they would fester and burst. The prison sink was located a hundred feet in rear of the hospital, about four feet deep, ten feet long, and two feet wide; when one was filled it was covered with a little earth, and another was dug in rear of it. A person not aware of the change was almost sure at night-time to walk into the old sink, and many a poor devil was cruelly permitted to take that noxious bath. A guard was always stationed near this place; but when a new sink was dug it seemed to be "nuts" for him to see sick prisoners walk into the old one.

Late in June a squad of sailors from the "Kingfisher," one of our blockading squadron off Savannah, Ga., were brought in. They formed an interesting addition to our number. Three prominent characters among them were named Durham, Ward, and Sprague; the first two of Irish descent, the latter a native of Maine. Durham was quiet and intelligent, five feet six inches in height, and well formed; Ward was a powerful young man, pugnacious, overbearing, and generally disliked. During a dispute he attempted to emphasize his argument by a heavy blow in Sprague's face, which was playfully resented by Sprague insert-

ing the blade of his sheath knife into Ward's body. At first we thought the wound fatal, but Ward recovered, much improved in manners. Durham was rather remarkable in his way; being expert with the needle, much of his time was occupied in changing and patching garments for fellow-prisoners. He excelled in drawing, and executed upon the arms and bodies of many any design desired, by pricking India ink into the skin with needles. His messmates reported him as being a perfect seaman; on shipboard he was cockswain, having charge of the captain's cutter; he was an excellent swordsman, apparently without fear. It is difficult to convey an idea of the change one or two drinks of liquor would work in this gentlemanly, unobtrusive sailor. By some means he obtained whiskey on four different occasions; under its effects he became like a tiger, and was determined to fight either friend or foe. On one occasion a crowd rushed to witness him attack an inoffensive man fifty pounds heavier than himself; seeing the commotion, the officer of the guard with a corporal and two men hurried to the spot and arrested Durham. While being led away he released one arm, and turning to the officer, applied to him an offensive epithet, whereupon the officer struck a sweeping blow at him with his sword. Durham dodged the blow and challenged the officer to a combat on equal terms; he was taken across the line and ordered to lie down on the ground, which he refused to do. The lieutenant commanded a soldier to knock him down; Durham in a tragic manner said, "If that is your executioner, let him proceed!" The man struck him on the forehead with the pole of a

hatchet, knocking him senseless, and staked him to the ground while in that condition. However agreeable a sober man may be, his continued abuse when drunk becomes monotonous even to friends. Like Ward, Durham at last found the right man. In a later frenzy he assaulted an Irish sergeant of the Fifty-eighth Illinois, who had a small-bladed knife in his hand; the sergeant clinched and threw him, then thrust the knife into his body five or six times in quick succession with a beneficial effect, demonstrating the reasonableness of "heroic treatment" when scientifically applied.

The latter part of June our guard received some recruits, among them being a country boy fifteen or sixteen years of age. A dozen or more prisoners determined to attempt escape; they marked the post where the young recruit was stationed, also the hours when he would be on duty. A dark night favored them. They crawled on the ground to within a few yards of the guard, and by a sudden rush all crossed the line. Without firing, he called out, "Corporal, de geard post numba' fo'; Yankees runnin' across my beat jes' like sheep!" My recollection is that all were recaptured but two brothers (a sergeant and a private in the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry), who went direct to the Ocmulgee River, about three-quarters of a mile from our camp, where they secured a small boat, making their way nights and hiding days, until they succeeded in reaching our blockading squadron off Florida, and were sent to New York.

The Confederate Post-Adjutant Carter was a nice young man about thirty years old; he had been prin-

cipal of a young ladies' seminary at Macon. Two prisoners got out one night and were met by a number of Confederate officers at a house kept, as the adjutant said, "by some no-account women"; this being the only class of Southern women which was *always* hospitable to Northern soldiers, we may safely conclude that these bad boys were warmly received. They were, however, quickly turned over to the provost guard. Next day the guards were increased. Not long after a member of the Twenty-third Missouri got through the line and spent the day at a farmhouse. The farmer loaned him a pair of trousers while his were being patched by the farmer's wife. He made no attempt to escape. Macon was at so great a distance from our lines that all efforts to reach them except that before mentioned had proved fruitless, men having been recaptured after weeks of perilous hardship. Towards nightfall the farmer escorted him to camp and delivered him to Captain Fredericks, officer of the day, who asked why he got out without attempting to escape. He replied: "My pantaloons needed mending." The Captain said he would give him a pair of pantaloons this time, and if he got out again would give him a coat. The guards were again increased, but the next time Captain Fredericks was officer of the day this same soldier had gotten through the lines and presented himself at the front gate asking admission. The Captain kept his promise, giving him a coat. He innocently asked the Captain what he would give him if he got out again; the Captain replied, "A dose of lead."

There were no commissioned officers in our prison

except for a short time. Being orderly-sergeant, the writer, by common consent, was regarded chief of the mess to which he belonged. One day a number of our officers were temporarily transferred to our camp; they were without rations, and would not draw any until next morning. We drew five days' rations at a time, and would not then draw for two days. I asked my mess if they were willing to give some of our officers a dinner, understanding we would be compelled to go without food ourselves one day in consequence. They consented. Napoleon said: "The world is moved by the pit of the stomach." Reason, conscience, affection, all flee from the animal man when he is in the pangs of an unappeased appetite. A light supper, no breakfast, and nothing in sight until dinner next day caused an unreasonable clamor. About 5 o'clock P.M. a baker drove in with bread, which he sold to those who had money; my mess had none. I called one of the boys and hurried to the baker's wagon before the guard arrived, mounted on the wheel, seized a case containing eight loaves of bread, and passed it to my messmate, who quickly disappeared in the crowd. The writer devoutly returned thanks for "Providential care"! If one desires to ascertain how far below or above the so-called lower animals his neighbor may be classed, he must spend a few months with him under sufficiently unfavorable conditions to produce more or less suffering. For a while one of our number was detailed to act as commissary to draw rations and issue them to respective messes. This man formed a "combine" with the Confederate commissary, and speculated in rations of the sick. He loaned Confederate

money to prisoners of his acquaintance, taking their notes for double the amount. He was said to have made over six hundred dollars before his official head was removed. A man named Clinton claiming to have been captured at Pea Ridge, but who proved to be a Confederate prison spy, succeeded him.

As before remarked, let a Yankee get his bearings, and his fertile genius at once devises schemes for making money. One of our messes bought a "beef shank" for soup; an ingenious boy made some finger rings from the bone. Soon every man with mechanical skill was making bone jewelry. Confederate soldiers and citizens purchased largely of these wares. An enterprising prisoner attempted to "corner" the business, and succeeded practically in doing so. He made machinery for boring and sawing bone, employed a number of men making rings, breast-pins, emblems, and a variety of ornamental trinkets. The material was sawed to as near the required shape as possible; holes of various sizes were bored in those pieces intended for rings. In the rough all were passed to designers, who sketched with pencil any design wished for; carvers developed the designs beautifully, after which finishers, by polishing, gave them the appearance of ivory. Citizens and Confederate soldiers would leave orders to be executed, as if bone jewelry had become a staple of life. Here was a heartless monopoly, with an eye single to money-making. Individual industry was driven from the field, and one man pocketed the gain that had hitherto rendered prison life more tolerable to a large number. This operator in bones was reported to have made over two thousand dollars during the

summer. Ingenuity, coupled with other traits, evidently rendered the real, live, visible Yankee an object of wonder to the average Southerner. Upon enquiry we were informed that not more than fifteen per cent of the men guarding us could write their names. Dense ignorance among poor white people partially accounted for the caste line being so strongly drawn between them and their more fortunate fellow-citizens, who had directly or indirectly been benefited by Northern schools.

Soon after Major Rylander assumed command he drew in the guard-line, shutting out a part of the creek. No notice was given us, and the guards were instructed to shoot any one crossing the line. Ignorant of the change, a prisoner—an elderly German—on his way to the creek crossed the line, and without being halted was shot, dying almost instantly. This occurred about four o'clock in the afternoon. Early in June the writer with five others composed a burial escort; when passing a somewhat pretentious dwelling, a young lady seated on the balcony exclaimed: "O mamma, there goes another dead Yankee!"

On October 6 Charlie Smith, belonging to Company H, Twelfth Iowa, died in the hospital. He was a son of Rev. Dr. Smith, a Baptist clergyman then at Dubuque, Iowa. After returning from prison a member of the Doctor's church invited the Doctor and myself to dine at his house and spend the evening. It was natural that the Doctor should desire to hear repeated every detail regarding his son's prison life and death. He was a strong man physically, and of rather violent nature. After my recital he forcibly exclaimed: "If I had all

the Rebels of the South on a trap-door over hell, I would spring the trap without giving them time to utter a prayer!" Non-combatants of both sections, male and female, Christian and Pagan, were more bitter in expression and feeling than were those who met in deadly conflict. Theory alone contracts the nature; intelligent, practical action broadens the mind and opens new avenues to the soul.

The officers were separated from enlisted men and sent to Selma, Ala., later to Madison, Ga. Early in June all private soldiers in our camp were paroled, leaving only non-commissioned officers. About July 1 several hundred enlisted men were transferred from Tuscaloosa, Ala., where they were under Captain Wirz, later demon of Andersonville. Prominent citizens frequently visited our camp, always attended by one or more guards, who listened with astonishment to the conversation between these citizens and our enlisted men, the latter being much better informed upon national politics and general subjects. There were many good singers among us, and pleasant evenings we entertained our captors with national and other songs.

We were eager for news, but papers were strictly forbidden. An old negro brought vegetables in a cart for sale; for a long time he smuggled in newspapers, but being detected was given a hundred lashes on his bare back in sight of our camp. For a while we received no news. On one side of our enclosure was a high board fence, the sentinel being posted inside. One day, when he was near one end of his beat a paper rolled with a stone in it was thrown over the fence at

the other end; thereafter important news reached us through an unknown medium.

The relief-guard, while passing through our camp, saw, standing upright in the sand, a tuft of reddish hair, which upon investigation proved to be the end of a yearling heifer's tail. It was, however, no longer attached to the heifer, whose skin and entrails only remained, evidences of her untimely death. She had wandered from home, and "was taken into camp in great shape"!

One day in September a man dressed in a good suit of citizen's clothing asked across the guard-line if any of the prisoners had been at the battle of Fort Donelson. Receiving an affirmative answer he informed us that he was captured there, had been confined at Camp Douglas, and had just returned. He was asked "where he got that hat, those clothes, those shoes?" to which enquiries he replied, "The Yanks gave them to me." One of our boys remarked, "The Yanks treated you pretty well, didn't they? Did they give you enough to eat?" "Y-a-a-s, but they didn't give us enough *cawn* bread." A prisoner replied, "You double-blank fool, come in here and *we'll* give you enough '*cawn*' bread!"

Much suffering in Macon prison during the summer of 1862 can be attributed to bad cooking and irregular eating. As before stated, we drew five days' rations at each issue; our staple food consisted of coarse corn-meal and bacon. In that warm climate, for men confined this was strong food, and needed careful cooking. The common method was to mix meal with water, adding grease fried from bacon for seasoning, then

bake in a Dutch oven a loaf about two inches thick. The meal not being thoroughly cooked, together with the grease, made about as unwholesome a compound as could well be formed. As a rule these men were short from three to five meals before every ration day. But those that ate soups, mush, and thin cakes—in fact, any food which was thoroughly cooked—and persisted in taking needful exercise, suffered less for lack of food as well as from ill-health. The writer walked rapidly from one to three hours a day, often walking two hours at night while others were asleep. There were two pine trees about thirty yards apart; between these lay his promenade. I cannot but recall with genuine pleasure the many hours of delightful solitude passed with these, my mute, unselfish friends, who never took the largest share, never scrambled for the best place, but always stood erect, conferring generously without expecting a return.

When we first reached Macon a part of our guard consisted of citizens who were detailed temporarily. They knew nothing of military discipline, and spent their time talking with us. In this way I made the acquaintance of Mr. Harris, a wholesale grocer on Cherry Street. He was quite friendly, offering to get me a situation as clerk in the Confederate quartermaster's office, which was declined. He also said that should I need assistance at any time, to send him word and he would gladly respond. Late in the summer, when there was much suffering, I called upon him through the kindness of Captain Fredericks, officer of the day, who sent with me an unarmed guard. I did not ask Mr. Harris for help, but having a good hunting-

case silver watch, requested him to buy it at his own price, stating my reason, which he refused to do. His former burst of generosity seemed not to have flowed from a perennial fountain, but was only an ephemeral gush which had eluded the grasp of cupidity. My guard directed me to a jeweller, Mr. E. J. Johnston, who gave twenty-five dollars Confederate money for the watch. I bought some quinine, and divided sixteen dollars among those of my friends who most needed it, keeping for our mess the balance. Mr. Burke, a book-dealer, gave me a "Life of Robert Emmet"; Mr. J. E. Jones, a banker, gave me four magazines; a lady gave me some newspapers. The guard was accommodating, so with my repleted exchequer I asked if there was anything he would like; he replied, "I reckon a drink of straight whiskey would do me a heap of good." He took a twenty-five-cent drink, while a cheap cigar gratified my desire for sociability. We returned to camp, my errand having been successful. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the help that small sum of money afforded us just at that time, or the pleasure derived from the reading matter. The humanity of Captain Fredericks will never be effaced from my memory.

Continual rumors came of our being exchanged. Sickness and death were working havoc among us; we were mustered twice for exchange, only to be disappointed. At last, on October 8, we were ordered on board cars for Richmond, Va.; every man that could walk responded. One prisoner carried his friend, who was a living skeleton, on his back; when changing cars we would see that faithful friend carrying his

invalid comrade. At Columbia, S. C., we must have marched nearly two miles from one road to another. I regret not having that man's name, for amid the constant display of selfishness he seemed to me the true hero of our prison days. Most of our number were in poor condition to make the trip; several died *en route*. At Charlotte, N. C., we left the cars in the night during a heavy rain, and were quartered in a lot near the railroad station. An old sergeant—who, by the way, was proud of his radical democracy—eluded the guard and crawled under the depot platform. Feeling something warm, without investigation he hugged near it, and immediately fell asleep. After “rosy-fingered morning” had lifted the curtain of night he awoke and beheld his nocturnal companions, who were no less than a black mother and her seven nursing offspring. This discovery caused no manifest repugnance, on either side, to detract from that delicious rest afforded by oblivion, thus adorning history's page with another beautiful illustration of “Jeffersonian simplicity.” At Raleigh, while we were standing in groups awaiting orders to take cars for Richmond, a plainly dressed man hurriedly passed among us and gave to the head of each mess ten dollars in Confederate money, saying he was “a Union man” and wished he could do more for us. He disappeared without our learning anything further about him. We were seven days going from Macon to Richmond, where we arrived October 15, in time for lunch at the Libby Café, and were paroled the same day.

We presented an appearance in marked contrast to that of the returned Confederate prisoner before

mentioned. Many were barefooted, without shirts, their trousers not reaching below the knees. Some had no clothing but shirt and drawers. Some had no coats, but trousers with an undignified posterior exposure. All were infested with vermin.

October 17, at 10:15 A.M., we left Libby Prison for Aiken's Landing, fifteen miles from Richmond, on the James River, where a Northern transport lay waiting to take us to Annapolis, Md. Wagons accompanied the column to pick up those that could not march. Our eagerness to behold civilization again and to breathe an atmosphere free from the venom of oppression was shown by our marching to Aiken's Landing in a little over four hours. When the head of the column beheld our national colors floating over the steamer a shout went up, and the Confederate guards were forgotten as we broke into a run, cheering and weeping for joy. Men are often stirred to enthusiasm by lofty eloquence, or wafted into ecstatic enjoyment by strains of melody, or carried out of and above their usual state by high contemplation, none of which happinesses can be bought with gold nor be experienced by any nature that does not feel the touch of the universal soul. As we cannot accurately portray the sensations of another, it is equally difficult to convey a correct idea of our own; so it would require a kaleidoscopic portrayal of the hopes, aspirations, and hallowed memories of each individual to describe the fulness of our joy on again gathering under the flag we loved. On the transport was a detail of infantry from a Pennsylvania regiment known as the Bucktail Regiment. The gentlemanly demeanor of these sol-

diers, together with their extreme kindness to us, formed a delightful contrast to our late experiences. Under the circumstances their warm, cheerful greeting furnished one of those incidents that memory ever loves to recall.

Prison life had ended. We were filled with indignation at being treated with seemingly studied cruelty. At this point one who has never flaunted the garment dipped in gore desires to give vent to what he has always felt when recurring to this subject. The spectacle of receiving a people conquered in the most gigantic rebellion known to history, formed by a long-premeditated and fully planned conspiracy to overthrow the most beneficent government ever established; the spectacle of opening the treasury and every other avenue of government to those savage people, without a single guarantee of good faith on their part, not even requiring them to reimburse the nation for stolen treasure and stores, to say nothing of a nation's dead—to look back on this action after twenty-five years have elapsed, it appears the crowning act of a sentimentality nourished by a progressive North towards an idle, selfish, arrogant South, who had been pampered by Northern subserviency until they were eager to destroy a great government that had constitutionally protested against longer regarding their wilful temper as the nation's law. The firing upon Fort Sumter was an act of audacity prompted by treason as damnable as can be found in the world's history—an act that never will and never should be condoned, but be held up for the everlasting execrations of a civilized world!

Memory cannot be relied on twenty-five years for an

accurate statement of history, any more than it can be to carry the exact terms of a verbal contract. The narrative here given was taken from my diary kept while a prisoner. The imagination, like other powers of mind, is not idle. I have related prison experiences, and listened to their recital by others, for nearly thirty years, with no intention to exaggerate; but on referring to my journal in preparing this paper, I could scarcely realize the extent to which my mind had distorted facts. In 1853 a gentleman made a trip on horseback from Logansport, Ind., to Green Bay, Wis.; after his return he related as a "Munchausen" how he encountered five Indians and whipped them with a hickory club. He has repeated that story from year to year, adding embellishments, until now he honestly believes it to be true, embellishments and all. Lately he was quite offended at my presuming to remind him that he first told the story in jest. A valuable textbook on the subject of comparative mendacity might be arranged, beginning with Ananias and Sapphira, followed by my old friend's Indian story, Premier Rudini's diplomatic correspondence regarding the recent New Orleans massacre, and Dr. John A. Wyeth's Camp Morton rat-and-dog story.

The foregoing occupies more space than was at first intended; however, the apology for Southern cruelty must not be omitted.

Behind every action there is a cause. That lowest life which appears in stagnant pools begins its growth by enveloping and assimilating objects more minute; the nature of its food, together with other conditions and influences, determine its material development and

strongly mark its subsequent character. This seems to be true of all life, from the lowest to that of man. So, in order to correctly estimate the causes by which certain traits are produced in the character of a people, it is necessary to know something of their physical and social surroundings. One of our latter-day political economists has asserted that "environment is stronger than heredity." Strength of heredity, however, is occasionally manifested by individuals through their power to withstand the influence of surroundings; but truly progressive minds are ever creating conditions by modifying and conforming to environment. We recognize laws governing the moral as well as the physical world, all of which are necessarily related. When living in reasonable harmony with those laws, man's normal condition is one of pleasure, but their violation positively summons a relentless Nemesis. The blind goddess regards neither prayer, sacrifice, nor ignorance, infancy, youth, nor mature years; the violator of law is crushed as surely and completely as if by the "upper and nether millstones." Oppression, physical or intellectual, will, sooner or later, produce revolution, because the restless spirit of progress which animates humankind will not be repressed while drawing that knowledge from Nature's universal storehouse which invites, compels, a ceaseless march onward and upward. So pervasive is the influence of this spirit that Americans as a people faintly realize that little more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since four millions of our population were slaves and the remainder were directly or indirectly engaged in deadly warfare with each other. To-day our free

schools (and may the hand wither which touches with unholy purpose one stone of those pillars of Freedom's temple), distributed from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, invite all classes and conditions to enter their generous portals, where among other principles are taught love of liberty, love of country, and love of justice. These principles, when understood and loyally conformed to, aid in moulding character such as citizens of a great republic should possess. Love of liberty coexists with love of justice; but with an imperfect idea of liberty how can there be a true conception of justice? We cannot expect the ignorant millions of oppressed humanity that pour in upon us from Old World monarchies, nor the black men lately freed from bondage, to catch at once the true spirit of these high ideas; indeed it is impossible for them to do so, as their whole natures, springing from an oppressive past, are born into a condition, as they imagine, of unrestricted freedom—a condition for which of all men they are least fitted. As this error becomes apparent to them, a severe rebound is the first step towards assimilation; then begins a crucial test of the power and beneficence of our institutions, requiring wise action from courageous minds, disciplined in those principles which form the solid substructure of popular government. Liberal education is a republic's surest defence; in proportion to their higher cultivation do men not only dislike war, but are able to avert it. When, however, war is forced upon them regardless of every reasonable overture that intelligent citizenship can suggest, their minds become fruitful of resource for offence and de-

fence. The people south of Mason and Dixon's Line lived, and even flourished to some extent, for more than a century under conditions most unfavorable to higher development.

Conspicuous among their accomplishments in those antebellum days were horsemanship, use of fire-arms, and skill in "those ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." Climatic conditions rendered tobacco and *spiritus frumenti* imaginary indispensables to masculine existence, and the tender sex not infrequently derived solace through the same agencies. About one-third of their population were slaves, not allowed education. There were no schools worth mentioning for poor white people, and but few for the wealthy. Traffic in slave property was actively carried on, and not uncommonly did men sell their own offspring.

In his "Data of Ethics," Herbert Spencer shows that "quite low forms of life adjust their acts to ends" to preserve individual life. Higher mammals not only aim to protect individual life, but exercise care in protection of offspring. Ascending in the "evolution of conduct," he shows that in proportion as man advances from a savage state there is "an adjustment of acts to ends," not merely to subserve individual interests and that of his offspring, but also to serve the interests of others.

We can recall in recollection those beautiful quadroon and octoroon girls (one or more of whom it may be said graced many homes of wealth), possessing model forms, oriental eyes, and soft, tropical complexions; gentle and modest in demeanor, yet intuitively aware of those delicate attentions which catered to the weak-

nesses of both mistress and—master. These girls were neither field-hands nor cooks; they were more valuable for other purposes, always bringing high prices in market. Being stock property, it was necessary from a business standpoint that they should be productive. In stock-breeding the character of the sire is always carefully estimated. Thirty years ago, under the slavery régime, no man would have dared question the superiority of a native Southern white man! Indeed, they were openly quoted in comparison with Northern men as one to five. We may not be censured for wonder at this assumption, for they were not as strong physically, nor were they endowed with greater mental vigor; so it must have been their geographical patriotism and *latent* morality that raised Southern character to its own estimated mean of excellence.

While in Louisiana during the Vicksburg campaign the writer rode up to a mansion on the gallery of which stood a nicely dressed lady with a light-colored elderly woman and a group of varicolored children. He lifted his cap to the lady and asked if she was mistress of the plantation; the old colored woman said, "No, she's my daughter." The daughter then remarked that she had "always felt hard towards her grandmother." He asked, "Why?" She replied, "Because if my grandmother had been a white woman I should have been white too." After a moment's reflection her reason was obvious.

A young gentleman of Pennsylvania graduated from college a few years before the war. He adopted the profession of civil engineering and accepted a position with the surveyor-general of Virginia at Richmond,

which, together with strong credentials, at once gave him *entrée* to the best Southern society. After a few weeks' residence there a number of young gentlemen called at his hotel one Sunday and invited him to accompany them for an afternoon's recreation, which invitation was gladly accepted. They proceeded to the bank of the James River, where was a group of colored girls clad in clean calico dresses, with gaudy turbans on their heads. These young men informed their guest that "each would choose a girl, when they would row over to the island and have a jolly time." They courteously extended him the privilege of "first pick," which was as courteously declined by him, remarking that he did not wish to bar their pleasure, but they must excuse him. One of the boys remarked, "Well, stranger, you are a devilish good fellow, but most damned particular." Our Southern neighbors have not hidden results of an intimate contact with the colored race, as is frequently shown in that race by change of features and complexion.

As the slaves were reasoning beings, severe laws and constant precaution were necessary to prevent desertion and revolt. The reflex operation of these laws was more damaging to those who demanded them than was their direct effect upon the poor creatures they were intended to govern. Among the entire white population there prevailed as near complete idleness as pecuniary circumstances would permit; the laborer being degraded, to labor was necessarily degrading. The results of idleness are quite familiar to every one. Mr. Spencer says: "The moral man is one whose functions—many and varied in their kinds—are all

discharged in degrees duly adjusted to the conditions of existence."

In slavery days Southern courage and hospitality were marvels to Northern people; readiness to take human life gave a distorted idea of Southern courage, often causing abject submission on the part of Northern men, preferable to a deadly encounter. Right here permit an opinion—that Northern flunkeyism was largely responsible for the propagation of Southern arrogance. Such sycophancy indicated that strain of blood which for centuries "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning." Frequently do Northern people whom we have regarded the plainest citizens in every respect show marked proof of ancestral "blue blood." By some rapid whirl of fortuity they acquire that pecuniary requisite necessary to a position where greatness can assert itself without seeming incongruity. They at once change locality of residence, change their dress, change their friends, and bang their horses' tails! The lady who is usually robust bleaches her neck and arms, and soon appears in public with a ravishing display of thorax and vertebra. The admiring homage now paid them by their hitherto unknown fellow-citizens is the great seal affixed to their patent of nobility. We cannot sustain a charge of toadyism against Southern men. They have been and are to-day freer from it than we are. They always strike direct from the shoulder in defence of and to promote their convictions; while we of the North carry expediency to such an extent in religion, in politics, in business, in society, as to retard higher progress by tampering with incip-

ient evils, until the combined force of community, State, or nation is compelled to rise in power and crush them.

To recur to the subject of Southern hospitality. In babyhood Southern white children quite commonly received nourishment from the breasts of slave women. As there existed between them no natural affection, the absence of which renders an individual or a people selfish and devoid of many higher impulses, we may reasonably assert that this in infancy, and other influences even before birth, were actively outlining traits for subsequent development. The Southern planter lived in his elegant mansion remote from city life, surrounded only by his slaves, upon the fruits of whose unremunerated toil he led a life of luxurious indolence. To entertain congenial people was a pleasure he sought. Expense did not enter into the calculation, as daily bread was not provided by the moisture of *his* brow. His deepest regret came at parting. Notwithstanding his seeming hospitality, should you express positive indifference with him regarding questions of State, the bitterest hostility would quickly succeed an apparently fervid friendship, thus betraying an absolute incompatibility between his Southern nature and that American equality which accords to every man the right to express his opinion. The Southern mind was blindly ignorant of those powerful forces which both build and destroy nations. It is utterly impossible for a system to be permanent that is based upon selfishness and tyranny. Although shut out by every barrier possible, the very currents of heaven whispered to the slave that beyond his cruel

surroundings was an active world planning his release. This flickering hope not only prevented his nature from becoming hardened, but kept alive a warm race sympathy.

The human mind cannot be shackled by political, social, or any other dogma without becoming fertile for germs of prejudice. It must either fall into line with changing conditions "and march on with the procession," or be crushed under the relentless wheels of an insatiable progress. Henry Ward Beecher once remarked that "he hoped God would not let him live to become so old that he could not change." Jefferson Davis lived forty years after reaching that point. He became the embodiment of political bigotry and prejudice. Unrestrained prejudice narrows the mind, sears sympathy, begets cruelty. Jefferson Davis was to the average Southern mind the archetype of greatness. With such an ideal was it possible for a people to entertain those broad ideas and noble sentiments which should pervade our civilization? He has passed away. Thank God, there is now hope of the Southern mind gradually adjusting itself to the national equilibrium!

No words spoken since the war so strongly justify this hope as those uttered in that remarkable oration delivered on last Memorial Day at Andersonville, Ga., by the Hon. J. F. Hanson, an ex-Confederate officer. Here is a short extract, but the whole oration should be read by every citizen North and South. He said: "We should not meet as Northern men or Southern men, as soldiers of the Federal or Confederate armies, as masters or slaves, as white men or black men, but

as citizens of a common country, blessed with universal freedom and universal peace, seeking at this shrine of patriotism to learn from our past history lessons of wisdom and duty for the future."

Such words would not have been spoken by a Southern man this year of our Lord had Jefferson Davis been living.

The tyrannic Southern nature was a legitimate outgrowth of that institution which was diametrically opposed to the fundamental principles of our government as well as to the common instincts of humanity. For wrongs heaped upon the ignorant black man, for stupendous ingratitude towards a generous nation, for the self-inflicted disaster and woe upon the whole South, for fiendish cruelty practised upon prisoners of war, the anathemas of intelligent humanity will ever be hurled, not directly at the heads of those men whose birthrights were being torn from them, but upon that accursed "sum of all villainies," the institution of human slavery.

When passing through the horrors of internecine strife we were being weighed in the political balances of the universe; Justice tipped the beam against oppression, and to-day all nations respectfully acknowledge our power, as we stand, a united country, under the generous folds of one flag. With sentiments of fraternity growing North and South, while sixty-five millions of free, loyal, progressive people are being bound together in common interest by links of amity forged from the shackles of a race, an influence emanating from the United States of America sweeps over Christendom, stimulating the popular mind with an intelligent desire for liberty, and causing every throne to tremble.

A SCOUT'S GREETING.

TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U. S. ARMY.

(Read at a reception given General Merritt by the Minnesota Commandery,
Military Order of the Loyal Legion, St. Paul, November 10, 1891.)

DEAR GENERAL: My duty trail is leading
On towards the borders of the sunrise land,
And as along the gleaming rails I'm speeding,
My brain is flashing rhymings to my hand.
The warmest admiration prompts this greeting—
My admiration for a soldier true,
Whose record as a warrior is meeting
To-night a tribute from the boys in blue.

When treason with uplifted hand was dealing
Its hardest blows against the Union's breast,
And loyal leaders eager were appealing
For succor from the north and east and west,
Your bright sword flashed responsive to the slogan,
And with the heroes now beneath the sod—
Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson, Logan—
You took your stand for Liberty and God.

Your record in the fray needs no recalling,
'Tis known in every household in the land—
When shot and shell like hail were round you falling,
Like man of iron you led your brave command.

On many a field your prowess in the battle
Inspired your men to deeds of Spartan mould,
And led them on undaunted 'mid the rattle
Of cannon where the war waves fiercest rolled.

When that great fratricidal war was ended,
Your warrior heart yet sought new fields of fray;
From out the West appealing cries ascended,
Where enemies, more fierce than those in gray,
With wild ferocity were madly sweeping
Amid the settlers on the Western plains,
And flames from hard-earned homes were wildly leaping
Into the air o'er sacrificed remains.

Through all the savage wars you rode undaunted,
And scattered terror to the redskin foe—
Where'er the flag of Merritt's troopers flaunted,
The bugle notes of victory would blow.
In rains and snows, through trials and privation,
You hung with stern persistence to the trail,
Until the Indian foe in consternation
Threw down his arms beneath your leaden hail.

We of the buckskin loved you and admired you,
For well we knew on every bloody field
The valor of a warrior true inspired you
With arm of steel the gleaming sword to wield.
O'er all the savage trails we've rode together,
Through mountain pass and o'er the sandy plains,
In burning suns, or winter's fiercest weather,
The same warm patriot blood coursed thro' your veins.

To-night, with loving comrades gathered round you,
While joy and pleasure hold despotic sway,
We absent ones recall the ties which bound you
Close to our hearts in many a savage fray.
And as you listen to the friendly greeting
Of comrades, as the merry moments fly,
Let but one thought o'er the back trail go fleeting,
Unto the buckskinned boys of days gone by.

God bless you, General, and scatter pleasure
With bounteous hand along your trail of life;
May floods of sunshine, copious, without measure,
Beat back each threatening cloud of care or strife;
And when your honored sword is sheathed forever—
When hand of death has cut the earthly tie,
May angel escort guide you o'er the river,
Safe to the great headquarters up on high.

—CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD,
"The Poet Scout."

THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN M. SHAW,

TWENTY-FIFTH WISCONSIN INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read December 8, 1891.)

It is my province this evening to speak to you of a comparatively unrecorded and unremembered hero. When I speak of the subject of this sketch as a hero, I do not mean one whose claims to that title rest upon any merely adventitious circumstance, such as the leadership of a forlorn hope, or even the winning under special and exceptional auspices of a great battle; but one who, by his steady and unfaltering devotion through long years of mortal peril to, and struggle for, those things which were vital to the interests of his country, and essential to the preservation upon the earth of government "by the people, for the people," has gloriously earned the name, not only of hero, but of patriot and benefactor of his race. One who was not only willing to and did give all the energies of a young manhood of brilliant promise, and even his life, to a great cause, but was content to do all this from a shadowed position, standing, through it all, out of and beyond the gaze of the public eye, never asking, nor

in any manner seeking, for recognition or the plaudits which were his meed, but only that, with never-failing courage and noble self-forgetfulness, he might be permitted to contribute the glowing heat and fervor of his inward soul to that cause which above and beyond all things else he cherished.

When I speak of him as comparatively unrecorded and unremembered, I have in mind that in all the multitude of histories and personal memoirs concerning our great struggle which have come within my own notice, I have never seen his name mentioned except in the most casual and perfunctory manner. For instance, I have searched in vain through the voluminous indexes and pages of the ten volumes of that surpassingly interesting history which has lately been put forth by Messrs. Nicolay & Hay for any mention of the name of John A. Rawlins. I find hundreds, nay, I think thousands, of names there recorded, whose claims to recognition, as compared with his, were as that of a farthing candle to the noonday sun; and I have been forced to the conclusion that this "gem of purest ray serene" has been fated to rest, in a great degree, undiscovered and unrecognized in "the unfathomed caves" of the ocean of the great Rebellion.

It will be my purpose to-night, so far as may rest within my feeble powers, to assure in one place, namely, in this Commandery, some remembrance of, and tribute to, his great worth and surpassing service.

John Aaron Rawlins was born in East Galena, in the County of Jo Daviess and State of Illinois, on the thirteenth day of February, A. D. 1831. He was of Scotch-Irish extraction, a most noble stock. He died

at Washington, D. C., on the sixth day of September, A.D. 1869. His father, James D. Rawlins, was a farmer, who had removed from Kentucky to Missouri, and thence to Illinois, acquiring and living upon a farm in the immediate vicinity of Galena. John passed his early years on the farm of his father, and attended the district school in winter. He assisted in burning charcoal and hauling it to the market town, and after he had begun to acquire some professional and political local prominence, used to be called "the Jo Daviess coal boy." Having within him an aspiring spirit, the drudgery of his work upon the farm became irksome to him as he approached manhood, and after exhausting the limited sources of literature within his reach at his home, he attended for one or more terms the Mount Morris Seminary in Ogle County, Ill., paying his own way out of the scanty means which he had with the most frugal economy contrived to save from his small earnings. His money giving out, he again resumed for a time the occupation of charcoal burning. Having thus replenished his exchequer, his intention was to return to the seminary, but for some unknown reason he abandoned that design, and came into the City of Galena, and entered as a student the law office of Isaac P. Stevens, then a prominent attorney of that city. In October, 1854, he was admitted to the bar and received into partnership with Mr. Stevens. In 1855 Mr. Stevens retired from practice, and Rawlins took up and conducted the large business which had been acquired. Subsequently David Sheean, a boyhood friend of his, who had grown up with him, and is now the leading lawyer of north-

western Illinois, entered his office as a student, and upon being admitted to practice became associated with him, and the firm of Rawlins & Sheean remained in continuous and very large practice until the breaking out of the war. As a lawyer Rawlins was very strong and able. While in those earlier years his learning could not, in the nature of things, have been so exhaustive as that of many of the older men whom he met at the bar, his strong *forte* was a transparent and sturdy integrity of mind and character, accompanied by a powerful logic and a masterful and impressive style of delivery, which inspired confidence and commanded assent.

In politics Mr. Rawlins was by birth and education a Democrat. In 1860 he was nominated by his party for the electoral college upon the Douglas ticket. During the contest that followed he held a series of joint discussions with Allen C. Fuller, the Republican candidate and a prominent political orator. In these discussions Rawlins added greatly to his reputation as a debater. His democracy was of the Stephen A. Douglas type, of whom he was an ardent admirer. His party was defeated in this contest. His instincts and opinions were such as to make him a pronounced opponent of slavery, but, in common with many others of his political faith, he looked upon it as an evil protected within certain limits by the guarantees of the Constitution of the United States. Love for his whole country and for the union of the States was, however, the deep-seated and controlling sentiment of his nature; and while he followed his party in all peaceful advocacy of what he conceived to be the constitutional

claims of the peculiar institution, when in the spring of 1861 Fort Sumter was fired upon there was no shadow of hesitancy upon his part in declaring for coercion by force of arms. At a mass meeting in Galena he was called upon to speak. Many of his political and party associates, whose sympathies had a Southern tendency, hoped and expected that he would deprecate a war for the preservation of the Union. But they were disappointed. The writer was present at that meeting and heard that speech. It was of no uncertain sound. Among those present was Captain Ulysses S. Grant, who presided, and who was also then a Democrat. It is said, and, I doubt not, truthfully, that Captain Grant was deeply impressed with that noble and powerful speech, and that the impression there received was largely instrumental in prompting him soon after to seek service in the volunteer army.

My own personal acquaintance with Rawlins commenced during the year 1853, while he was still a law student. I well remember the first time I ever saw him. I was then a clerk in a store in the same city. I passed him upon the sidewalk. A strong, sturdy looking young fellow, swarthy in complexion, with hair and eyes as black as night, eyes which, when they looked at you, looked through you; but in those youthful days they had in them a merry and kindly twinkle, which at once impressed you with the notion that they were the windows of a large and generous soul. After he had passed I turned and looked at him, and my mental comment was: "There goes a fellow worth knowing." It was not long till I did know him, and from that time until he went away to

the war, which was at least a year before I went, our acquaintance and association were intimate. It is needless to say that my first guess about him was right. There was another young fellow then in Galena, whose name will doubtless be familiar to some of you—Philip F. McQuillan, who afterwards came to St. Paul, established himself in business there, and died some years ago, after a successful and brilliant career as a merchant. He was also a personal friend of Rawlins, and, after Sheean came, it was almost a nightly occurrence for the four of us, Rawlins, Sheean, McQuillan, and the writer, to convene in Rawlins's office, and read the standard literature, and discuss, of course with mighty learning and eloquence, the affairs of the nation and the public characters of the day. Rawlins had a fine, sonorous voice, and I particularly call to mind that on one occasion he read to us that splendid lyric of Robert Burns's, and how the words thrilled and resounded as he recited the last stanza:

“Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that!
For a' that and a' that!
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be far a' that!”

They were all Democrats but me, and all but me also very bright young fellows. I was a dyed-in-the-wool Abolitionist. You may naturally suppose that I was sometimes pretty hard pushed, and I verily believe that in that office I received the most valuable lessons

of my life in the art of logical fencing. That I did not profit more by the tutelage was not the fault of my tutors. The entry of General Grant into military service at the opening of the War of the Rebellion is familiar history. When he became a brigade commander he remembered Rawlins, and with his rare sagacity and penetration in reading men he at once determined that Rawlins was the man whom he wanted with him. Rawlins had been married a few years before, and had a family of three children—one son and two daughters. His wife was an invalid, and he was at this time attending her in her last sickness at Goshen, N. Y., where she died. Grant wrote him, offering him a position on his staff. On the return of Rawlins to Galena he wrote to General Grant the following letter:

“GALENA, ILL., August 12, 1861.

“*Brigadier-General U. S. Grant:*

“DEAR SIR: Your letter bearing date St. Louis, Mo., August 7, A. D. 1861, tendering me the position of *aid-de-camp* on your staff, is before me. It is a compliment unexpected; but fully appreciating your kindness and friendship for me, and believing from your long experience in, and knowledge of, military service and its duties, you would not have offered me the position were you not satisfied it was one I could fill, gladly and with pleasure I accept it; and whatever duties and responsibilities may devolve upon me by virtue of the same, I will, with the help of God, discharge to the best of my ability. Wishing you success in the cause of constitutional freedom, for which you are fighting, I remain,

Yours obediently,

“JOHN A. RAWLINS.”

His first rank under Grant was simply that of *aid-de-camp* on the staff. When, soon after, Grant was made full brigadier-general, Rawlins was made captain and assistant adjutant-general to date from August

30, 1861. He joined General Grant at Cairo, Ill., September 15, 1861, and from that time was constantly with him till the end of the war, except from August 1 to October 1, 1864, when he was absent on sick leave. He was promoted major April 14, 1862, lieutenant-colonel November 1, 1862, brigadier-general of volunteers August 11, 1863, brevet-major-general of volunteers February 24, 1865, chief of staff to Lieutenant-General Grant with the rank of brigadier-general U. S. Army March 3, 1865, and brevet-major-general U. S. Army March 13, 1865.

Up to the time of his entry into the army as above stated General Rawlins had no military experience whatever. He had never seen a company of soldiers in line, nor looked into a book of tactics or military organization. He seemed to have, however, a natural martial genius, and this, with the patriotic fervor which ever burned within him, impelling him constantly forward, rapidly developed such executive ability and efficiency in all practical matters connected with his duties as were felt to be a perpetual impulse and inspiration to officers and men in the command, whether it was of a brigade, an army corps, or a grand army.

Rawlins immediately acquired a great influence with his commander, which, as the field of operations enlarged, gradually intensified, until the tie between them became very strong, and their intercourse was more like that of brothers and dear friends mutually engaged in the accomplishment of a mighty purpose, than of superior and subordinate. He was exceedingly resolute and outspoken, and never hesitated to speak his mind upon all matters which came within his cog-

nizance. He could act, too, and upon occasion with exceeding force. And the stalwart honesty, practical good sense, and robust mental vigor of the man was such as challenged the attention and secured the admiration and respect of all with whom he came in contact, even those who may have conceived themselves more than his peers in rank and ability. In point of mental equipment for the duties devolved upon him, it is my firm belief that he had few peers and no superiors.

In the foregoing I have to some extent drawn, sometimes quoting, from a biographical sketch which has been furnished me by one who was near to him, and I now quote a few passages literally from the same sketch:

“His relations with Grant were closer than those of any other man; and so highly did the latter value his sterling qualities and his great abilities, that in a letter to Henry Wilson, Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, urging his confirmation as brigadier-general, he declared that Rawlins was more nearly indispensable to him than any officer in the army. He was a man of austere habits, severe morals, aggressive temper, and of inflexible will, resolution, and courage. He verified, rearranged, and re-wrote, when necessary, all the statements of Grant's official reports, adhering as closely as possible to Grant's original drafts, but making them conform to the facts as they were understood at headquarters. While he did not originate the idea of running the batteries at Vicksburg with the gun-boats and transports, and marching the army by land to some point below, he was its first and most persistent advocate. His views upon such questions were sound and vigorous, and were always an important factor in General Grant's decisions concerning them. At Chattanooga he became an ardent advocate of the plan of operations devised by Generals Thomas and William F. Smith, and at the battle of Missionary Ridge his persistence finally secured positive orders from Grant to Thomas, directing the advance of the Army of the Cumberland, that

resulted in carrying the heights and driving the enemy from his commanding position. He accompanied Grant to the Army of the Potomac, and, after careful study, threw the weight of his influence in favor of the overland campaign instead of that by the peninsula; but throughout the campaign that followed he deprecated the repeated and costly assaults on the enemy's intrenched position, and favored the flanking movements by which Lee was finally driven to the south side of the Potomac."

It will be remembered that in General Grant's "Memoirs," in speaking of Sherman's March to the Sea, after honestly giving all the credit of conception and execution to General Sherman, he says:

"I was in favor of Sherman's plan from the time it was first submitted to me. My chief of staff, however, was very bitterly opposed to it, and, as I learned subsequently, finding that he could not move me, he appealed to the authorities at Washington to stop it."

The sketch to which I have referred says of this as follows:

"It has been said that he opposed the March to the Sea, and appealed to the government, over the head of his chief, to prevent it; but there is no evidence in his papers, nor in those of Lincoln or Stanton, to support this statement. It is doubtless true that he thought the time chosen for the march somewhat premature, and it is well known that he opposed the transfer of Sherman's army by steamer from Savannah to the James River, for fear that it would leave the country open for the march of all the Southern forces to a junction with Lee in Virginia before Sherman could reach that field of action; and it is suggested that the recollection of these facts has been confused with such as would justify the statement above referred to, but which was not made till several years after his death. He was a devoted and loyal friend to General Grant, and by far too good a disciplinarian to appeal secretly over his head to his superiors. His whole life is a refutation of this story, and when it is remembered that General Grant does not tell it as of his own knowledge, it may well be dismissed from history."

It would not, perhaps, be wise to attempt any speculation as to what this man might have accomplished had he been invested with important and independent commands in the field. To those who knew him and his work it is not necessary. With them his fame is secure against all silence and all neglect. It is enough that in him there was the sublimity of character which kept him unflinchingly and uncomplainingly in that comparatively obscure position to which an overruling Providence had seemed to assign him, and that he found there that opportunity which above all others he wanted, of serving the cause of humanity and free government, even though it was to be without name or fame for him, and at the expense of life and the cost of being forgotten. His motto was: "My country is everything. I am nothing; let me but serve and I am content."

"There is a proud modesty in merit
Averse from asking, and resolved to pay
Ten times the gift it asks."

"Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture: giving it strength and beauty."

I am now about to relate an instance of this man's service which it might possibly be thought were better left unrelated. But I am here to speak the truth of my friend, and to do justice to a lover of his country.

I cannot say that I had any special personal acquaintance with General Grant, although his face and form were in the old days before the war very familiar to me. After many weary days of waiting and struggle, it was at length, in 1860, my good or evil fortune to be able to hang out my modest shingle as an attor-

ney at law in this same old town of Galena. I had a part of a small office on Main Street, exactly opposite the old Grant leather store. As clients did not at once flock in multitudes to my little den, I had considerable leisure to gaze dreamily out of the front windows. Almost every day I could see the great general, then plain Captain Grant, clad in an old army overcoat which appeared to be his working costume, engaged in superintending the loading of great rolls of hides and leather on and off the drays which brought them to and took them from the door opposite my windows. He was a shy and undemonstrative man, silent and taciturn to a degree; although it was said by those who knew him better that he was wonderfully interesting when you got inside of him. But those who knew him better were apparently very few, and among them was Rawlins, who had a knack of knowing everybody. It was generally understood that Captain Grant had been a regular army officer, who had become somewhat broken down in health and reduced in fortune; and his misfortunes were quite commonly attributed in some degree to supposed habits of dissipation, to which the temptations of army life had subjected him, and which he had resigned to escape. But during all his residence in Galena his habits in this respect were, to all appearance, most exemplary, and I have never heard it hinted that while he lived there there was the slightest lapse from perfect sobriety.

You will all remember that at various times during the war, and especially during the first years of Grant's service, there were rumors and charges of his being again overtaken by his old enemy the drink habit.

These stories were, however, generally discredited as the invention of his enemies and those who envied his rapidly rising fame; and you will call to mind an exquisite jest of Uncle Abe Lincoln, who, when some one of them brought a hint of this kind to his notice, requested the accuser to acquaint him with Grant's brand, that he might send some of the same kind to divers of his other generals.

But it is undoubtedly true that at one time, and at a very critical period, there was a lurking demon of temptation and awakened appetite haunting this great man, which came very near getting him again in its toils. The temptation, the combined struggle of the two friends against it, the final grapple, and the triumphant outcome, form a hitherto unpublished episode in the history of the war, which will reflect added lustre upon the characters of both of them.

I have in my possession a copy of a letter addressed by General Rawlins to General Grant, which is as follows:

“Before VICKSBURG, MISS., June 6, 1863, 1 o'clock A.M.

“DEAR GENERAL: The great solicitude I feel for the safety of this army leads me to mention, what I had hoped never again to do, the subject of your drinking. This may surprise you, for I may be, and trust I am, doing you an injustice by unfounded suspicion, but if an error, it had better be on the side of his country's safety than in fear of offending a friend. I have heard that Doctor —— at General Sherman's a few days ago induced you, notwithstanding your pledge to me, to take a glass of wine, and to-day when I found a box of wine in front of your tent, and proposed to move it, which I did, I was told you had forbid its being taken away, for you intended to keep it until you entered Vicksburg, that you might have it for your friends; and to-night, when you should, because of the condition of your health, if nothing else, have been in bed, I find you where the wine bottle has just been

emptied, in company with those who drink and urge you to do likewise ; and the lack of your usual promptness and decision, and clearness in expressing yourself in writing conduces to confirm my suspicion. You have the full control over your appetite, and can let drinking alone. Had you not pledged me the sincerity of your honor early last March that you would drink no more during the war, and kept that pledge during your recent campaign, you would not to-day have stood first in the world's history as a successful military leader. Your only salvation depends upon your strict adherence to that pledge. You cannot succeed in any other way. As I have before stated, I may be wrong in my suspicions, but if one sees that which leads him to suppose a sentinel is falling asleep on his post, it is his duty to arouse him ; and if one sees that which leads him to fear the General commanding a great army is being seduced to that step which he knows will bring disgrace upon that General, and defeat to his command, if he fails to sound the proper note of warning, the friends, wives, and children of those brave men whose lives he permits to remain thus in peril will accuse him while he lives, and stand swift witnesses of wrath against him in the day when all shall be tried. If my suspicions are unfounded, let my friendship for you and my zeal for my country be my excuse for this letter ; and if they are correctly founded, and you determine not to heed the admonitions and prayers of this hasty note, by immediately ceasing to touch a single drop of any kind of liquor, no matter by whom asked or under what circumstances, let my immediate relief from duty in this department be the result. I am, General,

“Your friend,

“JOHN A. RAWLINS.”

Upon this letter in the handwriting of Rawlins was the following endorsement:

“This is an exact copy of a letter given to the person to whom it is addressed at its date, about four miles from our headquarters in the rear of Vicksburg. Its admonitions were heeded and all went well.
—JOHN A. RAWLINS.”

This letter and endorsement tell their own story. And let it not be said that that story is one of shame

or disgrace in any sense. Certainly it is not so to the person to whom the letter was addressed, for it indubitably proves that among his other great qualities, greater than, except in rare instances, have fallen to the lot of any man, he possessed two sublime graces, than which none can possibly be more noble or exalted.

1st. The patience and humility of a man invested in the place and under the circumstances with almost absolute power, willing to listen to and heed the admonitions of a subordinate officer upon a matter concerning which a smaller mind and a more ignoble character would have been almost sure to take offence.

2d. The power to conquer himself as effectively as he conquered his enemies; the faculty of subduing and putting under his feet the raging devil within him, which in the pride of his glory made deadly assault upon his manhood and threatened to destroy him. He also subdued this enemy, which had for the moment gained entrance to and intrenched itself within the citadel of his own breast; an enemy before whose assault the brightest and most powerful minds in all ages have been brought low.

This was glorious! and Ulysses Grant never won a greater victory than on that day.

“The bravest trophy ever man obtained,
Is that which o’er himself, himself hath gained.”

And what shall we say of this other man, who had the sublime courage to put into the hands of his commanding general—a general who above all others he knew to be masterful and self-reliant—those timely and burning words?

Is it possible to imagine anything more eloquent and impressive than this warning?

The heart and mind and hand that could prompt and frame and execute that warning were those of a great man; and the spirit in which it was done challenges comparison with any deed of chivalry in any age.

I heard an eloquent divine, in pronouncing eulogy upon General Grant at the time of his death, say that through all the vicissitudes of a checkered career, which seemed to promise nothing but failure until middle age, an all-seeing and all-wise God had watched and preserved and cared for Ulysses Grant, placing in him, and developing in His own infinite and inscrutable way, just those qualities which a great and favored nation would need in its hour of extreme peril. This was true. But the Infinite One works His will by human instrumentalities of His own divine fashioning.

Who, then, made John Rawlins what he was? Who planted in *him* the moral strength and fortitude which *he* displayed? Who placed *him* as a tower of strength behind this other great man, to stand between him and Apollyon in his hour of mortal danger?

Since writing the above I have received a very interesting letter from a gentleman of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, as he says, was present within the lines at Vicksburg, and was personally cognizant of the incident above related. He details a few further bits of information respecting that incident. It seems from his statement that General Rawlins had as adjutant-general in the field issued from headquarters, under authority of the commanding general, a very peremptory and strict order forbidding the introduction of any intoxi-

cants within the lines under any circumstances. A party of gentlemen were about to pay a visit to General Grant's army from somewhere in the North. In making their preparations they encountered a certain captain, whose name it is not necessary to mention, who was also about to proceed to that army, having been assigned to some duty about headquarters in the field. The captain doubtless surmising that at least some of the gentlemen of the proposed party would probably be inconvenienced by the deprivation entailed by that order, kindly informed them of the extreme drought in that line prevailing around Vicksburg, and was induced to undertake to smuggle through the lines an invoice of wines under the designation of medical stores. It was one of these boxes of wine which Rawlins found in front of General Grant's tent. Rawlins did not rest until he had discovered the source from which the forbidden luxury had come. He went straight to the tent of the captain, who had retired to rest, and, arousing him, something like the following colloquy occurred. "Captain, did you cause to be brought within the lines of this army an invoice of wines?" The captain was a man of truth, and replied, "I did, General." "Captain, did you not understand that the strictest orders had been issued forbidding that thing?" "I did, General." "Captain, you will, as soon as possible, report to the adjutant-general of the army at Washington for duty." It is needless to say that this order was obeyed with alacrity, and that that particular captain never again made his way to the front.

I have also seen another letter from a distinguished officer of the Union Army, in which it is said that

Rawlins constituted the moral and aggressive side of Grant's character. I do not agree with this. Grant's character was his own God-given inheritance. I shall always hold that in and out from the tremendous mental force and energy of Ulysses Grant was evolved and formulated that superb fighting policy which was and alone could be finally victorious. That policy was to find and strike the enemy wheresoever and under whatsoever conditions he was placed; whether in the open field or behind seemingly impregnable defences, in the impenetrable wilderness or mountain fastness, and never once to unloose, or even relax, any grip which had been obtained upon him. Next to Abraham Lincoln, his was the most imposing and powerful personality which was developed in that great struggle.

When the final verdict of history shall be written it will be recorded that above and beyond any other individuals these two men were, under divine Providence, the most potent and effective factors in the preservation of this free government from that deadly assault of treason. The one as a personification of the highest human wisdom, mixed with sublime patience, and a humanity which was well-nigh infinite in its tenderness; the other an incarnation of force, tempered with a magnanimity than which none more splendid ever found lodgment in the human breast.

I cannot refrain from giving you one more example of this man's loyalty of mind and heart, and at the same time doing a small meed of justice to another friend.

You have heard me mention David Sheean, the friend and partner of Rawlins. He, too, was one of nature's

noblemen. I knew him well, and if I had not, it would have been enough that he had secured and retained the confidence and love of John A. Rawlins.

During the war, as some of you will perhaps remember, a great injustice was done to Mr. Sheean. He was falsely accused by an enemy of treasonable utterance or acts, and was by the hard-headed old Secretary of War peremptorily and without hearing seized and incarcerated in Fort Lafayette, where he languished for a considerable time. He was at length released, there being nothing proven against him. Here is a letter addressed by General Rawlins to him in 1863:

“HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., Jan. 1, 1863.

“DEAR SHEEAN: I see by the *Chicago Times* of the 27th ult., which I received this afternoon, that you have been released from your arbitrary and unjustifiable imprisonment. Let me assure you that nothing has occurred in a great while that has pleased me more than to know, as I now do, that one whom I have known from earliest recollection has been restored to liberty and the rights that every American citizen is entitled to enjoy, feeling, as I do, that your arrest was but the result of the personal malice of ———, seeking a revenge their cowardly and craven souls failed to find in their attempt at personal violence against you. Soon after my return from home I made a full statement of your arrest, accompanying it with a letter from Generals Grant, Hurlburt, and Logan, and one from Rowley and Maltby, and forwarded to the Secretary of War, copies of which I sent to Lemon from Jackson, Tenn., on the third day of November last, the day we moved from that place. Subsequently I wrote to Hon. E. B. Washburn, calling his attention to the subject of your imprisonment, and to my statement to the Secretary of War in your behalf. Whether it was ever received I cannot state, or, if it had been, if it had any effect I do not know. Of one thing, however, I am sure, there was nothing in it but what was true and would meet with the approval of yourself and family. I am firm to-day in the support of my government and yours as ever. I believe if the war is properly conducted it must finally end in the triumph of the government established by our fathers; and whether it ends in

one year or ten, I am for its vigorous prosecution ; but to the arrest of loyal citizens and imprisoning them without trial I am opposed, and shall be opposed to the end of life. For the maintenance of my country's honor, and the upholding of the Constitution, I am willing to take the chances in the field, but for the destruction of individual liberty, never. We can have but one government on this continent north of Mexico and south of the St. Lawrence, and that must be the United States of America. There is little if any difference of opinion in the army ; all are for the success of our flag, and little is said of proclamations. I shall in a few days be troubling you to attend to my private affairs. I remain,

“ Yours fraternally,

“ JOHN A. RAWLINS.”

After the close of the war, when it was expected that General Grant would be a candidate for the presidency, General Rawlins, still loyal to his friend and commander, came to his old home in Galena and made a strong and eloquent speech, explaining and expounding Grant's political views. It was widely published and produced a profound impression.

When General Grant became President he called General Rawlins into his cabinet as Secretary of War. In this position, although through the whole of his service in it he was suffering acutely from pulmonary consumption, contracted by severe exposure in the campaigns through which he had served, he remained faithful, watchful, and diligent. He was the youngest member of the cabinet, and performed all the duties of his high station, which were during that time very onerous, with the same zeal and fidelity which had characterized him in the field, exerting a commanding influence in the councils of the President to the last. He died at the age of thirty-eight years, while an incumbent of this office. He was married a second time,

his last wife surviving him. There was one child of his second marriage, who died before his death. Of the children of his first wife, the two daughters are married, one residing in New York and the other in New Jersey, where the son also resides. There was a pathos surrounding the closing days of this man's life and those immediately succeeding of which the sacredness of family ties and relations forbids further mention. General Rawlins died poor. After his death provision was made, by a public subscription of fifty thousand dollars, for the wants of his surviving widow and children. In one of the public squares at Washington stands a monument erected by friends to his memory. It is on Pennsylvania Avenue, about half-way between the capitol and the White House. It consists of a granite pedestal mounted by a very good bronze figure of Rawlins in uniform, with slouched hat and sword, in one hand a field-glass. The figure is life-size, and easily recognizable by those who knew him. The inscription on the pedestal is simply, "RAWLINS."

This, in brief and fragmentary form, is the story of the life of the man for whom remembrance is claimed to-night. If it could be put before you by a tongue of eloquence and a mind of power, it would present a rare and beautiful epic of human endeavor and fruition, such as would stir to the uttermost fibre the heart of every hearer. But such as I have I bring you.

I loved this man. He was my friend. In my imperfect way I have sought to lay a wreath of tribute upon his grave. I cannot better finally dedicate that

wreath than by saying that, next to the consciousness of my own humble part in the great struggle for the preservation of this free government, the proudest of my memories in that connection is that this man *was* my personal friend.

Although he was stern and uncompromising where his conscience was concerned, he had a great and loving heart. I do not know whether he was ever a professedly religious man. He was not much given to *professions* of any kind. But we have seen that in accepting his first appointment he assumed its duties in a simple and trusting faith upon the Almighty Arm. Who shall say that he ever abandoned that faith or ever ceased to lean upon that arm? I know that he possessed in a superlative degree that best of all practical piety, which embraces in its tender sympathies all the children and sentient creations of our common Father.

" He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I shall count myself happy if I have succeeded in impressing upon the minds of my hearers an added, if even an inadequate, idea of the great worth and sterling qualities of this young man, and in reviving in your hearts and memories some modicum of the gratitude and affection which I am convinced is his meed at the hands of his countrymen. If I have accomplished even this much, I have in conclusion only to ask that that affection and memory may be cherished by you, along with other precious legacies of honor-

able and brave performance, entwined and interwoven with the realization that this great republic was saved to humanity by the devotion of its heroes; and that with them you will hand it down to the imperishable memories of the sons and daughters of these living veterans, when each of us shall have joined

“The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade.”

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ST. ALBANS RAID.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. C. BENTON,
FIRST VERMONT ARTILLERY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read January 12, 1892.)

On the 19th day of October, 1864, I became a candidate for an office, in an election to be made by the legislature of the State of Vermont. It was not a high office—only that of reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the State. Inasmuch as the office was a small one, my candidacy lasted only an hour, and I have kept pretty free from similar delinquencies since that time, I trust I may be forgiven for that offence.

Starting out after the noonday dinner on that day, I had a very satisfactory interview with the first senator I tried, and, flushed with that first success, I started with increased hope for my second interview. I met the party I sought on the street between the principal hotel and the telegraph office. Before I had time to state the purpose of my interview he showed me a despatch he held in his hand, and that was the end of my candidacy. It may be interesting to note that the man who did succeed in getting that office

was last year Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The despatch shown me announced that a party of Rebel raiders had attacked the village of St. Albans, robbed all the banks, had killed one or two people, and were otherwise making promiscuous mischief in that village.

Although most of the returned army officers in that State were then at Montpelier, the State capital, my sight of this despatch gave me the earliest notice of that raid and enabled me to be the first to offer my services to the governor, in case it was found necessary to make use of any army officers.

The governor of the State at that time was John Gregory Smith, a man well known in this vicinity as the first active president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. He was a man of rare executive ability and stood high among the war governors in the country. From the day of that interview until his death, a few weeks ago, it was my pleasure to count him as a warm personal friend, and I am very glad of this opportunity to render my tribute to his personal character and energy, and as one of the men to whom these two cities are largely indebted for their great development in these last twenty years.

My offer of services was immediately accepted, and I was directed to proceed at once to organize a military company in the village of Montpelier, to which service I started with no delay, and that interview with the governor and the adjutant-general occupied but a small part of a single minute. I went to the Pavilion Hotel, about two minutes' walk from the capitol, and had

just started to enroll my company when I was interrupted by an officer, who informed me that he was detailed by the governor to relieve me in that work, and I was requested to repair at once to the State capitol. On arriving there I was informed that it had been determined to send me to St. Albans to take military command, and the adjutant-general gave me a written order to proceed at once to St. Albans to take military command of all north of Burlington, and take immediate measures to repel the invaders and to prevent the recurrence of similar raids, and directing me to report to Colonel Proctor at Burlington. The governor, who was also receiver and general manager of the Vermont Central Railroad Company, wrote another order, giving me unlimited control of the railroad and all its appliances, and commanding every officer and employee of the road to obey my orders. I had no reason to find fault with any lack of authority, either in my military command or in my control of the railroad. There was a small squad of veteran reserve men on guard at the hospital in Montpelier, which was ordered to St. Albans and put under my command. I was told that I might take, if I chose, the company I had just started to organize in Montpelier, but I declined that, believing that there was an abundance of men to be had in any part of the State. I was instructed to take the mail train from Boston to Montreal, which would be due in a few minutes, and proceed with the veteran reserves to my command. I was told that it was very probable I should have to fight my way for twenty miles—an expectation that I did not share. Colonel Proctor was at the same time sent

to Burlington, to take command there, and exercise supervisory authority over me and my command. Major Barstow, a very able officer, was detailed to go with me to St. Albans.

It was announced that the train we were to take was about an hour late. This gave the adjutant-general time to give further oral instructions. He explained to me that it would be my duty not only to drive away the present raiders, but to organize the whole frontier to prevent future raids, and for that purpose to organize volunteer companies wherever I should deem it necessary. He gave me special direction that when I organized companies I should appoint the officers myself, as his experience had given him a decided dislike to the election of company officers. The adjutant-general, Washburne, had been an officer in the First Vermont Regiment, a three months' organization, was an accomplished lawyer, and had been very active and effective in organizing and keeping up the Vermont soldiers in the army. It may be of interest to note that the adjutant-general and both Colonel Proctor and Major Barstow, detailed as my associates in that service, have since all been governors of that State, and Colonel Proctor has recently been Secretary of War.

The situation was such, however, that the adjutant-general could make but very little use of the intermediate brigade command of Colonel Proctor, and most of his telegraphic orders were given to me direct at St. Albans. Colonel Proctor's supervision of my operations was in no sense burdensome or disturbing.

In due time we started on our train, and when we

reached Essex Junction, a little over thirty miles from Montpelier, Colonel Proctor left for Burlington, and Major Barstow stayed with me and the veteran reserves on the Montreal train. We found, however, no enemy to fight, and until we reached St. Albans my only duty was to see to it that no strangers should be allowed within hearing of the instruments of the telegraph offices. We reached St. Albans at about six o'clock in the evening. The veteran reserves were disposed of in the court-house, and I started out to find what was to be done.

St. Albans was then a village of three or four thousand inhabitants, the county seat of Franklin County, a frontier county covering that part of the line between the main range of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain. It is a singular fact that while the boundary between the United States and Canada extends more than three thousand miles, this thirty miles on the north of Franklin County, Vt., covers nearly the whole ground where there is free land communication between the States and Canada. The rest of the boundary is either in the wilderness or on navigable waters. It was on this part of the boundary that General O'Neal afterwards made his abortive attempt to invade Canada with his Fenians.

St. Albans was at that time in the transition stage from the old-time New England country village to the modern railway town. It had just been made the headquarters of the Vermont Central Railroad Company. In the lower part of the village was the railroad with its station buildings and repair shops. A little way above that was the Main Street of a country village,

with its court-house square of green, so familiar in New England towns. Around that square were the court-house and the churches; the stores and business places were along Main Street and the street running from Main Street to the railway. That village was at that time the railway station to which most of the farmers' products of Franklin County were brought for shipment. That county was then, as still, one of the best dairy counties in New England. It was the custom for butter-buyers from Boston and other markets to meet at St. Albans on Tuesdays, and the farmers would bring their butter in on that day; and so Tuesdays at St. Albans had come to be the general market day for the county.

I learned that there were over twenty of the raiders who had come to St. Albans as ordinary strangers, and some of them had been there several days. Two or three of them had engaged saddle-horses at the livery stables for the afternoon, and they had made careful examination and preparation for the raid. At about two o'clock in the afternoon a part of the number started for the banks, and the remainder for the farmers' horses on the street, stripping off their harnesses and taking them away. Those that went into the banks proclaimed themselves as Confederate raiders, required the officers to give up their funds and take the Confederate oath. This demand was enforced with a great show of pistols and pistol practice.

There were at that time four banks in the village, two State banks and two national banks. The national banks were then in process of organization to take the places of the State banks. The State banks, the Bank

of St. Albans and Franklin County Bank, were closing up business preparatory to turning over to the new national banks, and on that account had large quantities of their own bills in their vaults. The raiders made a rapid seizure of these bills and such other funds as they could get hold of, stuffing the packages into their pockets and boot-legs. One of the cashiers, together with a wood-sawyer, was shut up in the vault of the bank. Some of the raiders in their haste undertook to put more packages in their pockets than they could carry, and some of them were dropped out on the street as they went away. On the street the parties that were taking horses started a pretty general pistol fusillade. One man attempted to fire on them, but he was shot, mortally wounded, and another man was wounded, but not fatally. The whole operation was over in a very few minutes, and twenty-two of the raiders mounted the horses that had been taken and started for Canada. They did not take the shortest route for Canada, as that would have taken them near telegraph stations and over roads on the valley ground near Lake Champlain. At that time all the roads in the valleys of the streams and on ground near Lake Champlain were almost impassable. There had been a long succession of rainy weather, and the streams were all full and the wet parts of the road very muddy. The road they took was over the hills to Sheldon, and thence to West Berkshire, near which point they crossed the line into Canada.

There was a bank at Sheldon, about twelve miles from St. Albans, but before they got there the banking hours for the day were over and the cashier had closed

his safe. The raiders had no time to stop and force the safe, and so were obliged to leave that bank un-raided. This must have been a great disappointment to the cashier, for a few months later he started to that undiscovered country where defaulting cashiers are supposed to go.

The raiders had with them quantities of some kind of preparation known as Greek fire, some compound of phosphorus, which they threw pretty freely on the wooden buildings in St. Albans and on a bridge across the Missisquoi at Sheldon. The weather was so damp and the buildings so wet that none of them took serious fire. On the second day afterwards, when there was an hour or two bright sunshine, a little fire started on the Sheldon bridge.

These raiders were undoubtedly experienced soldiers and had come from the Confederate Army. They were originally from Kentucky, in the blue-grass region between Lexington and Frankfort, and from boyhood accustomed to horses. Their leader was Lieutenant Bennett Young, who is, as I understand, now a railroad man at Louisville. He was a cool, skilful leader. I followed the route the second day afterwards, and found that he had kept his raiders with their green horses well together, had walked his horses up every hill and across every mud-hole in the road, and after a fifteen miles' ride his men and horses were in better condition than when they started.

Immediately after the raid, Captain Conger, a returned cavalry officer, gathered a company of about forty men in St. Albans, taking all the horses he could get in the village, and started in pursuit. He pushed

on as fast as he could, crowding his horses over the hills and through the mud. At a little before dark the foremost of the pursuers got in sight of the raiders about fifteen miles out from St. Albans. When he got in sight his men were scattered several miles back and their horses were all blown. The raiders were in good condition, and when they saw that they were pursued they had no trouble in distancing their pursuers. Another company had started out from Swanton under Colonel Jewett, but they did not get very near.

About six o'clock in the evening the raiders crossed the line into Canada. They must have either had a guide who was acquainted with the road or had made a personal examination, because there were places in the road where strangers would have gone the wrong way, but they made no mistake. When they got across the line they disbanded and every man for himself started for Montreal, some fifty or sixty miles distant.

When I first enquired about the amount of the plunder I was told that it was a little over one hundred thousand dollars. On the next day, after some high officials of the banks had got to St. Albans, the story had grown to over two hundred thousand dollars. This doubling the story of the amount of loss always seemed a suspicious circumstance, and a later acquaintance with those officials by no means mitigated those suspicions.

When I got to St. Albans I found the streets pretty well lined with crowds of people very much excited, as one would naturally expect, but in the darkness (for there were scarcely any street lamps) it was impossible

to discover whether they were friends or foes that composed the crowd. Some of the leading citizens had gone to Montreal to take measures to recover the money stolen by the raiders. I found another party of prominent men at the St. Albans Bank, with one or two of whom I was personally acquainted. I announced my appointment, explained to them the necessity of scattering the crowds so as to find out if there were any strangers left, and advised that everybody take care of his own home. This was at once accepted, and two leading citizens took upon themselves the task and accomplished it, and I think that village was on that night the most quiet of any of the large villages in the State. The constable with two or three others remained with me (there were no policemen then), and when the crowds were dispersed they brought in one fellow who was a stranger and could give no satisfactory account of himself. I have never doubted that he was one of the raiders, but had nothing to justify holding him. I detained him, however, until the provost-marshal came the next morning, when I turned him over to him, but he had to let him go. We had a sentinel detailed from the veteran reserves, who took his beat in front of the court-house, where he could overlook the business part of the village. Pretty soon afterwards the cashier of the Bank of St. Albans came up and in great distress besought me to put a guard in front of his bank. I told him that the soldiers we had were invalid corps men not in firm health, they had just come off duty at Montpellier, I did not wish to impose any guard duty that was not necessary, and that I thought the sen-

tinel in front of the court-house would sufficiently protect his bank if he would keep his vaults locked. I shall never forget the terrified look he gave me, and just at that time I recognized him as a gentleman who some years before, when I was a college student, made a fruitless attempt to get me to pray in one of his Sunday-schools; and the recollection of that ludicrous event coupled with his present terror very nearly overcame the dignity due to my position. Yet I ought not to speak unkindly of that man. I knew him for years afterwards, and among the very estimable men it has been my pleasure to meet I never found a better man nor more exemplary Christian than was Martin Seymour.

Pretty soon after getting our headquarters established we began to receive messages and orders. Somewhere about ten o'clock, I should judge, we got word from the pursuing party that the raiders were across the line in Canada. A little later I got a despatch from the provost-marshal at Burlington communicating an order from General Dix, commanding at New York. Soon afterwards I got from the adjutant-general at Montpelier a copy of General Dix's order, with instructions to forward it by special messengers to Captain Conger and Colonel Jewett. This order was published in the adjutant-general's report. General Dix's order was as follows:

"To Provost-Marshal at Burlington :

"Send all available force you have to St. Albans in pursuit of the marauders who came from Canada this morning. Put a discreet officer in command. If they cannot be found this side of the line, pursue them into Canada, if necessary, and destroy them.

"JOHN A. DIX, Major-General."

It took me some time to get a messenger to comply with this order, and this gave me time, while I was waiting for the messenger and after consultation with Major Barstow, to write a private letter to a gentleman who had been quartermaster of my former regiment and I knew to be the pursuing party. I called his attention to the order, and also suggested that it would be a good thing to get assistance of the Canadian bailiffs.

The raiders had left, however, before either the order or my letter reached Captain Conger's command. The adjutant-general's report states that some of the raiders were arrested by Captain Conger. That was not, however, my recollection.

About the same time I got another message from the front informing me that the raiders were heading towards the Farnham Road. That was a new line of railway then under construction from St. Johns to West Farnham. That piece of road is now taken up by the Canadian Pacific, and those who have taken the Sault or Soo route from here to Boston may remember St. Johns and Farnham.

Very soon afterwards I got another order from the adjutant-general, which was not published in his official report. It again repeated the order of General Dix, and added, "You will see that this order is complied with." I had been instructed to organize companies and informed that arms would be forwarded me from the United States arsenal at Vergennes, where, it seems, arms had been left as a provision for any in-road across the border. I immediately replied to the adjutant-general, giving him the information I had

received about the Farnham Road, and stating that in my judgment the only effectual way of complying with the order of General Dix was to go by rail to St. Johns, about forty miles distant from St. Albans, and so head off the raiders—and to do this it was necessary to take a strong force and move rapidly; that I could get an abundance of men, that arms were on the route, and I would lead them; but before I started I wanted definite and precise orders, prescribing just what I was to do. I did not wish to go into Canada without express orders. There was quite a delay in getting an answer to this message. I got uneasy and wrote another despatch, calling attention to the situation, and again asking for definite instructions. This despatch I took to the telegraph office myself, as it was then getting along towards morning. I found at the office a reply to my former despatch, which was dated the 20th. That reply instructed me to confer with Major Austine about the operations in Canada. Major Austine was the head of the provost-marshal department in the State, and located at Brattleboro. We had been notified that he was on his way to St. Albans and expected to be there by the early morning train. He was late, however, and neither he nor the arms that I was depending on reached St. Albans until about eight o'clock in the morning. Upon conferring with him, we both agreed that it was too late to attempt any operations in Canada, and so the order of General Dix was not obeyed. About dark on the same day, and nearly twenty-four hours after the last of the raiders had gone into Canada, I received from the provost-mar-

shal's office a copy of another order from General Dix. I quote it from memory :

"I trust the officer understood my order of yesterday, relative to pursuing the raiders into Canada. It is only when they are found on this side of the line, and then the pursuit must be instant and continuous."

It seemed to me that this was not in accordance with his former order, because that in express terms said, "If they cannot be found this side of the line, pursue them into Canada, if necessary, and destroy them." If a stranger had been present he might have been reminded of what Uncle Toby said about the English army in Flanders.

The raiders found their way to Montreal, and a number of them were arrested and taken before Judge Coursol. The money they had taken was seized by the chief of police, Colonel Ermatinger. On the hearing before Judge Coursol of the question of extradition, they attempted to justify the raid as an act of war, and showed authority from the Confederate government. It was undoubtedly true that they did have instructions from Jacob Thompson, the agent of that government in Canada, to make that raid. It was claimed to be an act of reprisal for Sheridan's actions in the valley of Shenandoah.

Mr. Edmonds, afterwards United States senator, was employed by the United States officers, and counsel were engaged to appear before Judge Coursol. After the hearing, the judge took the matter under advisement, and it so *happened* that when he got ready to make his decision the counsel for the United States

were not present in court. To the great surprise of everybody on our side of the line, Judge Coursol decided that the raid was justified under the claim, and denied the extradition, and ordered the prisoners discharged. The chief of police *happened* to be in court at that time with all the money taken from them, and, upon the order, immediately returned the plunder to the raiders. There was great indignation at this action of the judge.

The restoration of the plunder to the raiders, while in such condition as to be clearly identified as money taken from banks, was so flagrant an act as to alarm either the Canadian government, or the home government, or somebody else; for, not a great while afterwards, it was announced that the city of Montreal had appropriated fifty thousand dollars in gold to replace the money surrendered by the chief of police. As gold was then about 180, this repayment amounted to about ninety thousand dollars in currency.

There was an amusing incident connected with this repayment. The officers of the Franklin County Bank, without any justification, refused to redeem their bills unless the holders would make proof that the bills were not part of the money stolen in the raid. Of course this could only benefit them in some petty way, by bulldozing the holders of small amounts to lose their bills rather than to be put to the trouble of enforcing them. I remember they paid me for one of their bills, and without affidavit. When the payment from the city of Montreal was made to the Franklin County Bank it was all made with their own bills, and very probably the identical bills taken by the raiders.

A claim was made against the English government for the damages done in the raid, but it was disallowed by the joint commission and did not reach the arbitration at Geneva.

On the next morning after the raid I received an order from the adjutant-general to take such measures as I deemed necessary to prevent the recurrence of similar raids in that part of the State. I had previously been ordered to organize two or three companies at St. Albans and Swanton, and to establish a guard on the railroad bridge across the lake. Under these general orders, I set about the organization of home military companies along the frontier, and put guards at the railroad crossings of the lake. There were two of these crossings, one across Missisquoi Bay and the other at the outlet of the lake at Rouse's Point. These were pile-bridges, each something over a mile in length, with draws; and it seemed to me that if there were another raid with any pretence of being a war measure the most probable point of attack would be these railroad bridges, and so I put guards of the veteran reserve corps at each of those bridges. Of course there were not enough of these soldiers to repel an attack, so I made the best arrangement I could for supporting the guards in case of an attack. It will be remembered that at about the same time there was an attempt to seize some boats on the Great Lakes, and a pretty thoroughly organized attempt to rescue the prisoners near Chicago, which was defeated by the energy of Colonel Sweet. The government had in its employ a large force of detectives in Canada, and as a matter of course, as detectives frequently do, they

found a great deal more than was the actual fact. We had sent to us from the provost-marshal's office reports of intended raids on our frontier, enough to have ruined that whole region if they had been true. Canada was at that time swarming with refugees from the States of every description, deserters from the Union Army, skedaddlers from the draft bounty-jumpers, and sneak thieves of every description. These men were destitute, reckless, and unscrupulous, and ready to join in any aggressive enterprise that did not incur too much personal risk. They were not very brave, but a good many of them were desperate. The story of the great booty taken by the St. Albans raiders would naturally excite their cupidity, and the Rebel government was getting in such desperate condition as to omit nothing that might promise to be an annoyance to this country. There were very numerous rumors of an attempt at a concerted raid along the frontier on the day of the presidential election, in the hopes of creating such disturbance as might interfere with the election, and possibly in New York making such disturbance as to render the result in that State a matter of doubt. There was undoubtedly among the refugees in Canada a great deal of that kind of talk, but probably it never culminated in any definite plan of attack. So far as Vermont was concerned, no disturbance they could make would be likely to change the result, and, although the frontier counties in New York were so decidedly one way as to have changed the result, could the election be broken up in those counties, the St. Lawrence River and the Lakes were a very serious obstacle to any extended raid. We got, however, from the provost-marshal officers, and from

everybody else who had anything to do with our command, continuous repetitions of the caution to be exceedingly vigilant on election-day, and prepared to repel any attempt they could make on us. In accordance with these instructions I organized over twenty different commands, established a system of defence along the line of the Missisquoi River, which crossed the northern part of that county not far from the Canadian line, took pains to secure all boats on the river, put guards at all bridges, and had the planks taken up at night, so that I felt that our frontier was pretty fairly secured.

In organizing these companies, I found everywhere more or less returned soldiers with experience in drill and actual service, and I had no doubt if called upon they would fight and fight well. My experience with those companies taught me the great value of one or two men in a company with military experience or education, and leads me to believe now in the wisdom of sending competent army officers as instructors in our schools and colleges.

The presidential election came without realizing any of the dangers that had been so numerous reported to us. Of course we flattered ourselves that the vigilance of our preparation had prevented the disturbances we were afraid of, or for some other reason the frontier remained quiet during the rest of the war. After serving until into December, and becoming satisfied that there was no further occasion for our labors, Colonel Proctor and myself resigned, and Major Barstow, who in the meantime had become a brigadier-general of State militia, took our places. We had done our work so well as to leave nothing more to be done.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM B. LEACH,

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 8, 1892.)

It was my fortune to belong to the Army of the Potomac. In April, 1861, I enlisted in and was appointed adjutant of the First Minnesota Volunteer Infantry. As such adjutant, and in the adjutant-general's department, I participated in nearly all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, from the first battle of Bull Run to Gettysburg. Serving as I did with this army in its victories and defeats, it is but natural that I became strongly attached to it, and came to believe that it had no superior in the War of the Rebellion.

After the war I moved to the State of Iowa. This State had no troops in that army. For years thereafter I heard little save of the bravery and heroism of the western armies, they fully believing that the Army of the Potomac were holiday soldiery, doing very little in the great work of putting down the Rebellion.

But as years have passed, history has recorded, and all have come to know, that no one army was the bravest, but that each is entitled to its full share of credit.

It is my purpose to show that the Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, was not an army of dress-parade soldiers, but that by distinguished bravery and hard-continued and persistent fighting they placed themselves high on the roll as patriots. History accords to the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee, the first place among the armies of the Confederacy. It was composed of the best material of the South. This, their largest, best-equipped, and best-disciplined army, under the leadership of their ablest generals, was held for the defence of their capital.

With this army the Army of the Potomac was obliged to contend. It had further to contend with a vast army of malcontents and politicians, who in the early years of the war gathered in and around Washington, constituting an army in the rear, in many instances more hostile, if not dangerous, than the army in front.

During the first years of the war, and in fact until after the battle of Gettysburg and the advent of General Grant, no plan or policy was safe, nor was even the general in command. Every congressman and every notable politician had a policy of his own, and in some instances some embryo soldier from his State or congressional district was thought more capable of being at the head of the army than the one in command. These views were, by threats and entreaties, persistently presented to the civil authorities at Washington, so that continual changes were made both in plans and commanders, and the efficiency of the army was greatly weakened.

It is not my purpose to criticise the government at Washington. It is recorded, and I believe will never be effaced from the pages of history, that the martyred Lincoln was the wisest, the ablest, and most unselfish patriot and statesman the world has ever produced. With rare judgment he gathered around him for advisers the ablest and best. Among them was Stanton, the great war secretary. Though tyrannical, and often at variance with the commanders of the armies and with the President, yet I believe he guarded with patriotism the interests of his portfolio, and was true to his convictions of right.

The Army of the Potomac dates its organization from the 27th of July, 1861, when the Federal forces arrived panic-stricken from the first battle of Bull Run, and General McClellan assumed command. Little more than a rabble, it consisted of 50,000 infantry, less than 1000 cavalry, 650 artillery-men, with nine imperfect field-batteries of thirty pieces. On the 15th of October it had increased its grand aggregate to 152,000, and on March 1, 1862, when ready for duty in the field, it numbered of all arms 193,000, including those in Maryland and Delaware.

With this grand array, except those left in the vicinity of Washington for its defence, General McClellan in April, 1862, commenced the Peninsular Campaign.

The siege of Yorktown, the battles of Williamsburg and West Point, and the arrival of the army on the banks of the Chickahominy on May 20, are simply records of what well-disciplined troops may and did accomplish.

The army was now well on towards Richmond, and

face to face with the enemy. The interests of the entire country seemed to centre in its operations, and full confidence was entertained of its brilliant and glorious success.

On the 31st of May a portion of the army which had previously crossed the Chickahominy was attacked by a large force of the enemy. For a time they were driven from their position, and were only saved from defeat and rout by the timely arrival of Sedgwick's Division of the Second Army Corps, our own gallant First Minnesota, Colonel Sully commanding, in the lead. This division fought with great gallantry and success.

It was here that General Sumner ordered five regiments, selected from the commands of two Minnesota generals, Gorman and Dana, both graduates from the First Minnesota, to advance and charge with the bayonet; this charge, the first ever made by these troops, was executed with great spirit and bravery. Early the following morning, June 1, the battle was renewed, with the result that the enemy was driven from the field, and, as history has since revealed, utterly routed and dismayed.

With Fair Oaks and Seven Pines ended the first considerable battle of the Army of the Potomac, proving that the troops were strong in battle as well as discipline.

The army remained in camp in and around Fair Oaks nearly all the month of June, unaware that during the first days of that month scarcely a picket post intervened between them and Richmond; yet this we now know to be the fact. On June 1 the Army of

Northern Virginia was beaten, demoralized, and routed. They retreated not only to but through and beyond Richmond, only to return when their new leader, General Lee, was placed in command, and when it had become known that the Army of the Potomac would take no advantage of their dear-bought victory.

On the 26th of June General McClellan had determined to advance on the enemy. His army was posted on both sides of the Chickahominy, but with by far the larger portion on the right bank, with the picket line about four miles from Richmond.

On the 25th, only a day previous to this, Stonewall Jackson, who had been in the Shenandoah valley, met General Lee twelve miles north of Richmond, where they arranged for an immediate, simultaneous, and heavy attack on the right wing of the Federal troops, on the north side of the Chickahominy.

On the same day, and while Lee and Jackson were planning the attack, McClellan and Stanton were in telegraphic communication, neither knowing where the army of Jackson was located; nor did they know until the afternoon of the 26th, when Jackson drove in the pickets of the Federal troops. Thus suddenly the Army of the Potomac, which was actually pressing towards Richmond, found itself on the defensive in the midst of its offensive operations, and from this moment we have to recount the battles of Gaines's Mills, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, and Malvern Hill.

The Army of the Potomac fought by day and marched by night, achieving victory in every contest, repulsing the enemy at Malvern Hill with slaughter

unequalled during the war. It cannot be denied that this retreat, perhaps illy advised, was successfully executed, trying the courage and discipline of troops more than an aggressive, successful campaign.

The army reached Harrison's Landing tired, worn out, and sorely tried. It had hoped and prayed for victory, but had met with sore disappointment. It blamed the President, the Secretary of War, and the commander, but for all this it was ever willing to do the bidding of its chief, and never lost the prestige of being the best-disciplined, best-equipped, and most efficient army in the service of the United States.

The troops had failed in their first attempt to take Richmond, but why they had failed was hidden from them, and in their blind discipline they were ready to follow their old or any new commander, whoever he might be.

After days and weeks of waiting on the banks of the James, denied the privilege, as McClellan and his friends claim, of taking the offensive, the army was transported to Alexandria to again protect the capitol.

By order dated the 26th of June, the armies of McDowell, Fremont, and Banks were consolidated into the Army of Virginia, and placed under the command of General Pope. I need not say that the career of this army was unfortunate, for at Cedar Mountain and Second Bull Run battles the Confederates inflicted on them disastrous defeat. The guns captured were counted by tens, the prisoners by thousands, while the lists of our killed were long and ghastly.

At this time, when our army was utterly routed and the enemy pressing on Washington, when Rebel guns

were distinctly heard on the steps of the capitol, President Lincoln, disregarding the Secretary of War and the commander of all the armies, turned in his sore distress to the Army of the Potomac, and by verbal order placed General McClellan in command of all the troops for the defence of Washington. The Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac were one; and the story of Lee's invasion of Maryland and his final repulse at Antietam begins.

Lee had crossed the Potomac with a victorious army; the desire of his men's hearts was realized in Northern invasion, and they had no question but that victory would still crown their efforts—that their flag would, as they boasted, float from the dome of the capitol and the North sue for peace.

McClellan without delay, leaving sufficient troops for the defence of Washington, started in pursuit with an army varying but little from 87,000 men of all arms. With this army at South Mountain on the 14th of September, and at Antietam on the 17th, he fought two of the noted battles of the Rebellion.

Much has been said in criticism of the battle of Antietam. I well remember on the 15th and 16th following the battle of South Mountain that officers and men were chafing under restraint, particularly my immediate commanders, Sumner, Sedgwick, and Dana, they believing that the opportune time was at hand, and that battle should be given, rather than wait for the concentration of the Confederates or their retreat across the Potomac. I well remember the afternoon of the 15th as, loitering by the road-side within short distance of the now famous battle-ground of the Antie-

tam, a mighty cheer came up from the rear, and as it came nearer and nearer told plainly that McClellan, the commander, was passing to the front, and that he was the idol of the Army of the Potomac.

All criticism ceased, and officers and men were ready to go when and wherever he might lead.

At the same time we had reason to and did suspect that delay would be more serviceable to the enemy than to us; and in the light of history we know that if he had used those precious hours of the 15th and 16th as he might, his name would have stood to-day high on the roll of our great commanders.

McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac at Sharpsburg won a great victory, doing his country a great service; and to be so soon thereafter, on the 7th of November, removed from command was indeed hard measure. For the second time he had organized this army so that within two weeks he had won these great victories; had turned Lee from his invasion of the North and driven him across the Potomac. He was an educated soldier, a great organizer, a great commander, and a pure-minded Christian man; yet notwithstanding all this there was something wanting in this great soldier, organizer, and commander. His delays on the Potomac cannot be explained. He had found fault with the President, the cabinet, and with Halleck, his commander. He had said to the Secretary of War, "You have done your best to destroy this army." He had injected his political opinions into his plans for the conduct of the war. He had continually complained of interference at Washington. Still, his officers and men felt an almost idolatrous enthusiasm

for him, and to-day there are but few of the Army of the Potomac who do not believe that he was the best commander that army ever had.

The Army of the Potomac was now under a new and untried leader. Though sadly grieved at the removal of the old, all were willing and anxious to do valiant service under the new; and in storming the heights of Fredericksburg one month later showed to an admiring country of what mettle they were, and how they could fight under a commander who in this instance was very far from showing leadership or generalship.

It seemed then, and has been corroborated by history since, that the battle of Fredericksburg was illy conceived and badly executed. Lee with his army, 78,000 strong, had consumed ample time, and had intrenched himself on the heights in the rear of the town so securely that he had but to wait for the advance of Burnside, knowing that sure and speedy destruction could be the only result. And when night closed in on the 13th of December it was the opinion of all that the greatest blessing was the shortness of that December day, for had the day been longer, the only result could have been that the slaughter would have been greater.

The signal failure and defeat at Fredericksburg practically closed the military career of General Burnside.

The slaughter had been great and useless. The army had fought with wonderful bravery, showing it to be far superior to its commander. On the 20th of January following, Burnside gave orders for a movement against the enemy. The order was given in a

hopeful spirit. In it he said: "The commanding general announces to the Army of the Potomac that they are about to meet the enemy once more. The late brilliant actions in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas have weakened the enemy on the Rappahannock, and the auspicious moment seems to have arrived to strike a great and mortal blow to the Rebellion and to give that decisive victory which is due to the country."

The army was set in motion under the most favorable auspices. Commencing on the left it passed on to and opposite the fords where it was to cross. For many weeks the weather had been pleasant and the roads good, but this had come to an end; a cold, sleety rain set in, the frost came out of the ground, and in a few hours the hard roads had been transformed into mud-holes. The wagons sunk beyond their axles; the storm raged all that night and the following day. Hundreds of men attached to long ropes were required to take the places of horses and mules in drawing guns and pontoon wagons.

Before the army arrived at its contemplated place of crossing, the enemy had divined the movement and were prepared for it. It was said that there was but one man in the Army of the Potomac who did not perceive that the movement would be a failure, and that man was General Burnside. He had planned with such care, and his plans gave promise of such success, that it was indeed hard that fate was against him. The opinions of his general officers were expressed in such form that he felt compelled to withdraw his troops, and the "Mud Campaign" came to an end.

At this time prominent officers denounced the plans of their commander. Complaint became so general that Burnside felt compelled to either resign the command or to rid himself of several officers who were thus outspoken. He accordingly drew up an order dismissing many prominent officers from the army, and relieving from duty many more. An extract from this order reads as follows: "General Joseph E. Hooker, having been guilty of unjust and unnecessary criticisms of the actions of his superior officers and of the authorities, and having by the general tone of his conversation endeavored to create distrust in the minds of officers associated with him, and having by omissions and otherwise made reports and statements which were calculated to create incorrect impressions, and by habitually speaking in disparaging terms of other officers, is hereby dismissed from the service of the United States, as a man unfit to hold an important commission in a crisis like the present."

Burnside, having become convinced that the scope of this order was too broad to be issued by him, armed with it in one hand and his resignation in the other, repaired to Washington for an interview with the President. The result of the interview was that the order was not issued, Burnside was relieved, and Hooker placed in command.

Burnside left the Army of the Potomac respected by all as a pure, upright, and honest man; and while the short time he had been in command "had not been fruitful in victory," there are many who believe the fault was not entirely his own. Subsequently he was recalled to the Army of the Potomac, where he acted

an important part in the closing campaign of the war.

It would seem strange that General Hooker should under these circumstances be placed in command, yet he had many traits to commend him. He was an officer of the old army, an educated soldier, commanding in person, and enjoying the friendship of many high in command. He had the utmost confidence in himself, a trait of character his predecessors had not possessed.

He entered upon his campaign with enthusiasm. He restored order and discipline in the army; absentees were forced to return and furloughs were denied. He planned a campaign similar to Burnside's "Mud Campaign." He caught the true idea of the war, afterwards so successfully carried into effect by General Grant, which was not solely to capture Richmond, but to destroy the Rebel Army.

With this plan and this idea he crossed the Rappahannock and fought the battle of Chancellorsville. It is recorded by him that the movement by which Chancellorsville was reached and the Confederate position rendered worthless was brilliantly conceived and admirably executed. Yet on the eve of a brilliant victory he halted, and through accident or incapacity he so marshalled his forces that he fought them in fragments, allowing his army of 120,000 men to be whipped in detail by Lee with 60,000. But history fails to record a single instance in all these three days of battle where the rank and file were found wanting, save that of the Eleventh Corps, and of that much might be said in extenuation.

After the battle of Chancellorsville both armies returned to their old positions. Hooker, chafing under defeat, was desirous of renewing the combat, and planned a campaign similar to Burnside's first attempt, which he (Hooker) had so severely criticised. The signal success of the Confederates filled that army and the people of the South with the greatest confidence, and it was determined that they should assume the offensive, carry the war across the Potomac, and fight the people of the North on their own soil.

Lee proceeded to put this plan into execution. Hooker desired to cross the Rappahannock and fight him in the rear. This plan on being submitted at Washington was disapproved by Mr. Lincoln, who said: "In one word, I would not take any risk of being tangled up on the river like an ox jumped half-way over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

For this invasion of Lee's the entire available force of the South was given him, constituting an army of 100,000 men. With this army he crossed into Maryland, and Hooker followed, covering Washington in his march, crossing the Potomac at Edward's Ferry on the 26th of June.

A force of 10,000 Federal troops was at Harper's Ferry. Hooker deemed the holding of this position useless, and so represented it to Halleck. This the latter general could not approve, and Hooker forthwith telegraphed his resignation of the command of the Army of the Potomac. His resignation was the same day accepted, and General Meade was placed in com-

mand. This was the culmination of a long and bitter quarrel between Halleck and Hooker, which at no time added to the efficiency or *morale* of the Army of the Potomac.

General Meade was an officer held in high esteem by those who knew him. He had performed his duty in a subordinate position in such a manner that he had received the commendation of his superiors. To the rank and file of the army he was a stranger, yet the partisans of McClellan, Burnside, and Hooker gave him their strongest support.

Lee had concentrated his army at Gettysburg, where, as is now known, the greatest battle of the Rebellion was fought.

The two armies were in numbers practically equal, each numbering about 80,000 men. The Confederates were under a tried and successful leader, and the Army of the Potomac was under an untried commander.

Nothing can be said not known to an admiring nation of the bravery and valor of the Union troops on the perilous ridges of Gettysburg. No army ever fought better. The heroism of individuals, of regiments, brigades, and divisions forms the brightest pages in the world's history.

The charge of the First Minnesota, the story of which has been so ably and vividly portrayed before this commandery, has no equal in ancient or modern warfare. The charge of Picket's Division of 18,000 men on the third and last day of the battle was undoubtedly the most determined and gallant made by the enemy during the war.

They emerged from the woods a mile away, and

marched across that open plain in compact order, closing up as if on dress parade. Great gaps were ploughed through their ranks by the Federal batteries, whose fire was concentrated from Round Top to Cemetery Hill; never flinching, they came to and within our lines.

These veterans of a lost cause did all that mortal men could do to win success, but in the Army of the Potomac they met foemen worthy of their steel. They were checked in a hand-to-hand encounter and driven back across the field. Of the men entering upon this charge not one in four returned; the others were either dead, wounded, or prisoners. This ended the battle of Gettysburg, a battle famous in the world's history, and the most noted during the war—a clean-cut victory for the Army of the Potomac.

Following this great and decisive victory, while the army and country had confidence in General Meade, two noted politicians, Wade and Chandler, demanded his removal and the appointment of a new commander. This having been determined on, Congress revived the grade of lieutenant-general. The authorities and the entire country were unanimous in the opinion that General Grant was the most promising leader, and to him the commission was given.

President Lincoln in presenting it, voicing the opinion of the nation, said: "With this high honor devolves upon you a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you so, under God it will sustain you. I need scarcely add that with what I here speak for the nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

From this time forward to the close of the war no

person in Washington ever dictated to the Army of the Potomac. General Grant established his headquarters with the army in the field, and a reorganization was effected.

The five corps were reduced to three, with Hancock, Warren, and Sedgwick in command.

Though Grant was in command of all the armies, with his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, he says in one of his reports, "I tried as far as possible to leave General Meade in independent command of the Army of the Potomac;" and he further says, "The campaigns that followed proved him to be the right man in the right place."

The plans of the final campaign were completed, and with no uncertain sound the lieutenant-general in his instructions to General Meade said: "Lee's army is to be your objective point; wherever that goes, you must go."

These instructions were followed. On the 4th of May the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan, and from that hour, for the three hundred days that followed, to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, this army was by night and by day face to face with the enemy. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor will ever bear witness to the bravery and heroism of the Army of the Potomac.

At no time from the commencement to the close of the war were the Armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia so far separated but that a march of less than ten miles by either could have brought on a general engagement.

From the statistical record compiled by Captain

Frederick Phisterer from the Adjutant-General's Report, and considered approximately correct, I find that there were during the war 127 engagements where the killed, wounded, and missing were 500 or more. Of these I find that the Army of the Potomac was credited with 63.

I further find that in these 63 battles the Army of the Potomac lost, killed in battle, 33,884, and wounded 163,824; and in the 64 battles by all the other armies the killed in battle were 22,949, and the wounded 108,967. This army, with its battles, its long list of killed and wounded, has passed into history, and no eulogy can add to its fame.

Through the fast gathering mists of the past I see the Army of the Potomac in full retreat from Bull Run; I see a demoralized citizen soldiery cowering under the forts and circling around Washington; I see General Scott, old and enfeebled, displaced and General McClellan called to command; I see a wonderful uprising in the North and troops coming by the thousand, aye, three hundred thousand more; I see under the masterly hand of this new commander, a soldier by instinct and education, these thousands transformed into an army; I see them start on their first campaign, every man with the carriage of a conquering hero; I see them through the depressing Peninsular Campaign, never faltering, but ever true to the nation; I see them at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, where more than fifty thousand were killed and wounded; I follow them through the Wilderness, across the James to the final close at Appomattox.

"Fear not for them ; on these lower fields
Let us toil with arms unstained,
That we may be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We will meet and greet, in closing ranks
Of time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the battle of life be won."

It was a grand army, and he who reads its history
will never exclaim that it was "All quiet on the
Potomac."

THE SHELTER TENT.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY A. CASTLE,

**COMPANY A, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY,
U. S. VOLUNTEERS.**

(Read April 12, 1892.)

LUSTROUS among the war's unfading reminiscences shines the contour of the Shelter Tent. It lingers in memory unique and delectable, dissimilar but equivalent to our ideal of those fringed silken pavilions wherein the apoplectic despots of the Orient air their scandalous magnificence amid the frockless squalor of their cringing hordes.

The Shelter Tent was a supplement to the original scheme of putting down the Rebellion. Only after Bull Run and Shiloh and Antietam and Iuka was the government nerved to the point of requiring its soldiery to shoulder their houses like mollusks, and thus relieve the tuneful, uncomplaining mule of a sore responsibility. This was an innovation whose dam was Necessity, and whose sire was held to be some emissary of Satan, with an unearned increment of prestige in the counsels of Halleck, general-in-chief, so called. Versatile scorers promptly scheduled its pedigree for generations, up and down. Minutest of constructed residences for living humanity, save per-

haps the half-credible tub of tough Diogenes, it won a way into our reluctant liking that vindicates its title to consideration among the factors of ultimate victory.

Most portable of mundane mansions, its very littleness relieved the situation of numberless infelicities, specifically of servitude to servants, whether apple-cheeked daughter of Denmark or saddle-colored Cantonese with eyes cut bias, and free coinage lingo not on speaking terms with veracity. Likewise others which relegate housekeeping to the level of a cantharis blister, and make the court corridors ring with the battle-cry for freedom, shouted by luckless suitors who married in haste to repent at Sioux Falls.

The Shelter Tent of our war era was a French device, steeped to the hem in unquestioned culmination of martial economics. The force of dire frugality could no step farther go. Woven of white cotton spun to fascine rigidity, it was sometimes guttaperchaed to counterscrap imperviousness. Its flat measurement but squared the average soldier's stature, leaving to tall ones a happy choice between head and foot exposure. Two of these squares, all buttoned down before, formed what with satiric mimicry was held worthy of that proud name which, in the older day, had designated such pomp of draped and curtained pageantry as almost made ambition virtuous. Styled "tent" in the sardonic nomenclature of our nomadic days, it was in sober verity a wrap, a cape, a kirtle, or a *poncho*, which only by connected duplication and reduplication came within the pale of that sonorous title. A square of cotton fabric, half a "tent," set down one side with buttons, and holes to match cut

opposite—this was each warrior's allotment of habitation in embryo.

Thus our legions became prolific of incipient partnerships and enforced dualities. The inexorable fiat that in all great Nature's luminous immensities dooms each hapless male to seek and find his destined mate, with such rare exceptions as both earth and heaven revile, is not more pitiless than the decree that in each squad or squadron men must form by twos in more or less harmonious domesticity, or lie unsheltered through the howling storms. Tent-mates or comrades came to be the corporate appellation of these coefficients, and here were deep foundations laid of lasting friendships and of most deadly, deathless hates, whereof the world holds record to this hour.

The Shelter Tent had neither veranda nor portico. The bay-window, that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like cactus when the bill comes in, was conspicuous by its non-existence. No fluted town-hall pillars decorated its blameless exterior; no black closets, fanged with sharp hooks and breathing pestilent mustiness, lurked in its dreadful depths. Guiltless of tapestry, even of paper tattooed into isosceles triangles, were its walls; nay, vetoed were walls indeed, save when in some mad riot of sumptuousness, hoisted above its normal altitude, like sliding roof of clover rick, rough joinery of boards or logs or turf breasted it up four-square to all the gusts of Boreas. No door-plate shimmered, purporting in Gothic undecipherables to name the occupant, for no door on which a faintest shimmer could be hung graced the wide frontal vacancy. Who entered here left his *bon ton* behind.

Destitute also was the Shelter Tent of the pompous excrescence of chimneys and their accessories, from the parlor mantel laden with sea-shells and aconite pellets to the stove in the guest chamber, voluble in prophecies of smokeless combustion as unhopeful as courting a grass-widow with an inchoate right of dower to forty acres of swamp land in a school section. Minus likewise were the chandeliers, mementos of much, but chiefest of those sweltering social hilarities where perspiration is unconfined, where heels smite corns on toes that groan again, and where French-plate diamonds flash on palpitating bosoms perilously exposed to the weather.

No stairways had the Shelter Tent, winding or otherwise. These knee-wrenching postulates of civilization, a stumbling-place to the old and to the young foolishness, here intermit their catalogue of ambushades. Thus was assured to the assorted dwellers the security that flows from being in, as it were, on the ground-floor—the peace past guessing that arises from the certainty that no contractor can spring a bill of extras for the newel. Cellarless, as well, was this abode. No dampness teeming with bug and lizard life, exhaling noxious fume, darting fatalities of typhoid, diphtheric, or other polysyllabic form; no wet-walled feeding-ground of fungus; no feculent antitype of perdition, that foul reptile den where the asps and anacondas of sin are hissing and writhing forever—no cellar, in fact, imperilled those who were here quartered, condemning them to uncanny comradeship with original protoplasm.

No walls of partition parcelled off the Shelter Tent

into spaces conventionalized to peculiar functions. Aristocracy of exclusion and seclusion there was none, but broad and limpid democracy of exposure to all curiousness, though searching as croton oil. Hence drawing-room, boudoir, and kitchen, oratory, refectory, and lavatory were all in one; but only in alternation, since the contracted area precluded simultaneousness as well as latitudinarianism. Area was not its boast. Take all the dwellings of all the spheres and minimize each through endless years, the Shelter Tent would dilate them all. Therefore for partitions there was neither space nor need. Superfluous they as a specie basis for the Chippewa currency of five ponies for a squaw—ludicrously malapropos as were pigs' feet and ham croquets at a rabbi's reception, or point lace and pearls at a charity ball.

No lightning-rod adorned its frowning pediment, lank and fatiguing reminder not alone of Ben Franklin, thrifty printer, and his kite such as never was before in air or tree, but also of the glib and evanescent vender, whose monopoly of all fascinations was only equalled by his absolute prostration of all moral attributes. That convoluted metallic insufficiency thrust not its aluminum barb above the crest of this domicile, like a reed shaken by the wind, mute witness to each passer of the owner's sweet credulity.

Thus negatively responsive to supremest need, unfettered with extraneous embellishment, thus shorn of non-essentials, the Shelter Tent stood manifestly reduced to last analysis of bare utility, the plainest among ten thousand, and the one altogether unflashy. But it had even further lack of modern conveniences

deemed indispensable. Habitually there was no floor; of windows glazed or glazeless it was equally bereft. Locks were foresworn and misfit keys undreamed of. Bath, buffet, pantry, and refrigerator were pardonably absent. Of ventilation there was much, but the resounding combats between register and radiator, the thunder of furnace captains and the steam-heat shoutings were unheard. Venetian blinds and unthinkable acrimony of paper-shade efflorescence vexed not with their abominations. Of gutterage or sewer-trap no faintest asphyxiating, union-depot aroma floated. Guiltless of nerve paralysis was the electric bell's incessant tinkle; soothless to the senses was the wire-light's incandescent gleam—they were not. They had never been.

Trifling in weight as was each segment of the Shelter Tent, unappreciable addition to the individual burden, and willingly borne for the increased facility and certainty of bivouac, the aggregate relief to the department of transportation was like shriving a bad man's conscience of crime, or lifting a fear from a coward's soul. The reduction of the regimental train from thirteen wagons to three was as efficient in ultimate results as the withdrawal of guards from Confederate poultry coops, and the obliteration of Zouave jackets; possibly more so. The introduction of the Shelter Tent was thus a turning-point in the annals of the war, even as the war itself was a turning-point in the annals of the nation; the culmination of a long series of political events; the breaking down of a lengthy line of political compromises, futile as an attempt to combine finance and delirium tremens; the upheaval of a

vast aggregation of suppressed political forces; the explosion of a mighty reservoir of hidden political combustibles; and in its attendant incidents, as well as its remote consequences, as tremendous a revolution as any which freights the records of human destiny.

Out into the crisp morning air, or into the sour and dreary drizzle, step the tent-mates of last night's camp, each with his moiety of homestead folded in the knapsack strapped to his stalwart form. Marvel of more than this marvellous spontaneity of castramentation is our inimitable volunteer. He bears constantly also his year's wardrobe, his week's larder, his drink, his bed, his arsenal of projectiles, his weapons of offence, and his implements of toil. Strength considered, no pack-horse carries a weightier lading, and yet the soldier is denied the dull, dumb creature's exemption from rational accountability. He must ever stand prepared to flash at swift command from roughest drudgery to highest, most alert intelligence; must rise with instantaneous leap from a plodding toiler to a knight at arms, every tendon magnetic with the grand agony of battle; must hear and comprehend, and with unreasoning alacrity obey, the hasty orders that may lead to blood-purchased victory or certain death; must load and aim and fire, advance, retreat, move right or left, fall, rise, resist the onset of the foe or charge his bristling lines and face the withering cyclone of his wrath; must breathe the sulphurous smoke and see the red blaze flaming hotly through; must hear the deafening roar and fearful rattle—and amid all preserve his faculties, maintain his courage, and do what in him lies to make the triumph possible.

Thus freighted with belligerent *mélange* the mobilized veteran marches all day, with his thinking bayonet at his side, his logical musket on his shoulder, and his profane vocabulary held in measurable subjection, the nominative agreeing with the verb occasionally by accident. On through the hot and bitter limestone dust that blanches all his cuticle, then reddens eyes and nose and mouth with unsanctified inflammation. On through floundering quagmires of yellow mud that settles into slush, then slumps into slime, vivid parallel to the moral collapse of a white-souled commissary warmed by the beams of opportunity and trodden by the hoofs of temptation. On through heat excruciating or cold unendurable; through rain, sleet, hail, or storm's dread alternation of discomfort all the lengthening day, footsore and halting, each nerve a roadway for pain's burning steps, each bone racked with rheumatic twinges, until night brings the limping, turnpike tourist to a welcome resting-place.

The bivouac then—and full-orbed glory of the Shelter Tent! Matchless for adaptation, it is pitched as soon as ranks are broken. The landscape whitens with swift magic, like a Monday clothes-line billowy with confidential raiment. The tent-mates join the sundered segments, and with sticks or stalks or poles—or, lacking these, with bayonet and gun and ramrod—lift the flexile sheet to the required angle, and lo! the dwelling stands confessed, compact, cleanly, and stylish as a salad dressed in oil. Hasty, most hasty, and of all formalities and frills devoid, the ablutions, the cooking, the mastication, above all post-prandial ceremonies of dry dishwashery—one touch of water

makes the whole camp grin. Then glad repose comes to fill the few short nocturnal hours, moonlit, starry, dark as black bullocks of Galloway, or terrible with thunder-bursts and drenching rain, and blowing of great guns. The camp sounds lull—not startle—the sentry's slow, reluctant, Amsterdam tramp: the electric interurban symphony of snorings manifold; the weird signals of fond, melodious mules, struggling with an ankylosis of thoracic articulation; the melancholy squeak of a belated sutler's wagon grinding out its assent to the maxim that a linchpin in time saves an axle; the hoot of discontented owl in concealment of branches not remote, or howl of expostulatory cur in distant farmyard. Sporific all this medley of celluloid resonance, provocative of serenest sleep, until the joyless reveille shall come, summoning from iridescent dreams to another day of inglorious, unromantic toiling.

Through the soft drowsy summer afternoons, in luscious dishabille of relaxation, born of an assured half-week's unthreatened encampment serenity, the *recherché* loungers in the Shelter Tent delight in tutti-frutti visions of banished splendors and foresworn delights. Those bright bichloride-of-gold days haunt us still. The cribbed and confined quarters expand into peopled vistas of epicurean magnificence, wherein the mirage of gorgeous furnishings alternates or mingles with the phantasm of delicate portables. Cashmere, Bokhara, and Khivan rugs bespread the marqueterie floors; ragouts suprême and chow-chow, dinde glacé, truffles, soquille, sorbet, terrapin, sauterne, cognac and extra dry, cover the beckoning tables. He sees price-

less bijou of Louis Quinze buhl, Sèvres, Limoges, Dalton, and Royal Vienna; treasures of ormolu and ivory, rocco and carrara; wonders in Faience and Satsuma; quaint carvings from Padua, Tokio, Delhi, and Antwerp, deft in ebon or sandal, or teak and immemorial oak. Here are poems in brass, anthems in eternal bronze, pastorals in Dresden, mythologies in the grinning idols of Cathay, miracles in Gobelin and Daubisson. Here are scimeter and falchion from the days of Lionheart, or damascene inwrought with golden arabesque by fezzed wizards in Teheran. Here swing hangings more precious than jewels, silk woven in the Caliph's harems, or yellowing marvels of Chantilly; glowing glories of Corot and Daubigny, Gérôme, Vibert, Meissonier, Millais, or Rembrandt. Ah! Yes. Roast venison, fried chicken, stuffed oysters, broiled lobster, sausage with sauerkraut, beefsteak and onions, float and allure and dazzle and tempt in the soaring fancy of the dilettante militant, who, at a drum-tap or a mule-bleat is brought down to his cramped, coarse environment with a dull thud. Blessed is the voluptuousness of reverie; blessed and cheap and safe as flirting by telephone with a centripetal divinity at the exchange, sweet-voiced, invisible, and anonymous.

From roseate fantasy to grim realism is a tumble sharp and sudden to the dreamer in the Shelter Tent. His ormolu and bijouterie consist of a deformed pocket-mirror and a fore-shortened pipe black as bombazine grief. His floor is honest old earth, rugless, plankless, naked as a marble Venus and cold as New England culture. His decorated couch of down and carved mahogany, ebony inlaid, is superseded by a

blanket and six fence-rails—rails quilled with keen splinters, like the frightful porcupine; blanket harboring fecund colonies of that fraternal insect whose tentacles are inextricably entangled with every shuddering recollection of army vicissitudes, inescapable, inexpugnable, yet nameless here forever more. His dresser of polished green malachite, silver trimmed, shrinks to a surreptitious cracker-box, hiding certain confiscated edibles for which some adjacent smoke-house holds a yawning vacancy. In this last-named receptacle we may also find all that can legitimately represent in fact the figments of our hero's appetizing hallucinations: the customary ration of his daily gulp and growl. Here is the hard, hard bread, stamped B.C. and warranted that age cannot wither nor bicuspid masticate; the acrid and bellicose pork, premonitory of thirst and tapeworm, rich in albuminates, but utterly poverty-smitten as to savor, odor, and social status. Here is raw beef from the east rump of a most attenuated anatomy, doubtful as the welcome of an uninvited visitor; sufficient unto the soup is the toughness thereof, no less. Here are the small white beans, anhydrous, true angel food, beloved of the cherubim, immortalized in song, theme of interminable romance, most potent, grave, and carbo-hydrate provender; seductive as a jackpot, and satisfying as a high-church wedding service to a middlings-purifier heiress. Here also the indispensable coffee, and the sugar where-withal it shall be confectioned, twin relics of the homeland, sole reminders of the hearthstone ante-bellum. Here is rice, nourishing to Buddha and Confucius, redolent of joss-house and bungalow, chief of staff of

the life of languid anthropophagi. Here are desiccated vegetables, culmination of humiliation to nostril and stomach, a cross between a counter-irritant and a disinfectant; likewise concentrated milk, Queen Anne style, as unintelligible as the gospel of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody to a colored youth gorged with clandestine watermelon. All these, with frugal condiments and seasonings, made lawful by the articles of war and the acts thereto amendatory, the shaky, unassuming cracker-box, chief of the snuggery's appointments, prime factor in furnishing forth the Shelter Tent, doth garner and conceal with more than sealing-wax fidelity. Upon it rest the empty haversack, the dry canteen, waist belt, bayonet scabbard, gun sling, and like miscellany of unused accoutrement, sharing their owner's earned and relished respite. These constitute his tabulated assets, including capital, surplus, and undivided profits.

The Shelter Tent was not immortal, at least in the concrete. If immortality is to be achieved for it, the pen of history or the still, small voice of tradition must be detailed for that duty. Its texture was not indestructible. Worn to windowed raggedness was its final aspect, slashed, punched, shot-holed, and abraded, but faithful and useful to the end. Scorched also, it may be, begrimed and soiled, march-stained and battle-singed, linked to its primal whiteness only as the vestal virgin of the Cuthead Sioux tepee is to her star-eyed Athenian prototype. No matter. The statesman with pickerel brow and muscallonge integument who now cries havoc, and lets slip his flexile tongue against pension bills because they interfere with tariff reform,

would elevate his nostrils in *échelon* at the thought of occupying such quarters, and vent his disgust in a low, hoarse smile, quoted from some imitation Englishman at Boston. The ecclesiastical mignonette and the journalistic geranium, who join in proclaiming it a threatening peril to the Republic that she tardily remembers her pledges to the remaining veterans who interposed between their shrinking forms and danger thirty years ago, may jest at scars. They never felt a wound. Nothing but a hypodermic injection of rear-rank bayonets would ever have inspired them to confront a foe more tangible than a Baconian cryptogram. But the man who faced the hounding hate of the slave-sellers and survived the grape and shrapnel of embattled treason can respond to these feeble viscidities with the silence of profound contempt. Let those who seek to expunge their records hide from the derision of mankind and the damnation of history if they can. The surviving veterans neither tender apologies nor demand forgetfulness. They cherish with pride the recollections of the war. Among these recollections is that of the contracted habitation, grander in its humility than a palace imperial, which domiciled a patriotism that was stainless and a heroism that was sublime. Unconsidered trifle of the epoch, neglected proletariat of tabernacles belligerent, fleeced and flouted Shelter Tent, its functions in the splendid totality of achievement were by no means unimportant, if wholly unacknowledged. A war-scarred relic of it now would be more precious to the eye of patriotism than a shining granite shaft raised to monumentalize forgiven but unrepented treason. Tattered and blackened, but

serviceable still, symbol of much else whereon we might perhaps with gain philosophize, the humble but priceless Shelter Tent was borne to the rendezvous by the glad warrior returning in triumph, and legally mustered out. Its work was done. No further seek its usufruct to discern. The receipt of the depot quartermaster was its sole and all-sufficient obituary.

Vanished from the receding perspective of our experience is the Shelter Tent—vanished from sight, but precious in memory forever. With it went the golden age of the Republic. With it went our comradeship of trial and danger—after it came the new heaven and the new earth to our redeemed and regenerated country. It has gone. And already for more than half the soldiery of the Grand Army of the Union it has been replaced by that low, green canopy whose curtain never outward swings.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLES OF FAIR OAKS AND MALVERN HILL.

BY CHAPLAIN EDWARD D. NEILL, D.D.,

FIRST MINNESOTA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read May 10, 1892.)

No one can notice the movements of all the troops while a battle is raging. The historian, therefore, is compelled to make a mosaic for future reference, by taking "here a little and there a little" from the reports of officers of the cavalry, artillery, and infantry branches of the service; and sometimes the observations of one holding an insignificant position help to fill up a gap, as a very small stone is useful in giving completeness to Florentine work. Not without hope that it may excite some interest, a paper has been prepared of incidents of Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill battles.

Sedgwick's Division of Sumner's Corps of the Army of the Potomac in the spring of 1862 was near Wynne's Mill, on the old road between Yorktown, Va., and Warwick Court-house.

On Sunday, the 4th of May, while it was yet dark, the booming of the enemy's cannon, which had continued at intervals during Saturday night, suddenly ceased, tents were folded, and they silently stole away. By sunrise, Gorman's Brigade, to which the First Minnesota Regiment belonged, had clambered over the

earthworks, and during the day amused themselves by picking up letters and other mementos which the soldiers of the insurgent army had left. On Monday night, in a soaking rain, the regiment stood on the historic fields where Lord Cornwallis, in 1781, had surrendered to the allied French and American forces. The next afternoon the brigade was transported in steamboats up the York River, and on Wednesday, the 7th of May, reached the mouth of the Pamunkey River, and formed a portion of the division opposed to some Confederate regiments falling back from Williamsburg. Before I could leave the transport on which I was, three cannons on an eminence pointed their muzzles thereat, and with balls stirred the mud in the river; but in a little while United States gunboats steamed up, and with their heavy ordnance soon silenced the battery.

From West Point, the terminus of the Richmond and York River Railroad, Sedgwick's Division by slow marches moved towards Richmond. One morning the First Minnesota Regiment halted at a brick church more than a hundred and fifty years old—St. Peter's by name—before whose rector, George Washington in January, 1759, did take Martha Custis by the right hand, and reverently say, "I, George, take thee, Martha, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part." The soldiers entered, and in quietness and thoughtfulness examined the venerable structure.

By the 23d of May the First Minnesota Regiment.

was encamped at Goodly Hole Creek, and during the week was engaged in cutting down trees and building a bridge across the Chickahominy. It was called Grape-vine Bridge, because grape-vines had been used as binding-cords in the absence of ropes. There were constant rains, and on Friday night, the 30th of May, the windows of the clouds were wide open, and torrents of water poured out. Lightnings, like zigzag arrows of fire, darted to the earth, followed by long rolls of thunder. The superstitious might have supposed that there was war in heaven.

On Saturday, the last day of May, the sun appeared, the skies were blue, and the laurel, peach, and magnolia were in blossom. As the midday meal in Gorman's Brigade was about finished, officers and soldiers were startled by the quick fire of musketry and discharge of artillery on the Williamsburg road towards Richmond. Not long after, while conversing at General Gorman's headquarters, I saw a horse dash by, spurred by his rider. Sumner writes in his official report that it was one o'clock in the afternoon when he received an order to move at a moment's notice. A few minutes after the rider passed staff officers and mounted orderlies began to hurry to and fro. Soon Gorman's Brigade, with the First Minnesota Regiment in advance, was on the march to Grape-vine Bridge. There were no laggards. Every soldier seemed eager to act well his part, but the troops were forced to hasten slowly, and often, like Tantalus of the Greek mythology, stand in a pool. As the bridge was approached it was seen to be surrounded by swift water. The soldiers waded up to their waists, reached it, and crossed. Then fol-

lowed Kirby's Battery, the drivers lashing their horses, the nozzles of the guns immersed, and as they plunged on the log bridge it trembled, undulated, and was ready to float away.

After crossing the Chickahominy there was a brief halt on an elevation, where was the residence of a Doctor Trent. Noticing a lad, about sixteen years of age, sitting on a fence, I asked him if he knew anything about the battle. He was quite excited, and, pointing towards Fair Oaks station, said that he had heard a blowing, like a gust of wind, in that direction. It was an expressive description of the zip-zip sound of minie-balls, and the sighing and screeching of shells heard at a distance. As the regiment was marching from thence to the scene of conflict, while riding by the side of Major Morgan of the First Minnesota, I saw an officer on foot approach, and exclaiming, "General Gorman!" seize him by the hand. To me his presence was a great surprise. In 1854 he had been a plasterer in St. Paul, and had rough-cast my house on Summit Avenue, the first built between Dayton and Laurel Avenues, the site of which is now occupied by the costly, extensive, and massive brown-stone residence of James J. Hill. In 1858 he was appointed chief of police of the city. In consequence of the death of his wife, before the war, he returned with his children to Philadelphia, and was now Captain John W. Crosby, of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Regiment, slightly disabled.

The Richmond and York River Railroad and the Williamsburg country road are parallel, and at little distance from each other. The so-called Nine Mile Road from Richmond runs diagonally from a point

called the Old Tavern, and crosses the railway at Fair Oaks station and reaches the Williamsburg road at Seven Pines. Early on Saturday afternoon General Abercrombie's Brigade of Couch's Division of Keyes's Fourth Army Corps was in this vicinity. A Philadelphia regiment, the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, commanded by an officer of the regular army, Colonel Thomas H. Neill, was posted on the Nine Mile Road between Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, and the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, Colonel Rippey, was on the same road leading from Fair Oaks to the Trent house.



BATTLE-FIELDS AROUND RICHMOND.

Colonel Rippey was killed; all of his field officers and a number of captains wounded. General Abercrombie, in the crisis, made a stand near the Courtenay house. General Couch in his report wrote that "he [Couch] became separated from the main body of the division, and that, with General Abercrombie, four

regiments, and Brady's Battery made off towards the Grape-vine Bridge, and took a position facing Fair Oaks. Soon Captain Van Ness brought me word that General Sumner was at hand. This noble soldier came on rapidly with Sedgwick's Division, and when the head of his column was seen, half a mile distant, I felt that God was with us and victory ours."

As the First Minnesota, Colonel Alfred Sully, reached the critical position, he was directed to the right of General Abercrombie. Colonel Sully rode into a field near the Courtenay house with his staff, and dismounted to make observations. Stooping down and looking into the belt of woods in front, instantly, with expletives forcible but not at all polite, I heard him call out to Adjutant Chase, "Hurry the regiment into line!" Standing by my horse holding the bridle, I noticed that his ears were bent back, and that he was very restless. He was not like his rider, slow to hear. It was evident that something was coming. There was a chicken-coop in front made of very frail slats, and, foolish fellow as I was, I wondered if it would be expedient to lie behind it. Deliberation on the subject was stopped by a swift blowing and leaves falling from the adjoining trees. The enemy had aimed too high, and no one was injured.

It was not very long before the whole of Gorman's Brigade came up. The right of the First Minnesota rested upon the Courtenay house, and the left upon a piece of woodland. The other three regiments, Thirty-fourth New York, Fifteenth Massachusetts, and Eighty-second New York, were upon the left of Abercrombie's Brigade. A battery of the First United States Artil-

lery, commanded by Lieutenant Edward Kirby, the same battery which, under Ricketts, the First Minnesota Regiment had followed into action at the battle of Bull Run, was on an elevation in front of a peach orchard, near the angle of the woods. The rapidity of the loading and firing of Kirby's guns sounded like the incessant pounding in some great steam-boiler shop, and excited the attention and admiration of General Sumner and the division commanders. The Rebel troops, under General Gustavus W. Smith, concealed by the woods, were greatly annoyed by the death-dealing shot, and General Wade Hampton of South Carolina was ordered with his brigade to emerge and take the battery. They appeared in the field to the right, but were quickly driven back.

About seven o'clock in the evening, Johnston, the general-in-chief of the Confederates, was severely wounded, and then the command devolved upon General G. W. Smith. The latter in his official report wrote: "Very seldom, if ever, did any troops in their first battle go so close to a covered line under so strong a fire, and remain within such short distance so long a time. Various attempts were made to charge, but without that concert of action almost absolutely necessary to success, and the gallant spirits who attempted it were very many of them shot down."

Towards seven o'clock I noticed a Union officer of high rank on horseback come out of the woods. He was without a hat and seemed "all forlorn," as the horse was being led by a staff officer to a place of security. It was General Abercrombie, from whom Fort Abercrombie in Minnesota derived its name. He had

entered the woods with his adjutant, Captain Samuel Appleton, now a member of the Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion, to learn the situation of the enemy, and was fired upon. A ball passed through and carried away his cap, scraped his scalp, and frightened his horse, who threw him to the ground and ran away. Chaplain Oliver, who had volunteered as one of his aids, perceiving the situation, rode in, lifted him upon the saddle of his own horse, and led him out in a dazed condition.

The battle did not cease until the shades of night had fallen. Then the woods seemed to be alive with huge lightning-bugs; but they were the soldiers of the blue and gray with lanterns searching for dead comrades, and, observing the amenities of humanity, did not mo-



THE COURTENAY HOUSE.

lest each other while engaged in their sad work. That night the soldiers of the First Minnesota were kept busy in building an intrenchment in front of the Courtenay house made of felled trees covered with earth, and on fair days the flag of the regiment was dis-

played therefrom. General J. E. Johnston in his report wrote: "About sunset, being struck from my horse severely wounded by a fragment of a shell, I was carried from the field, and Major-General G. W. Smith succeeded to the command. He was prevented from renewing his attack the next morning *by the discovery of strong intrenchments not seen on the previous evening.*" He did not see them on Saturday before sunset because they had not then been constructed.

The floor of the Courtenay house on Saturday night was a sleeping-place for several Union officers, and there was also brought to the one-story annex a wounded soldier of Hampton's Brigade. He was a tall, dark-haired, and fine-looking man. Kneeling by his side, I asked if his wounds were serious, and learned that they were not. He said that he was a small South Carolina planter from the Edgefield district, and that just as he was about to pull the trigger of his musket felt dizzy, then a weakness of the legs, sunk to the ground wounded, and was picked up and brought in by our soldiers. He remarked "that since lying on the floor I have realized that I have been deluded. Under the heated denunciations of political orators I had come to look upon Yankees as a species of incarnate demons, and imagined that death would be preferable to capture. To-night my mental vision is cleared, and I find that my captors are of the same English race, as a little thought should have before taught me, bravely contending for the union of the States, which they believe is essential to liberty."

The First Minnesota Regiment was not actively engaged on Saturday after Kirby's Battery opened fire.

By order of Colonel Sully it sat behind a fence, and while in this position Nicholas Hammer, a worthy Dane of Company F, was killed by a ricochet shot, and I buried him the next morning in the yard of the Courtenay house. After Gorman's Brigade had been fighting some time, Adjutant Chase of the First Minnesota rode up, and with well-meant kindness but poor judgment informed me that my brother, Colonel Neill of Abercrombie's Brigade, had been killed. At the battle of Bull Run, having heard many wild rumors that failed to be confirmed, I did not feel that his death was certain, although the announcement in the midst of the conflict was not soothing.

Early Sunday morning, with the consent of General Sedgwick, I walked over the field to see if I could find out where my brother was, and if he were dead or alive. About seven o'clock I came to the limber of an artillery carriage, upon which was sitting General Sumner, with General Couch by his side, to whom he introduced me. Mentioning my errand, the latter said: "I do not know where he is. Yesterday afternoon I was separated from his regiment, closely pressed by the enemy, as my coat torn by bullets will show." While speaking, the battle again commenced; the generals hurried to their duties, and I was left a lonely non-combatant. Noticing some ambulances hurrying to the point where the troops were engaged, I moved towards them, but had not gone far when I came to a wounded officer on the ground, whose eye indicated recognition of me. Stooping down, I enquired who he was, and the reply was, "Adjutant of the Seventh Michigan." He appeared to be severely

injured, and as I could be of no service reluctantly left him. Soon I met Surgeon Liddell of General Burns's Brigade, and he asked me to hold his case of instruments while he performed minor operations. Passing a small outhouse which had a blanket suspended in place of a door, he told me that General O. O. Howard was therein with a wound in the arm, and as the day was very hot, with his assent it was proposed to amputate the limb in the afternoon. After General Howard was disabled the command of his brigade devolved upon Colonel Edward E. Cross of the Fifth New Hampshire, and in less than an hour he was carried by sitting up on a stretcher, sucking a lemon and in good spirits. He told us that he hoped in a few weeks to be again in active service.

The surgeon's operating-table was a novelty. It was a barrel on its side, placed against a tree in front of a farmhouse. I was expected to keep the barrel steady by placing one of my feet under it, and then held the patient against the tree with one hand while the surgeon used the knife. After working two hours or more Dr. Liddell said he needed rest, and I returned to the Courtenay house. About midday an orderly rode up and gave me the following note:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that Colonel Neill is alive and uninjured. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"FRANCIS A. WALKER,

"*Assistant Adjutant-General, General Couch's Division.*"

Thus was the rumor of the day before happily dissipated.

The writer of the note was then only twenty-two years old. At the close of the war he was a brevet-

brigadier-general. Since then he has been distinguished as a writer on political economy, and is now president of the Massachusetts School of Technology.

I had desired to know if the adjutant of the Seventh Michigan had survived. About ten years ago I was standing at the Jackson Street landing in St. Paul when a steamboat approached. A Rev. Mr. Landon, then a Minneapolis pastor, came up and told me that he was expecting a brother. When the passengers came ashore I was introduced to the relative, a physician. When he heard my name he said, "I knew a clergyman of your name in the Army of the Potomac when I was a member of the Seventh Michigan." To the question, "Can you tell me if your adjutant, who was severely wounded at Fair Oaks, survived?" he smilingly replied, "I am the person."

By noon of Sunday, the 10th of June, the Confederate Army had been fully checked, but the Union troops could make no advance. Heavy showers again commenced. The roads were impassable for artillery, and the mules of the commissary wagons could draw but half loads. The mud was a thick paste, and soldiers floundered in it like toddling children. Brigade commanders during the forced inaction arranged their headquarters, and surgeons were occupied in sending the wounded to the hospitals in the rear. Colonel Sully had possession of the Courtenay house. He occupied the north room on the first floor, and the chaplain of the regiment the room directly above, who, when he lay on the floor to sleep, was always comforted by the thought that there was a thick brick chimney between him and the enemy's artillery.

Among the prisoners brought within the lines of the First Minnesota was a Confederate colonel whose face had been bruised by the explosion of a shell. He had been placed at first in an outhouse, but Surgeon Hand, the day after the battle, thought it would be better to remove him to a room in the Courtenay house. He ordered hospital attendants to take a door from its hinges for the purpose. Thereon he was carefully placed and slowly carried, with bruised and bloated face and eyes closed with suppuration. Before the house was reached his hand was imploringly extended as if he thought they were taking him to a burial-place. When within the house he was sponged with tepid water and the matter wiped from his eyes, so that he was soon able to see, and to smile about the impression he had gained, in his blind weakness, that he was on a march to the grave.

On the 3d of June General J. G. Barnard, chief engineer of the army, visited Sumner's Corps for observation, and during his stay slept at the Courtenay house in a vacant room on the same floor with me, but on the side towards the foe. One morning as day was breaking shells began to fly near the house. The general was deaf, like myself, but not so deaf that he could not hear the whizzing overhead. Quickly rising, he drew on his boots, and went downstairs. Although I was not an engineer officer, I followed in his footsteps.

A tall tree near the house appeared to be a target for the Confederates. A cannon-ball struck a tree not far from the house, in front of General Gorman's tent, and cut it in two. The members of the First Minne-

sota Band made a hut for themselves. Three feet of it was below the ground, and about five feet, of logs, was above the surface. Once I was suddenly summoned thither, and as I entered saw the nephew of W. H. Nobles, a citizen of St. Paul, leaning against the side towards the enemy. His face was placid, and there was no discoloration, but his heart did not beat. A round shot had struck the log where his head was, and although it did not penetrate, the concussion was sufficient to snap the thread of life.

The 8th of June was a bright, balmy Sunday. Birds in black, orange, and scarlet plumage flitted among the branches of the trees, and sang clearly and sweetly, filled with "mad joy" at leaving their secret nests. The cannons of the enemy seemed ashamed to make a noise, and after the morning meal soldiers basked and thought of "home, sweet home."

My attention, about nine o'clock, was attracted by the riding of the pleasant young French princes, volunteer aids of General McClellan, towards Sedgwick's quarters. It was not long before the whole of Sumner's Corps was ordered to appear as on dress parade. There came down the line a number of officers wearing rich, silver-embroidered uniforms. In front rode a black-haired, dark-visaged, determined-looking man, hat in hand, and graciously bowing as regiment after regiment presented arms. He was Marshal Prim, on his way from Mexico to Spain, subsequently known as the friend of the Republican Castelar, active in the deposition of Queen Isabella, and virtually the dictator of his native land.

On the afternoon of the 12th of June Medical Di-

rector Hammond suggested that I should visit a hospital on the north side of the Chickahominy, which stream I crossed at Bottom Bridge. Night came on before I could return, and I stopped at the plantation of a Dr. Miner. The family mansion was closed, but at the negro quarters I found some slaves, who permitted me to sleep at the house. Upon the promise of ample pay they prepared for me the best meal I had for several months tasted in Virginia. The Miner family had left their cows, and I enjoyed the milk, butter, and biscuits. Upon leaving the next morning I purchased some butter, which the negroes, for the want of something better, placed in an empty asafetida can which they found in the doctor's office. As I passed the camp of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, which was then quite near to the Courtenay house, I left the butter for the use of Colonel Neill and staff. That evening I called at the colonel's tent, and profuse was the praise of the butter and its very rich flavor. There was a willingness to heap blessings upon me, to call upon Leigh Hunt's angel of "Abou Ben Adhem" to "write me as one that loved his fellow-men." The praise was too great to be borne, and I had to confess that confinement in the asafetida can had added to the fragrance so much admired.

General McClellan seems to have contemplated a change of base about the middle of June. On the 18th the chief commissary of subsistence, by his order, had vessels sent from Yorktown to City Point, on the James River, with 800,000 rations. On the 25th, Wednesday, the chief quartermaster, General Van Vliet, telegraphed to Colonel Ingalls, at the White house, on the Pamunkey:

"Have your whole command in readiness to start at any moment. Please consult with Lieutenant Nicholson of the navy to have his vessels placed in such a position that he can protect our depot. There will be no attempt to turn our flank for a day or two, but from all the information we have it is supposed that Jackson will be coming down soon."

The very next day, Thursday, Jackson and Hill of the Confederates attacked, near Mechanicsville, General Porter's Corps. On Friday was the battle of Gaines's Mill, and those of Sumner's Corps, near the Courtenay house, were made to feel that the conflict was desperate when, about five o'clock in the afternoon, they saw the brigades of Generals French and Meagher hurrying to the relief of the hard-pressed troops of Porter. That night I slept in Surgeon Hand's tent, and before sunrise I rose, on Saturday the 28th, and walked towards the Courtenay house, and found General Sedgwick and Colonel Sully in silence, sitting on a rude bench in the yard—the former, as usual, modest and quiet, with none of the insignia of rank, without a coat, wearing only a simple blue flannel shirt. To the remark that the morning was sultry, Sully said, "Yesterday afternoon was bad for our troops." About six o'clock in the evening Surgeon Hand told me that Medical Director Hammond had been ordered to send off the sick and wounded in ambulances towards the James River, and asked me if I would accompany the train. It was not long before the procession of sufferers was moving. As I rode towards Fair Oaks station I noticed soldiers unscrewing the lids of cartridge boxes and throwing the contents into the vat of a tannery. At the railroad crossing a pile of cases of pilot-bread, twenty or thirty feet high, had been set on fire.

There was no confusion. The only frightened person was a sutler who had hastened to be rich, and now was packing his wares in order that he might save his chattels and hasten out of danger.

The forest through White Oak Swamp was packed with wagon trains. The dark night and muddy road compelled them to go at a snail's pace. Towards morning I reached White Oak Creek; found some confusion among the wagoners, and a flashing of many lanterns. An officer riding by recognized me. It was Captain William G. Le Duc of Hastings, Minn., assistant quartermaster of Dana's Brigade, afterwards chief quartermaster of Hooker's Corps, and at the close of the war made brevet-brigadier-general. He said: "Hold my horse's bridle. We have been waiting for axes, which have arrived. If we do not widen the road so that four or five wagons can move abreast we may lose a part of the train." Jumping from his saddle, he took an axe and went to work with the men in cutting down trees.

Sunday's sun arose, and its rays were very warm. About seven o'clock Le Duc rode up to me and pointed to a wagon in the creek sunk in mud to its axles, laden with oats, from which the mules had been taken, and told me to ride in, with my penknife cut a hole in a bag, and allow my horse to feed. As I sat in the saddle a gentleman dressed as a civilian, and very dusty, rode up and enquired if his horse could have some oats, and, by permission of the quartermaster, he went to the other end of the bag. In a few minutes my horse caught his by the nose and showed so much ill-will that I rode away. The selfishness of man I had often witnessed in the army; it was the first time I

had observed the selfishness of the horse. The gentleman by my side was the Prince de Joinville (*dezhwan-vel*), the third son of Louis Philippe, late King of France. When a young naval officer he was entrusted with the removal of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris. Since 1848 he had been an exile, and was now on a visit to his nephews, the young princes on General McClellan's staff.

The saddest sight that day was sick soldiers, exhausted by the march, lying with closed eyes in the shade of trees, or tottering along with the aid of sticks. During the afternoon I found General Gorman sick on the porch of a farmhouse on an elevation overlooking White Oak Swamp. As I sat by him a cloud of white smoke arose in the direction of the railroad, and at a great height stood for a time. I thought of the pillar of cloud that by day preceded the army of Moses. It was caused by the blowing up of the bridge over the Chickahominy, the destruction of locomotives and other war material.

Early on Monday, the 20th of June, the First Minnesota, that had been engaged the afternoon before in the battle of Savage Station, crossed the creek, and I was glad to be again with my regiment. After marching about two miles there was a halt, and I rode ahead to find a shady place where I could write to the governor of Minnesota a report of Sunday's battle, in which color-bearer Burgess, a noble fellow, had been killed. I dismounted at the Willis Methodist Church, and enjoyed rest in a shady grove. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon the woods behind me were suddenly filled with the rattle of musketry.

Mounting my horse, I rode back to join the regiment, but increasing reverberations showed that a fierce battle had begun. It proved to be the Confederate onslaught upon General McCall's troops. A proverb is said to be the quintessence of wisdom, and remembering that "discretion is the better part of valor," I turned back, and, passing the Willis Church, came to a wide plain gradually ascending towards the James River, known as Malvern Hill, which seemed to be made for a battle-field.

As I rode across it I met General Couch with a portion of his division, and the colonel of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania opened his line that I might pass through, when I checked my horse and watched the various movements.

The last of the great wagon trains was passing down to Haxall's Landing, on the James River. The drivers were excited by the battle raging at Glendale, or Nelson's Farm, but whenever they showed a disposition to drive furiously cavalry-men would ride up and compel them to go at a moderate pace, and thus prevented a panic. Never in the history of any war was a supply train moved with so little loss. The bellowing of cannon would be met by the response of bellowing animals. A herd of twenty-five hundred beef cattle crossed White Oak Swamp and reached pasturage in the meadows of James River without the loss of a single beast.

During the latter part of this afternoon immense shells from the gunboats passed over our heads into the woods, where the enemy was. A Confederate soldier is reported to have said that his regiment was

doing very well until great cooking-stoves began to fly through the air and break into pieces in their midst. When night came I slept on a sofa in the West house. The person who seemed to be the head of the household was a gentlemanly man, but greatly worried by the irruption of an invading army trampling down his crops. Before the morning of Tuesday, the 1st of July, Sumner's Corps reached Malvern Hill from Glendale, and was posted on the right of the Union Army. About eight o'clock Confederate artillery took position in a wheat-field on the Poindexter farm, and opened fire, the shells bursting near the West house. The family, with some of their neighbors, in consternation fled into the cellar, to which there was access by a large outside door. The head of the house in great distress enquired, "What shall I do?" There was a dressing-table draped with red cloth, and I suggested that it be torn off and fastened on a long pole over the house, in the hope that it might alter the range of the shots. It was distressing to hear the moans and see the tears of the women in the cellar, and as General Meagher was riding by I directed his attention to them. With the impulsiveness of a kind Irishman, he drove up to the cellar-door, and, looking down, assured the frightened ones that they would soon be relieved; but in what way I did not see. An old woman who once acted as guide for me at one of the historic spots of Ireland told some marvellous stories, and I asked her if she always told the truth. She said she did, but sometimes magnified the truth to make it pleasant. General Meagher, I fear, magnified the truth that morning to comfort tearful women.

There was the tent of a general pitched near the house, and one of his staff said that the flap was fastened down because the officer was washing and putting on clean clothes. Before long he emerged, carefully dressed, his sash thrown over his shoulders, and although having but one arm, the other having been left in Mexico during the war with that country, he gracefully vaulted into his saddle and rode away to duty. It was the rash, brave, and dashing Phil Kearney.

Gorman's Brigade was kept in a sitting position while exposed to the artillery fire, and during the morning a cannon-ball bounded over the field and struck a worthy officer, Major Charles L. Brown, of the Thirty-fourth New York, from the effects of which he died.

During the afternoon, while standing by General Sedgwick, I noticed a general approaching on horseback. As he passed along the right wing, with great enthusiasm the soldiers tossed up their caps. It was McClellan. After he had conferred with Sedgwick I stepped up, and he extended his hand, which I remember on that warm day was covered with a gauntleted glove. His pressure was earnest, but he said not a word, and kept his eye towards the troops who were animated by his presence. His attitude was that of a cool, brave man, equal to his great responsibility. It was the last time I was near him, and there was reason why I looked upon him with some interest. He was born in the same city as myself. Our fathers were physicians. We were prepared for college by the same teachers. Before the war he had successfully wooed a graceful, delicate daughter of an army officer, living

with her parents on Summit Avenue in St. Paul, and she and her mother were communicants of the church to which I ministered. While his headquarters were in Washington I had been called from the field to his house, and in the presence of a few relatives and some of his staff officers had officiated at the dedication of his firstborn, and offered a prayer that the infant should become "Christ's faithful soldier."

Informed that there was need of surgeons, and that Brigade-Surgeon Hand lay sick of a fever at Haxall's Landing, I rode by way of Turkey Bridge and found him, with his black servant acting as nurse. When he heard of the situation he said that although weak if I would wait he would accompany me. It was about five o'clock when we reached Malvern Hill, and the two armies were fighting as when "Greek met Greek." For several hours there was an incessant cannonade. After dark it was an awful sight to see bursting shells, like angry, fiery meteors, rushing through the air.

About midnight, while lying on the grass under the crest of the hill, I found a movement of the army to the banks of the James River had commenced, and I mounted my horse and followed. Before daylight it began to rain, and at dawn I met two soldiers with straps over their shoulders carrying a stretcher, upon which was Lieutenant A. J. Pemberton of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania. Unstrapping my shelter tent from the saddle, I threw it over him and passed on. He was a brother of Confederate Major-General John C. Pemberton, who the next year surrendered Vicksburg to General Grant.

Although a digression, it is well to mention that

about three years ago a nephew of General Pemberton came to see me. He said that his uncle was dead, and that during the last years of his life he rejoiced in his own defeat, convinced of the error into which he had fallen, and believing that if independence had been obtained by the late slave States, they would only have secured a Pandora box, from which would soon have emerged the demons of bitter internal strife and negro insurrections.

Before noon on the 2d of July the whole army had reached the James River, near the house in which Benjamin Harrison, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born, whose son, General William H. Harrison, was President of the United States of America, and whose great-grandson, Benjamin, now occupies the same exalted position.

That afternoon a driving rain began which continued until noon of the next day. The advancing army in the morning saw a land of plenty and beauty. Hundreds of acres of grain stood ready for the harvesters, and as the golden spears of wheat nodded in the breeze one thought of the glittering lances of the knights who stood thick around Henry VIII. of England and Francis I. of France on the "field of the cloth of gold." In twenty-four hours not a stalk stood erect. Under the heels of thousands of soldiers every green thing had been trampled, and with the aid of the rain a mud mingled with straw had been formed which the old Egyptian brick-makers would have prized.

General Keyes, in "Reminiscences of his Life," alluding to General McClellan, writes: "If I were to estimate his qualifications by his conduct during the

change of base to the James River, I should assign to him a rank as distinguished as any military leader."

On the 4th of July President Lincoln sent these cheering words: "Be assured the heroism and skill of yourself, officers, and men are, and forever will be, appreciated."

The next day, Stanton, Secretary of War, wrote: "Be assured you shall have the support of the department and the government as cordially and faithfully as was ever rendered by man to man; and if we should ever live to see each other face to face, you will be satisfied that you never had from me anything but the most confiding integrity. There is no cause in my heart or conduct for the cloud that wicked men have raised between us for their own base and selfish purposes. No man ever had a truer friend than I have been to you, and shall continue to be. You are seldom absent from my thoughts, and I am ready to make any sacrifice to aid you." Notwithstanding these cordial words, Welles, Secretary of the Navy at that time, asserts in a published book that for months before the Secretary of War had manifested hostility to General McClellan.

On an occasion like this which calls us together to-night, it is not expedient to point out which secretary falsely wrote.

General McClellan was firm in the conviction that Richmond could be invested from the south side of the James River. On the 7th of July he sent these words to the President: "My men in splendid spirits and anxious to try it again. Alarm yourself as little as possible about me, and don't lose confidence in this

army." On the 12th the following was also transmitted: "I am more and more convinced that this army ought not to be withdrawn from here, but promptly reënforced and thrown again upon Richmond. If we have a little more than half a chance we can take it. I dread the effects of the retreat upon the *morale* of the men." On the 3d of August General Halleck telegraphed: "It is determined to withdraw your army from the peninsula."* On the 14th he wrote to his wife: "We are going not to Richmond, but to Fort Monroe, I am ashamed to say. It is a terrible blow to me, but I have done all that could be done to prevent it, without success, so I must submit as best I can and carry it out."

* General McClellan the next day replied :

"Your telegram of last evening is received. I must confess that it has caused me the greatest pain I ever experienced, for I am convinced that the order to withdraw this army to Aquia Creek will prove disastrous to our cause."

As the army approached Fort Monroe, near midnight on August 18, the following telegram was sent to Washington :

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

"August 18, 1862, 11 P.M.

"Please say a kind word to my army that I can repeat to them in general orders in regard to their conduct at Yorktown, Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court-house, and on the Chickahominy, as well as in regard to the Seven Days and the recent retreat.

"No one has ever said anything to cheer them but myself. Say nothing about me. Merely give my men and officers credit for what they have done. It will do you much good, and will strengthen you much with them, if you issue a handsome order to them in regard to what they have accomplished. They deserve it.

"G. B. McCLELLAN, *Major-General*.

"*Major-General Halleck, Washington, D. C.*"

No notice was taken of this request.

It would be presumption in me, who, like "one Michael Cassio, a Florentine," in Shakespeare's *Othello*,

"Never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster,"

to enter into any military criticism; nor would it be proper to censure public men at Washington who appeared willing to prolong a civil war to gratify personal ambition or obtain the success of their political party.

While others may differ, I shall always remember the general-in-chief at Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill as a friend, a Christian gentleman, a commander who had the entire confidence of his soldiers—

"Did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths."

COLUMBUS AND THE NEW MOVEMENT OF COMMERCE.

BY CHAPLAIN EDWARD D. NEILL, D.D.,

FIRST MINNESOTA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 11, 1892.)

REGIOMONTANUS, the great astronomer, prepared an ephemeris or almanac containing tables of declination of the sun, moon, and planets from A. D. 1474 to 1506, a work the first of the kind issued, and invaluable to the navigators of that period. There is on the recorder's table a copy of an edition of this calendar with its original clasp and binding, printed A. D. 1484, at Venice, and from it can be ascertained that about midnight of the 11th of October, 1492, according to the Julian notation then in use, the moon rose at last quarter. That night neither Columbus nor his sailors slept. They were on the tiptoe of expectation, for the next morning, Friday, they would touch land.

The first of the monthly meetings since the summer recess happens to be held this evening, the 11th of October, 1892, according to the Gregorian calendar, and it will not be inappropriate to turn one's thoughts back to Christopher Columbus and the new movement of commerce.

As the Teneriffe Peak, of the Canary Islands, stands high above surrounding objects, so Columbus is above the navigators of his age. He did not claim to have originated the idea that there was land beyond the Atlantic Ocean. For generations this had been believed. A satirical rhymester in the thirteenth century seems to have heard of lands westward when he wrote:

"Far at sea, to west of Spain,
Is a country called Coquaina."

The Englishman Mandeville, more than a century before Columbus was born, visited India and the land of the Great Khan. In his book he expressed belief in the rotundity of the earth and the possibility of ships sailing round the world. Several editions of it were published in Italian and German, and attracted attention. Toscanelli, the astronomer, wrote to Columbus of Cathay or China, and Cipango or Japan, and sent him a map showing these "lands of spices" directly westward. In his letters referring to preparation for discovery Columbus mentions that it was necessary to examine the writings of wise and trustworthy historians, and of those who had written upon the geography of the world; also that there was a guide from astronomy sure, safe, and sufficient. No one can dispute his claim as the successful discoverer. He was not too boastful when he declared that he had "accomplished a task to which the powers of mortal man had never hitherto attained, for if there had been those who have anywhere written or spoken of these islands, they have done so with doubts and conjectures, and no one has ever asserted that he has seen

them, on which account their writings have been looked upon as little else than fables."*

A mist surrounds his early life, as the morning fog about the base of a mountain, and there is disagreement as to the place of his birth, and his age when he began the voyage which placed his name on the roll of fame. His strong will, unbounded enthusiasm, and training among the corsairs of the Mediterranean fitted him for deeds of daring.

He was very religious, according to the standard of the period, but not very particular in the observance of the precepts of Christianity. In this respect he did not differ from other prominent persons. The Spanish ambassador in England was notorious for his mean and disreputable life;† Alexander VI. attended public performances with a mistress sitting at his feet,‡ and had a son, Cæsar Borgia, one of the blackest characters in history. After the death of his wife, in taking the young and beautiful Beatrice Arana to live with him without the sanction of the Church, and whose children were illegitimate under the civil law,§ he was not singular.

* Columbus to Sanchez, lord-treasurer of Ferdinand and Isabella, March 14, 1498.

† Bergenroth, one of the editors of the British Public Record Office who examined the Spanish manuscripts at Simancas and elsewhere, wrote that the Spanish ambassador in London, in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, for three years lived in the house of a stone-mason who kept disreputable women.

‡ Despatch of ambassador Antonio Guistinian quoted by Crane in vol. lxxiii. of *Harper's Magazine*.

§ In a codicil to his will he orders his son Don Diego to provide for the maintenance of his mistress. His words were, "Let this be done for the discharge of my conscience, for it weighs heavy on my

Guanahani, the isle upon which he landed, was one of the Bahamas, but he tarried there but three days, then cruised in the archipelago, stopping at several islands, and on the 28th of October reached the coast of Cuba. The next island found was Hayti, where, on the 5th of December, he arrived. Its lofty ridges, well wooded, its equable climate tempered by the sea breezes, its fertile soil and excellent harbors, the friendliness of the Indians, induced him to erect a stockade in which he left about forty of his men, and with the rest, on the 4th of January, 1493, sailed for Spain, and on the 15th of March reached the port of Palos, from which he had departed about eight months before. *Then* he was looked upon as a wild enthusiast who had urged his project with an importunity akin to fanaticism; *now* he was received with smiles from all classes and conditions of men. He realized that "a mighty deed is like the heavens' thunder, that wakes the nations' slumberers from their rest." His name became familiar in the palace and the ale-house. The more discerning, however, did not conceal their disappointment that he did not bring back gold or spices to compensate for the expenditures of the first voyage, and in pleading for a second voyage he wrote: "I promise that with a little assistance afforded me I will procure there as much gold as they need, and as great quantity of spices, of cotton, and of mastic, and as many men for the service of the navy as their Majesties may require."* On the 25th of September, 1493, he again departed from Spain,

soul." Three or four years before her death Diego entirely neglected Beatrice, the mother of Fernando.—Irving's "Columbus," book xviii., chap. iv.

* Letter to Sanchez, March, 1498.

with seventeen vessels and twelve hundred colonists, chiefly impelled by Virgil's "*sacra fames auri*"—the hunger for gold. Upon landing in Hayti small mining parties dispersed through the island and became a terror to the Indians. He had promised Ferdinand and Isabella that men would be furnished for the service of the navy, and several ships loaded with Indians were sent to be sold as chattels. In April, 1494, he discovered the island of Jamaica, and in ill-health came back to Hayti. On the 11th of June, 1496, he returned to Spain, and cast anchor in the Bay of Cadiz with a cargo chiefly of Indian slaves.

England was not disposed to lag behind in seeking a new route to China and Japan. Henry VII. early in 1496 authorized John Cabot to discover unknown lands, with a right to occupy them and have exclusive commerce. Aided by some merchants of Bristol, in May, 1497, in a small vessel with eighteen persons he sailed westward, and on the 24th of June reached a land abounding in cod-fish, which was a "New-found land." In about three months he came back to England, while Columbus was in Spain, and declared that from the point he had reached might be found Cipango or Japan, and that by this route London might become a greater mart for spices than Alexandria.

The enthusiasm to sail with Columbus had almost ceased, and before he made his third voyage Ferdinand and Isabella permitted criminals and convicts to be transported. It was not until May, 1498, that he began this voyage, with six vessels; and on the 31st of July he reached Trinidad, the most southerly of the West India Islands, remarkable for its mountain summits

and fertile valleys; and then, after a sail of a few miles, found the Western Continent on the north coast of South America, and almost believed that he had reached the terrestrial Paradise. He then turned his ship back to Hayti, which he reached on the 30th of August, where he found the Spaniards in revolt against his brother Bartholomew. Here he remained until the arrival of Bobadilla in A. D. 1500, who came with full powers as governor, arrested Columbus and his brother, and sent them to Spain. He appeared to have allayed the suspicions which had been existing, and after two years was permitted with four vessels to go on a fourth voyage, with the order, however, that he was not to stop at Hayti. He left Cadiz on the 9th of May, 1502, and sailing beyond the West Indies, on the 14th of August landed on the Western Continent on the shores of Honduras, and coasted along Costa Rica and one side of the Isthmus of Panama with no idea that he was separated by comparatively a narrow neck of land from what we know as the Pacific Ocean. Returning to Jamaica, for months he was subjected to trials and hardships. In 1504 the Indians, aroused to hostility, would not furnish provisions, and his party were nearly starved. Referring to his astronomical calendar, which must have been that of Regiomontanus, he found a picture of a total eclipse of the moon which would soon occur. Summoning the principal Indians on the day of the eclipse, he told them that the God in heaven was very angry because they did not bring food to the white man, and intended to punish them, but would first warn them, and that night the moon would change its color and not give

light. All were anxious, and when a shadow began to be cast over the moon they trembled, and when the eclipse was total all were horror-stricken. Quickly seizing provisions the chiefs hurried to the ship of Columbus and asked him to intercede for them, and he and his party should never again want. When the eclipse was about to diminish he appeared before the howling savages and told them he had made intercession, and that darkness would pass away. From that time the Spaniards had an abundance, and Columbus was considered the vicegerent of Heaven.

On the 7th of November, 1504, he returned to Spain from his fourth voyage, old, infirm, "and none so poor to do him reverence." The remainder of his life was passed in complainings, and on the 20th of May, 1506, his heart ceased to beat. It is proper that he should be remembered as the bold navigator, although his constant desire to find gold made him blind to any commercial development. He wrote from Jamaica to Ferdinand and Isabella: "Gold is the most precious of all commodities; gold constitutes treasure, and he who possesses it has all he needs in this world, as also the means of rescuing souls from purgatory and restoring them to the enjoyment of Paradise."*

The Spanish statesman, Emilio Castelar, has recently said: "He knew naught of the bread made from the rich ears of the maize, nor the worth of the food-bearing but unsightly potato now so indispensable to man's life. Who could have told him the future of tobacco? He saw it first in Cuba. Certain Indians carried it rolled in dry leaves and lighted at one end,

* "Letters of Columbus," published by Hakluyt Society, London.

while they sucked the other end, and so regaled themselves with the smoke. How could he have forecast the part that leaf and its smoke was to play towards the enjoyment and the revenues of the civilized world in both hemispheres?"

His death did not retard discovery, and on the 25th of September, 1513, Balboa, with eagle eyes,

"Stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

The men that came with Columbus to America were not of the stuff from which heroes were made. In his words: "Numbers had gone to the Indies who did not deserve water from God or man." He declared that there were few who were not vagabonds, without wives or children, who purchased Indian girls for immoral purposes. The granting of large tracts of land to individuals made each proprietor a despot who worked Indian slaves to death. Columbus wrote: "The Indians of Hispaniola [Hayti] were and are the riches of the island; for it is they who cultivate and make the bread and provisions for the Christians, who dig the gold from the mines and perform all the offices and labors both of men and beasts. I am informed that since I left this island six parts out of seven of the natives are dead, all through ill-treatment and inhumanity; some by the sword, others by blows and cruel usage, others through hunger."*

As the Indians decreased through cruel usage, negro slaves as early as 1501 were imported. King Ferdinand

* Irving's "Columbus," book xvii., chap. iv.

wrote to the Governor of Hayti under date of 15th September, 1505: "I will send you more negro slaves as you request. . . . At each time a trustworthy person will go with them, who may have some share in the gold they may collect, and may provide them ease if they work well."

Fishermen from the north of France as early as 1504 were on the coasts of Newfoundland and gave the name to Cape Breton island, which still appears on modern maps. In 1535 Cartier had ascended the St. Lawrence River as far as Montreal in the hope of finding a northern route to India, and in 1542 no less than sixty ships went to "fish for cod in the new lands." John Hawkins, with a fleet of three ships, sailed to the coast of Guinea in 1562, seized three hundred Africans, carried them to Hayti, and exchanged them for a profitable cargo of sugar, ginger, and hides.

The leading merchants who assembled at the London Exchange in the time of Queen Elizabeth had become quite confident that commercial relations with China would be established through North America. Apsley, an enterprising man who dealt in beads, playing-cards, and gewgaws which would please the tastes of orientals, told a friend that he expected to live to see a letter written in London delivered in China in three months by a short route over the American continent between the 43d and 46th parallel of north latitude.

Twelve years after the "London Company" had planted English people in the valley of the James River, Va., in September, 1619, a ship commissioned by the Prince of Orange as a privateer to cruise in the waters of the Spanish West Indies brought twenty

captured negroes to Jamestown and sold them as slaves. In 1625 Thomas Jones, captain of the vessel that in 1620 had brought the non-conformists of Leyden to Plymouth Rock, sailed into Chesapeake Bay with a Spanish frigate which he had captured while on a privateering expedition, and brought a negro slave. Jones soon died, and the Virginia court ordered that the negro should be the property of Governor Wyatt. Thus early began the commerce of black men in North America. It was not long before they became the successful toilers on the tobacco plantations and producers of wealth in the English colonies.

If African slavery was first introduced among the planters of the West India Islands, it must not be forgotten that the first development of the free school and free church began on the islands between Florida and Cuba.

The first English colony at the Bermudas landed in 1612, and their minister, George Keith, a Scotchman, was in advance of his day. Norwood, a distinguished mathematician, was their school-teacher, the first in North America. In 1623 George Stirk, another learned man, was both preacher and author. In 1625 came the estimable Copland, who had been a chaplain of the East India Company and was connected with the fleet of Sir Thomas Dale while in conflict with the Dutch near the Isle of Java in Asiatic seas. His first step was to erect "a free school for the bringing-up of youth in literature and good learning." Withdrawing from the Church of England with a number of sympathizers, he removed to an isle of the Bahamas called Eleuthera, the Greek word for freedom, and less than

thirty miles from Guanahani, where Columbus first landed.* Here in a large cave they enjoyed freedom of worship for years, and to them the lines of the poet Marvell are applicable:

“What shall we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He cast, of which we rather boast,
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.”

Nathaniel Ward, the first minister of Ipswich, Mass., unfriendly to religious toleration, wrote of “a certain West India island,” where was allowed “free stable room for all kinds of consciences.”

Captain Sayle, one of the dwellers at Eleuthera in 1669, was appointed Governor of Carolina, and under its first constitution there was an entire separation of church and state.†

African slavery took deep root in English North America, and its evil influence was acknowledged before the War for Independence, as it seemed to paralyze the energies of the white population. In the convention which met in Philadelphia in 1787 and

* One of the earliest graduates of Harvard College was the son of the Bermudas minister Stirk, who became a distinguished physician and writer in London. In 1650 the church at Eleuthera sent for the benefit of Harvard College ten tons of Braziletto wood.

† In the constitution first prepared for Carolina by the philosopher John Locke, it was provided, “That any seven or more persons agreeing in any religion shall constitute a church, or profession, to which they shall give some name to distinguish it from others.”

framed the Constitution which, as amended, we have sworn to support, George Mason of Virginia denounced the slave system. He called it "an infernal traffic," and declared "every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven on a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. I learn that some of our eastern brethren have, from a lust of gain, embarked in this nefarious traffic." By the Constitution adopted in 1789 African slavery was tolerated as a local State institution, and resulted in making the United States of America half free and half slave. If slavery had not existed as a local institution in South Carolina the insurgents at Charleston would never have made an unprovoked attack upon Fort Sumter, the property of the general government, and fired guns which aroused the liberty-loving spirit of freemen and startled the civilized world.

Hayti, memorable as the island where Columbus first established a settlement and where negro slaves were first introduced, about the time that Washington was President of the United States witnessed an uprising of its black population, and from that time the government has been controlled by persons of African descent. Had South Carolina with sympathizing States succeeded in establishing a confederacy, a slave insurrection would in time have followed, and it might have become another Hayti.

Madison of Virginia wrote to Alexander Hamilton: "The Constitution requires an adoption *in toto* and forever." The venerable John Marshall, for a generation Chief-Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, said:

"The idea of complete sovereignty in the States converts our government into a league, and if carried into practice dissolves the Union." Upon the call of the President citizens took up arms neither to destroy nor preserve slavery, but to protect the nation's life. As a military necessity the slaves of insurgents were emancipated.

President Lincoln, in his second inaugural address, delivered a few weeks before his life was ended by an assassin's bullet, said that when the insurrection began "one-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed over the Union, but localized in the southern part." In concluding he used these words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, so, still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." The next month the insurgents laid down their arms, and the occupation of dealers in human flesh and blood was forever gone in the United States of America.

During the war for the Union an enterprise was be-

gun of constructing a railroad by which the commerce of Asia by a short route could reach the great centres of European trade. After peace another railroad was built, known as the Northern Pacific, which by way of the Yellowstone River carries freight and passengers who desire to see the "land of spices" which Columbus hoped to find; and now, chiefly the inception of a citizen of St. Paul, another road, known as the Great Northern, passing through Minnesota and above the Great Falls of the Missouri, enters the Rocky Mountains on a low grade, and soon will receive at its depot on the shores of Puget Sound costly cargoes of silks and tea brought by steam vessels from Japan and China and consigned to the merchants of New York, Liverpool, and London.

The westward movement of commerce predicted centuries ago is realized. Already the tonnage of the vessels which passes through a short canal between Lake Superior and the waters of Lakes Huron and Michigan is greater than that of the ships which seek India and China by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

The result of the war has made us for the first time a great, brave, energetic, and united nation. The north, south, east, and west are in a mesh-work of steel rails which cannot be broken. Let the widow mourn for the husband, let the mother weep for her sons who bravely died for the lost cause, for now they are as pleased as we when they see the school-children once more waving the old flag of Washington, Moultrie, Marion, and Sumter.

Let us properly commemorate the daring deed of

Columbus, who tried to find Asia by a short western route, and thank God that the African slavery which followed him is no more.

Let us all be grateful that the wish of the poet Buchanan Read, expressed while State was arrayed against State, has been answered to a large extent—

“Oh, that some sweet bird of the South
Might build in every cannon's mouth,
Till the only sound from its rusty throat
Should be the wren's or the bluebird's note;
That doves might find a safe resort
In the embrasures of every fort.”

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN: A MEMORIAL.*

BY CAPTAIN HENRY A. CASTLE,

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S.
VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 10, 1891.)

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, General of the United States Army, retired, and ex-Commander of the Commandery of the State of Ohio, of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, died in the city of New York, February 14, 1891, and was buried at St. Louis, February 21, 1891, with the honors due his eminent services and achievements.

His life was a benefaction to his country. His deeds are an inspiration and an example to coming genera-

* The following acknowledgment was received for the copy of the memorial to General Sherman sent to his family :

"No. 75 WEST SEVENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK,
March 24, 1891.

"Commandery of Minnesota, Loyal Legion of the U. S. :

"GENTLEMEN: I have just read with tears of joyous pride and with many a thrill of pleasure your enthusiastic encomium of my father. Comprehensive in its grasp of his campaigns, his character, and his position as a man and soldier, broad and fresh in its spirit of unaffected admiration, it breathes in every ardent line the great and generous spirit of the new Northwest, the spirit he loved and knew so well, the spirit that buoyed up and sustained him during the struggles of war, and that gave him the victories for which you now praise him.

"If we were not literally overwhelmed by testimonials and memorials of every kind, all generous and affectionate, though few so enthusiastic

tions. His death has brought an individual bereavement to millions. His sheathed sword hangs draped with emblems of a quenchless grief. He fitly rests beside the majestic stream which he aided to unchain from the barriers of impregnable Vicksburg, that it might forever flow unvexed to the sea.

He was a native of Ohio, and his heart-throbs were attuned to the energies of the imperial West, where his childhood was nurtured and his manhood evolved. But his rounded career brought a ripeness of experience that banished every trace of the provincial or sectional. He was a type of all that is best in our cosmopolitan nationality. In the broadest sense, he was distinctively and aggressively American.

He was educated for a soldier. The incomparable tutelage of the military academy contributed to his physical and mental development. Its iron discipline; its traditions of unalloyed democracy; its Spartan simplicity of living and relentless exactions of drill; its thoroughness of sternly practical instruction; its inculcation of the superlative value of personal honor—all these combined to fashion from auspicious material that which has so notably given the world assurance of a man.

as yours, we would be tempted to echo back some of your kind and complimentary expressions. Suffice it to say, in our haste, that your fame and his are one; your loyalty and his are one; your energy, ardor, and perseverance are one with his; and if his name lives in song and story, so will that of the officers and men that marched and fought with him live in our country's annals.

"I remain, gentlemen, with many thanks for your tribute,

"Very respectfully yours,

"THOMAS E. SHERMAN,

"per the Family."

During thirteen years of honorable army service void of opportunities for special distinction he gained the confidence of his associates and built the foundations for his subsequent renown.

During eight years of varied employments in civil life he acquired that knowledge of men and affairs which conspicuously equipped him for the intricate questions of law and business, the intimate relations with citizens and with volunteers, to which his high commands afterwards brought him.

The opening of the war for the restoration of the Union found him ready and waiting for the call. He was in the prime of his matured powers; his patriotism was shoreless and fathomless; he keenly appreciated the magnitude of the coming conflict and its priceless stake. He was a modest man, self-distrustful, perhaps rather of temper than capacity, and evading independent commands or weighty responsibilities, desirous only of active duty in subordinate spheres. But the earned promotions came rapidly, and each in succession developed or disclosed resources always in excess of the augmented needs. His alert intelligence sped ever in advance, searching out to-day the emprise of to-morrow.

On the widely sundered fields of Bull Run and Shiloh came his baptisms of battle, with a clouded interval, wherein the avowals of his prophetic vision, so soon to be so signally verified, brought for the time the disfavor of an amazed and incredulous people. At Vicksburg the splendor of his genius first and finally drove all the clouds away; his sun of destiny burst forth, to shine unobscured through the ages.

Swift the succession of brilliant campaigns that

supervened: the quick and resolute march from Memphis to the relief of beleaguered Chattanooga; the dramatic assault on the flank of Missionary Ridge; the long tramp, without rest or murmuring, to rescue Burnside at Knoxville; the return to Vicksburg unattended to organize from another segment of his willing host a winter expedition to Meridian, wrecking the factories and railroads of the enemy, and widening the furrow of desolation that rent the Confederacy in twain. Then the hundred days of fire and blood from Dalton to Jonesboro, every day a battle and every battle a victory, until the fighting and flanking wrought their perfect work and the jubilant message flashed back to the doubting North: "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won." Vicksburg and Gettysburg here found their corollary; the Rebellion was death-struck from that fateful hour.

After minor episodes of interlude came that marvel of daring and miracle of success, the march through Georgia. All its features were romantic and thrilling. It has been woven into song and story, and while by no means the most important of Sherman's undertakings, it is the one most popularly associated with his name.

The more decisive and infinitely more difficult campaign from Savannah northward speedily followed. Only the greatest commanders have dared to place seas or deep rivers in their rear in perilous advance on waiting armies. Grant's sublime courage at Vicksburg was in the line of his mightiest predecessors. Alexander of Macedon passed the Indus to attack Porus; Scipio crossed the Mediterranean to assail and van-

quish Hannibal; Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, and the world lay prostrate before him; Turenne crossed the Rhine; Napoleon fought his way over the Boristhenes to meet disaster in the hot streets of Moscow. With Sherman in the Carolinas, to bridge broad rivers in the face of menacing foes was a daily vicissitude; to flounder through miles of deep morass towards the sound of hostile cannon was a protracted monotony.

At last came the grand climax and culmination at Raleigh, when Johnston surrendered and the withering touch of war was lifted from the land.

Then on to Washington and the final review there, led by the conqueror whom cabinets could censure but could neither degrade nor dismay; the combined armies of the West swung through the avenues of the capital in exultant tread, and with the sunset of that memorable day closed the golden age of the Republic.

During three-fourths of his war service Sherman fought under the direct command of Grant. To that illustrious chief he yielded chivalric devotion and unchallenged primacy; to him alone by the cumulative voice of posterity will that primacy be given. Their harmonious coöperation is a precious legacy and lesson. Their generous mutual trust, so supremely creditable to both, builds a white monument of virtue to mark the flood-tide of a heroism which chastens all ambitions and sanctifies all hopes in Freedom's holy name.

When Tamerlane stood whirling his battle-axe before the gates of Damascus, and after enormous slaughters and conquests incredible mustered his shaggy Tartar hordes on the frontiers of Christendom, the budding senses of the magician of Mentz throbbed with pre-

monitory dreams of the printing-press—an engine of expansion and subjugation that will shake the continents when Tamerlane and his massacres are forgotten. But the men of '61 fought not for glory or conquest. They fought for the Union, for emancipation, for an enlarged and exalted republicanism. And in a larger, in the largest, sense, they fought for law and liberty; for free press, free schools, and an open Bible; for civilization; for the whole commonwealth of man. When the splendor of their exploits is glorified by the sacredness of their cause, the brightest records of antiquity pale in the blaze of a transcendent grandeur.

Sherman lived twenty-five years after the war, receiving the nation's unstinted homage, and illustrating the loftiest conception of manhood. Beyond any of his compeers he kept advised of the thought, the aspiration, and the activities of his countrymen. While he rejoiced in the memories of the war, he cherished the more renowned victories of peace. Feeling no remorse for his war record, he tendered no apologies, invoked no forgetfulness; yet he paid the due honor to loyal citizenship. Full of sympathy for the conquered, he urged amnesty for the past, that the waste places might be made glad, demanding in return an acceptance in good faith of the war's logical consequences.

His relations to the survivors of the conquest were characteristic. He presided over the Society of the Army of the Tennessee with a relish born of assured fraternity. He prized his companionship in the Loyal Legion as a congenial brotherhood linked by holiest ties. But to the noble, all-embracing order of the Grand Army of the Republic his warrior heart turned

for true comradeship. He was an ideal officer, "from spur to plume a star of tournament," but to the common soldier who had faithfully defended the flag he was an undying friend.

Sherman's place in history is secure. His full allotment of human frailties was held in commendable subjection; his merits are known to the world and embalmed for immortality. Intellectually he was a full man, exhaling ideas, information, mental vigor, as a blossoming orchard shakes out its perfumes on all the atmosphere. His talents were varied and his knowledge seemed universal. His sincerity was cloudless as the summer sky.

He was never in ambush or disguise, never in masquerade or mystery. He was always what he seemed. He hated hypocrisy, and fiercely scorned all humbugs, frauds, and shams. In his rare nature's vast and limpid depths were no hidden reefs of jealousy or malice. He was never wantonly cruel or destructive; yet there are times when present hurt is ultimate kindness, and his unbending purpose shrank not from the task which Heaven had laid upon him because to those who dared "to set the bars against the progress of the stars" blood and flames and death were the hard penalty. He was a merciful man. Richard the lion-hearted was no more brave or true. His honor was his life and soul.

As a soldier he was the incarnation of absolute force. His genius concentrated its phenomenal resources in one intense and burning focus on the campaign's objective, grasping with herculean strength every instrumentality, and driving it forward with imperious

will to the consummation. He was a great leader by consent of all competent authority. In many high attributes of generalship, in quick perception, swift intuition, and infallible memory, in organizing power, energizing will, and dauntless courage—all marshalled by sound judgment and vivified by personal magnetism—he will stand peerless among the princes of the Kingdom of Liberty.

“Earth may run red with other wars,” but time will only gild the lustre of Sherman’s fame.

In loving and reverent tribute to his memory therefore (be it)

Resolved, By the Commandery of the State of Minnesota of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, that this Memorial be recorded as an earnest though inadequate expression of our admiration for our departed companion, and our sorrow for his loss; and

Resolved, That a copy hereof be forwarded by the recorder to the family of General Sherman as a testimonial of our regard for his memory and our participation in their bereavement.

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

BY COLONEL CHARLES D. KERR,

SIXTEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 10, 1891.)

It is hard to express, as the heart would dictate, the loss of one with whom you have campaigned and camped and fought in a great war.

There are few ties in life so closely cemented as those which bind the soldier to a loved commander. Such, to us at least who knew him well, was General Sherman. His mortal has put on immortality, and there remains to his companions only their memories and their love, and to history the fame of his noble deeds.

I first came under the immediate command of General Sherman at the gathering of the Union hosts on the north bank of the Tennessee River, preparatory to the battle of Missionary Ridge.

From thenceforward to the end of the war I followed his fortunes as a soldier of his army: up the slopes of Missionary Ridge; then marching with bleeding feet over icy roads on that winter campaign for the relief of Knoxville; then through the six months' struggle with Joe Johnston for Atlanta, almost every day signalized by some master-stroke of strategy

which challenged the admiration of the world; then at the fall and destruction of Atlanta, and on the matchless march to the sea.

I followed him then through the campaign of the Carolinas and the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville, and finally to the crowning glory of his military career, the surrender of Johnston's army at Raleigh.

I have had some opportunity, therefore, to judge of the military character and personal qualities of General Sherman. The scenes of those trials and triumphs pass before me to-night as in panorama, and chiefest among all who fought or fell rises the image of Sherman.

No grander military figure will stand out upon the pages of history for the nineteenth century. Not, perhaps, so great a strategist purely as Grant or Lee; not certainly so splendid a tactician merely as Sheridan or Stonewall Jackson; but as an all-around soldier, ready upon every occasion, equal to any emergency, he reaches nearer the stature of Hannibal or Gustavus Adolphus than any military man of the age in which he lived. And yet how simple and how unselfish, how kind and gentle even, when duty, with stern front, did not demand severity. He of all men in this nation at the breaking out of the war most clearly discerned its scope and duration. He of all men who fought in that war most clearly apprehended the true significance of all war. It is, as he declared, essentially barbarous and cruel and destructive, and no sentimentalism can refine it into anything else.

He saw from the first that unrelenting vigor in the prosecution of the war was at once prudent and hu-

mane, and that procrastination upon any pretext was unwise and cruel. He has been blamed for undue severity at Atlanta; to my mind, his conduct there was not only defensible, but any other course would have detracted from his fame. The destruction of that city, followed by the sweep of his army through Georgia and the Carolinas, brought to the South the first realizing sense that a continuance of the war meant for it utter ruin and annihilation.

He has been blamed on the other hand for undue leniency in his proposed treaty with Johnston at Raleigh. To my mind, here also he heightened the glory of his illustrious march by the brighter splendor of moderation and clemency at its close. He had been inexorable as Fate, and severe enough to suit the most exacting while Rebellion yet held arms in its hands; but when those arms were laid down and the hands stretched forth for peace, he did not forget moderation in the intoxication of success, or mercy in the plenitude of power.

The greatest achievements of men are often those which seem easiest after they are accomplished. How many a tyro in war has said of Sherman's march to the sea, "Oh, any one could have done that!" And yet with Grant and Thomas dissuading him, with every work upon so-called military science condemning such a move, there was not a military man in America who would have dared to undertake it save only Sherman.

Three names stand forth, like Saul, head and shoulders above all the rest, in the struggle of this nation for its life: Lincoln, Grant, Sherman. The first

and the last were strikingly similar in attributes of character that win the love of mankind. Grant will always be honored and revered, pure patriot, great commander that he was, but I doubt if he will ever be loved as Lincoln and Sherman are loved.

Lincoln, with hands always stretched forth for peace when the price was not the life or liberty of his country, was despised and hated by traitors North and South; yet he was enshrined in the hearts of millions who have died, and will be known to millions yet to live, by the loving title of "Uncle Abe."

Sherman, the very incarnation of war when war was in his front, was indeed deemed harsh and imperious by the enemies of his country, but to the soldiers of his army he will be thought of and spoken of, even above his grave, by the homely yet endearing title of "Uncle Billy."

To my mind, no wreath of fame upon the brow of king or conqueror ever exhaled so rich a fragrance as these loving tokens of affection towards Lincoln and Sherman by those who knew them best and therefore love them most.

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

BY LIEUTENANT ELL TORRANCE,

NINETY-SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 10, 1891.)

As a soldier of the Army of the Potomac I most heartily join in the just and eloquent tribute paid by Companions Castle and Kerr to the memory of General Sherman.

For almost a score of years after the war the ranks of the great Union leaders were practically unbroken, but when a little less than six years ago the Great Commander led the way, others followed their superior with rapid step, and since that summer day in 1885, when a whole nation assembled, in spirit, at Riverside Park, to pay their tribute of love to General Grant, Hancock, Logan, McCellan, and Sheridan have bid us farewell; and now General Sherman, the last of the great chieftains, and one of the most stately figures in war or peace of this nineteenth century, has surrendered to the great conqueror.

While the whole nation mourns, the sad notes of the bugler, standing at the foot of the new-made grave, sounding "Lights Out," falls upon our ears with a peculiar and oppressive sadness, for we realize that.

we have sustained a personal loss and bereavement in the death of our beloved Sherman.

Grand has been the funeral *cortege* that followed him to his last resting-place on earth, and grand has been the welcome extended to him by kindred patriot spirits on the other shore.

I shall not attempt to speak of his life, character, and public services. These will be pleasing, fruitful, and inspiring themes for the orator and the historian. He served his country long and well, and has passed away crowned with honors, beloved and venerated as no other citizen of this generation.

The government which he fought to preserve will remain; the institutions for which he so earnestly contended will endure, we trust, forever; the flag of freedom which his sword upheld will prove to be the flag of destiny; but his voice will no longer be heard, or his face evermore seen by mortal man.

Being dead he yet speaketh, and the name and fame of General Sherman will surely be a perennial source of strength and blessing to the nation as long as patriotism survives.

**IN MEMORIAM: BREVET-MAJOR-GENERAL
HENRY H. SIBLEY.**

BY BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. BAKER,

U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 10, 1891.)

MR. COMMANDER: I would do violence to my own feelings were I to withhold my testimony to the real worth and true nobility of Henry Hastings Sibley. I knew him long and well. I came to serve under him in the army in 1862 with preconceived prejudices. Experience taught me to correct my judgment and revise my opinions. He lived in an era which tested severely his individuality, and a period which could give but little hope of great public usefulness. A man must be very much a man indeed who can assert and maintain the highest qualities of manhood with the surroundings of a purely savage life. I venture to say that no other American ever passed through such a searching ordeal with results so fortunate, both personal and for the State. We can better estimate how useful he was if we can imagine that he had not lived at all. Take his tall figure and commanding influence out of our formative years, and what a void we should perceive! It would be as if Adams or Franklin were dropped out of the period of the Revolution. His

greatest era was ante-territorial and territorial times. His associates were remarkable men, and competitors worthy to meet in any field. Their names were not blazoned in heraldry; but a grateful people have recognized their merit, and perpetuated their memories by bestowing their names upon some of the best counties of the State. There is a significant roll of honor in the names of our counties: Sibley, Goodhue, Brown, Faribault, McLeod, Rice, Renville, Olmsted, Kittson, Nobles, Morrison, Steele, and Cook. How, at the mention of their names, the dead arise, and life starts in the stalwart forms of the heroes of our past! There were others, too, kings of the wilderness, such as Borup, Forbes, Williamson, Prescott, Ravoux, and the Faribaults. They might well be called the barons of the border. Some happily still linger, whose names are familiar to the household, and whose just deserts are perpetuated in the counties of Ramsey, Stevens, Marshall, and Becker. Such men will not appear among us again. We are growing too diverse and have got too far from the cradle of our birth in the wilderness. Many of these fearless frontiersmen were chiefs to their clan in that day, but it is easy to note that Sibley was the Douglas of them all. If New England parades with pride her Puritan ancestors, with equal veneration we point to the vigorous, intrepid, and clear-headed men who stood sponsors to the birth of our State.

The arena of the grand drama in which these men bore so active and distinguished a part is among the most superb and picturesque in the field of the world. To our forefathers of the east it was a region remote

and strange. But it was only concealed for a time, and pregnant with measureless possibilities. Its luxuriant soil, its mighty forests, its noble rivers and splendid lakes were the prodigious factors of coming power. The lodges of barbarian men were the only human habitations, while herds of buffalo and trooping elk, like squadrons of cavalry, were its highest forms of animal life. The mightiest of rivers found a source in its prolific bosom. Every form of physical beauty blossomed over the prairies. Nature was everywhere prodigal of her wealth, and the all-seeing sun beheld no better land. To this theatre of action heroes came. The Jesuit missionaries, the boldest champions of the cross, with more than the courage of warriors here suffered and toiled as they held up the crucifix in the solitudes of the wilderness. Following these came the adventurous fur-trader, and vigorous contests ensued between rival companies. To this wonderful scene, this nursery of gallant and dauntless spirits, young Sibley came, entering the country on horseback solitary and alone, like an adventurous knight. Little did he then reckon of the grand results which fate held in reserve for his fortunes, or of the work which was to develop, in the span of a single life, the deep and broad foundations of a mighty commonwealth. His work was to deliver the wilderness over to civilization. Nobly has it been accomplished, and the barbaric past is but as a tale that has been told. He and his noble compeers are now the august fathers of the State. With the death-knell of the chieftain of them all they pass into the pages of history.

With our minds fixed upon his environments, let us try to analyze the character of this most illustrious citizen of our State. All through our literature is spread abundantly the story of his times. Let us examine the constituent elements of his mind and heart, and from there learn what material made him the man he was. What a history, what events, what memories crowd upon us, as we survey the grand panorama of this man's life! It is an unwritten Iliad from barbaric times to the present consummate glory of American civilization. What American citizen has passed through more thrilling scenes or beheld more magical changes? In considering his character, he should not be divorced from his times. It has always appeared to me that if any one could have been selected by preference with a special view of suitable adaptation to the work of founding a new American State, he possessed that combination of qualities which were of the most inestimable importance. Both physically and mentally, he was equipped for the work. Besides, he was neither Puritan nor Cavalier, Quaker nor Yankee, but an American thorough-blood. Born in the heart of the Republic and educated in her practical schools, he had no coloring or bias of any save his own country, and was therefore that type of man who ought to found an American commonwealth.

He was first of all a gentleman; not in any superficial way, but in the largest acceptation of that term: in carriage, temper, deportment, tastes, and aims. I will add, too, to strengthen the term—a Christian gentleman. Every act of his daily life bespoke the well-bred man. He was a man of refined tastes.

Living among savages in his youth, his surroundings might naturally deflect his mind from things polished and elegant; but his innate sense of refinement overcame his environment. Neither the seriousness of business nor the daily presence of savage life could subdue his instinctive appetite for polite literature nor mar his tastes for the requirements of high social life. Hence the French savant Nicollet, the classic Schoolcraft, and the gallant Frémont found in this man of the wilderness a genial and worthy companion. His home was the court-life of the frontier, and shed a warm and genial lustre over the rude usages of that era. His tastes, too, were correct. He possessed a critical judgment in both art and letters. His sense of order and method was marked. His chirography was as delicate as that of the most refined woman; it was an index to the man. His composition was as pure and smooth as the polished pen of Addison. I have letters from him as if written with a woman's hand and flowing from a woman's heart.

We can but admire the sincerity of his character. His frank and undissembling manner laid open his real views and sentiments. The fault, the gross fault of multitudes of public men, is their absolute and shameful insincerity. There was nothing dubious about him. If he was your friend he was your friend indeed. If he believed a thing, it was to him a conviction. There was none of that facile agreeing with you which characterizes weak men. And yet his frankness and firmness were without arrogance or the gross assumption of superiority. I do not believe that he ever presented an object in life which his judgment

did not deliberately approve. He always maintained, to my mind, a singular self-possession, a quiet firmness, never losing his equipoise, which gave him at all times the full exercise of his best judgment. And yet I have seen him hotly indignant at some outrage, as when the audacious Glazier sought to rob his friend Schoolcraft of the glory of the discovering of the true fountains of the Mississippi.

I deem him to have been quite incapable of any littleness or meanness. He was cast in too magnanimous a mould for that. He was generous, too, even to an enemy. He was charitable without ostentation. I fully believe that in his life he did more real acts of kindness and benevolence to Indian people than all the humanitarians of Boston combined.

His sense of justice made him the frequent referee of both the interests of the State and of private contests as well. It was no ordinary compliment that his determination in a matter affecting the public interests was the undebated conclusion of the whole matter. Like Aristides, before all else he was just.

Whatever public office came to him, of high or low degree, he discharged its duties with conscientious rectitude, unflagging industry, and unquestioned loyalty to the public weal.

His moral character was simple and unaffected, and his daily life bore ample testimony to the sincerity of his conduct. As a commander he forbade the sale of intoxicating liquors to his troops. He forebore to march upon the Sabbath day, except when forced by the enemy to move, and he resolutely maintained Sabbath service in his camp.

His domestic feelings were unusually strong, and the love of home and of children and of wife ran through his busy life like a thread of gold. He was a Democrat, yet no partisan. Sometimes it would appear that to be a Democrat was a natural attribute of frontier life, just as in England, on the other hand, men are naturally members of the Conservative party. At least Democracy was the political condition, if not the normal quality, of the frontier citizen, and noble specimens were they of that political faith. Our robust pioneers were mostly Democrats.

I say he was a Democrat but not a partisan. He believed in the noble maxim that he who served his country best served his party best. In party matters he stated facts as they were, and reasoned fairly upon them. He never hesitated to perform that noble act of independent sovereignty in "scratching" his ticket when his party placed bad men in nomination. If there was artifice or craft in politics, as there was, they were not by his intention, nor knowingly used by him.

His patriotism was untarnished, and his love of liberty as strong as that of Patrick Henry. He believed that the war for the preservation of the Union was a just and holy one. Nature made him a soldier in bearing and in spirit. He was of the Fabian type, and, like Washington, characteristically cautious, which peculiarly fitted him for the work which came to his hands. Was he a great commander? I answer unhesitatingly, Yes. In the care and comfort of his men, the economy of human life, in all precautionary measures to forefend disaster, in thoughtful plans to secure just the precise objects in view, he has not been surpassed, if

ever equalled, in Indian warfare. Anthony Wayne would have fought at times when Sibley remained in his camp. But we remember also the fearful disaster which befell the fated Braddock when he neglected to provide against surprise. General Sibley never sacrificed the ultimate good to be accomplished in a campaign by a bold and Custer-like dash to win a moment's applause. As time passes, and the judgment of events becomes more accurate, the wisdom and skill of his campaigns become more apparent.

I do not think he had a predominant passion. If so, what was it? It was not for wealth. Many of his friends around him were greedy of riches, and he had ample opportunities of increasing his fortune which he did not improve. It was not for civic preferment. Nearly every office of the many he held came to him unsought. It was not for social distinction. He accepted without show the position in society which his merits awarded him. He was symmetrical and harmonious in all his mental structure.

To rising young men he was a safe mentor. They sought his counsel and profited by his wisdom. Even governors were not ashamed to consult his judgment and follow his advice. It would be a surprise if the public knew how many State papers he was called on to revise before they saw the light of day. One of our most distinguished governors, of opposite politics, said to him in asking him to revise his message: "General Sibley, the politics is my own, but all the balance is yours to revise."

He surely possessed in all an admirable spirit—a spirit that won friends and held them; a spirit that gathered men to his heart and counsel.

It is worthy of notice to observe how he seemed to live and labor for great public ends. The university, the public schools, the historical society, our State institutions, the development of the State, were all the subjects of his anxious thought and care. Like a father, he nursed them with a love in which there was no affectation. His death would seem to leave the university in orphanage. Do you ask, Was he a great man? History speaks of Alexander the Great, of Frederick the Great, of Peter the Great, of Napoleon the Great. Measured by such standards, Washington himself was not a great man. The growth of morals and civilization is changing the estimate of greatness. Scores of noted men, year by year, shrink in form and dimensions. Time will make havoc with thousands more, who will be dumped in the waste-basket of the ages. But there are those who are not in the world's-eye great who will yet be kept in lasting remembrance for good and noble deeds unselfishly performed. To us, to our own commonwealth of Minnesota at least, he was a great man. We will not enquire if his fame has wandered beyond our confines. His life, his works, are inseparably woven with our birth and growth. In all the years of time, whatever historian may wander back into the twilight of our story, he will there encounter the pure, brave spirit and manly form of Henry Hastings Sibley.

Was he a genius? Thank God, he was not! They are of a species that as a meteor flash and as a meteor die. His distinctive glory was saving common-sense. In all things, for himself or the State, he acquitted himself as a sound, practical man.

Consider the prodigious influence of a man of great

force and impressive power in the early and plastic period of a young community. Boone came into Kentucky with the shot-gun and rifle. They were his companions, and the source of his influence in after years. The youth of his State caught his spirit, and the shot-gun and rifle maintain an unenviable sway in that region to-day. But Sibley was the foster-father of schools and universities. The law of betterments in civilization was the benign gospel he preached, and who will say that the community that would give neither shelter nor forgiveness to the Northfield robbers has not profited by his better example?

It is too early in point of time to compare his influence in moulding the State with those of some of his remarkable compeers. It was a period not wanting in distinguished men. Some worthy to be mentioned with him are yet living. May Heaven kindly defer to a distant day the period when some abler critic shall balance accounts between them. But tried by the entirety of his life, the uniform and valuable texture of all he did, the long period of time in which he moved, the continuous influence he ever exerted for good, he must still be considered the most valuable contribution of manhood yet given to our State. As Washington stands for the infant nation, so Sibley stands for our infant State. He is the bright, consummate flower of our earlier days, and the Muse of History, dipping her pen in the sunlight of truth, will write the name of Henry Hastings Sibley, the pioneer, the statesman, and the soldier, far up, if not over all, in that pantheon which will preserve the fame of those who have best served the State.

He is gone! The Loyal Legion laid him with loving hands in a soldier's grave. But he lives in the remembrance of a great people; he lives in the warm affections of those who knew him well; he lives in the memory of his noble virtues and his exalted reputation; he lives again in the life of the great State which received his nourishing care; he lives in the power of his noble example; and no son of Minnesota can study his life and character without aspiring to emulate his zeal for the public good. He is dead; but well can we imagine that, with a last lingering look in his mental eyes ere he died, his thoughts may have wandered to that early and eventful border past, those Indians days so full of grand, wild life, of rude delights, of hunting scenes, of heroic struggles; all radiant, too, with the faces of those heroes who had struggled with him; the mighty panorama of the wilderness, in one brief moment, may have lived again! Then turning, he beholds the present, instinct with the diviner forms of civilization; he sees the tender loved ones count his heart-beats as he passes to the shadowy land amid the noble surroundings of a Christian home, in the bosom of the mighty empire of law and liberty he had done so much to create. Thus, in death as in life, his mental vision may have touched the extremes of his wonderful history.

BREVET-MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY H. SIBLEY.

BY BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM R. MARSHALL,

COLONEL SEVENTH MINNESOTA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 10, 1891.)

I BEG to pay a tribute of affection, of veneration, and love to the character and memory of General Sibley. I had known him forty-four years, longer than almost any of his friends now living. I met him first in the year 1847, when he was in the prime of his early manhood. In all those years I had known only what was good and honorable and noble in his life and character.

How well I remember his striking figure—tall, straight, with raven black hair and dark, lustrous eyes. Of princely aspect, as if born to be a leader, a king of men. He *was* a prince, a kindly ruler of the occupants of all this fair land, the Indian traders, the voyagers, the adventurous frontiersmen of that time.

I came into close, I may say intimate, relations with him at the time of the Sioux outbreak, nearly thirty years ago. I served under him in the campaigns that delivered the captives, rolled back the tide of savage war, and drove the Indians beyond the Missouri River and gave peace to our frontiers.

We were together in the long, doubtful struggle to redeem the credit of the State from the sin and shame

of financial repudiation. The courage with which he encountered the odium and obloquy which were heaped upon him as the leader of those who stood by the honor of the State in redeeming its bonds (however little the State received for those bonds) was heroic.

I was with him many years in the Board of Regents of the State University, and in many other civil, business, and social organizations. He was always faithful and diligent in every trust and duty, punctual and orderly.

We were in association and sympathy in many ways and things, some charitable, some to help the unfriended and outcast; everywhere and always he was doing good in unnumbered and unknown ways.

The world knows his useful, honorable, public life; it does not know his private virtues, his charities, his tender regard for the rights, the welfare, the feelings of others, however humble or unfortunate.

He leaves a rich legacy to his children, his friends, to the State, in the record of his long and honorable life, in his varied public duties so well performed, in his private virtues, and in blessed memory of all worth living for and striving for in this lower world.

There should be no sadness, rightly viewed, in this our farewell to him whose earthly journey, long and toilsome, is now ended.

His body, which for fourscore years well had served the purposes of his spirit, was worn out, had become a source of pain and suffering. Rather we should rejoice that he is freed from its burdens, that he has joined the immortals.

MILITARY ORDER
OF THE
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY, STATE OF MINNESOTA.

At a stated meeting of this Commandery, held March 10, 1891, the accompanying report of the Committee appointed to prepare a memorial relative to the death of Companion General Henry Hastings Sibley was read by Companion General J. W. Bishop and unanimously adopted.

By order of

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM LOCHREN, U. S. VOLS.,
Commander.

GEORGE Q. WHITE,
Brevet-Major, U. S. Army,
Recorder.

HENRY HASTINGS SIBLEY.

The death of our late commander and beloved companion, Henry Hastings Sibley, though long expected, comes to us at last as a profound personal sorrow to every companion.

A conspicuous resident and citizen of Minnesota for more than half a century, he has been eminent as a pioneer, as a business man, as a statesman, as a soldier, and always as the noble, courtly, Christian gentleman. As a prominent citizen, a delegate in Congress, and as

the first governor of the State, he bore in the early days an important part in laying the foundation of the commonwealth, and in developing her resources and directing her unexampled prosperity and progress.

In the most serious Indian war that ever fell on this or on any community, his courage, good judgment, and consummate knowledge of Indian character led our hastily organized forces to the recovery of our captives, the subjugation of the savages, and the establishment of permanent peace and security.

In his riper years, and even to the farther limit of advanced age, his counsels were sought and his advice appreciated in our social, business, and political organizations—in many of which he was president or director, and all of which delighted to honor him.

As a companion in this Commandery he was, until impaired health forbade it, regular in attendance, interested in all that transpired, and genial and gracious in his companionship.

Let his memory and his example be to us and to our children an encouragement to pure lives, and to noble and unselfish deeds.

The Commander is requested to have a copy of this testimonial transmitted to the family of our departed companion, with assurance of our warmest sympathy and condolence.

ALEX. RAMSEY,
HENRY M. RICE,
J. S. PILLSBURY,
W. R. MARSHALL,
J. W. BISHOP,
Committee.

APPEN

Statement of number of men called for by the President of the close of the War of the Rebellion, compiled by Col. John P. Nichol of the United States and of the Commandery of the State of

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Call of April 15, 1861, for 75,000 mil- itia, for three months.		Call of May 3, 1861 (confirmed by act approv- ed August 6, 1861), and under acts ap- proved July 22 and 25, 1861, for 500,000 men.					
	Quota.	Men fur- nished.	Quota.	Men furnished for—				Total.
				6 mos.	1 yr.	2 yrs.	3 yrs.	
Maine.	780	771	17,590				18,104	18,104
New Hampshire.	780	779	9,284				8,338	8,338
Vermont.	780	782	8,980				9,508	9,508
Massachusetts.	1,580	3,786	34,988				32,177	32,177
Rhode Island.	780	3,147	4,955				6,286	6,286
Connecticut.	780	2,462	12,057				10,865	10,865
New York.	12,280	12,906	100,056			30,960	80,261	120,281
New Jersey.	3,122	3,122	19,152				11,523	11,523
Pennsylvania.	12,500	20,175	82,825				85,160	85,160
Delaware.	780	775	3,145				1,826	1,826
Maryland.	3,122		15,578				9,255	9,255
West Virginia.	2,340	980	8,497				12,757	12,757
Dist. of Columbia.		4,720	1,627				1,795	1,795
Ohio.	10,153	12,387	67,265		863		82,323	84,116
Indiana.	4,683	4,686	28,632		1,006		59,643	61,341
Illinois.	4,683	4,820	47,785				81,952	81,952
Michigan.	780	781	21,287				23,546	23,546
Wisconsin.	780	817	21,753				25,499	25,499
Minnesota.	780	980	4,599		1,167		5,770	6,937
Iowa.	780	968	19,316				21,987	21,987
Missouri.	3,122	10,591	21,514	2,715	199		22,234	25,228
Kentucky.	3,122		27,237		5,129		29,906	35,095
Kansas.		650	2,225				6,953	6,953
Tennessee.	1,580							
Arkansas.	780							
North Carolina.	1,580							
California.								
Nevada.								
Oregon.								
Washington Ter.								
Nebraska Ter.					91			91
Colorado Ter.								
Dakota Ter.								
New Mexico Ter.								
Alabama.								
Florida.								
Louisiana.								
Mississippi.								
Texas.								
Indian Nation.								
Colored Troops.								
TOTAL.....	73,391	91,816	611,827	2,715	9,147	30,960	687,868	700,890

United States and number furnished from April 15, 1861, to son, recorder in chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion Pennsylvania.

* Furnished in November, 1964.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Calls of October 17, 1863 (em- bracing men raised by draft of 1863), and February 1, 1864, for 500,000 men for three years.				Call of March 14, 1864, for 300,- 000 men for three years.			
	Quota.	Men fur- nished.	Paid com- muta- tion.	Total.	Quota.	Men fur- nished.	Paid com- muta- tion.	Total.
Maine.....	11,808	11,988	1,988	13,944	4,721	7,042		7,042
New Hampshire..	6,409	6,408	871	6,977	2,558	2,844	121	2,955
Vermont.....	6,781	6,726	1,886	8,611	2,900	1,601	89	1,690
Massachusetts....	26,897	17,711	3,708	21,414	10,639	17,322	1,615	18,937
Rhode Island.....	3,409	3,223	463	3,686	1,388	1,906		1,906
Connecticut.....	7,919	10,326	1,513	11,839	3,168	5,294		5,294
New York.....	81,908	69,639	18,912	78,751	32,794	41,940	2,267	44,207
New Jersey.....	16,759	9,187		9,187	6,704	9,550	4,170	13,720
Pennsylvania.....	64,979	36,728	17,672	54,396	28,993	35,086	10,046	45,082
Delaware.....	2,463	2,120	435	2,573	985	652	951	1,408
Maryland.....	10,794	6,244	1,106	7,350	4,317	9,365	2,528	11,908
West Virginia.....	5,127	3,988		3,988	2,051	3,857		3,857
Dist. of Columbia.	4,266	4,570	318	4,888	1,702	1,142		1,142
Ohio.....	51,485	32,809		32,809	20,595	31,198	6,290	37,488
Indiana.....	32,521	23,023		23,023	13,006	14,862		14,862
Illinois.....	46,309	26,806		26,818	18,534	25,055		25,055
Michigan.....	19,553	17,586	1,644	19,230	7,821	7,344	326	7,670
Wisconsin.....	19,552	10,389	5,060	15,449	7,241	10,314		10,314
Minnesota.....	5,451	3,054		3,054	2,180	2,469	1,027	3,496
Iowa.....	16,097	8,292		8,292	6,439	11,579		11,579
Missouri.....	9,812	3,823		3,823	3,925	*10,137		10,137
Kentucky.....	14,471	4,785		4,785	6,789	6,448	2,241	9,699
Kansas.....	3,523	5,374		5,374	1,400	2,563		2,563
Tennessee.....								
Arkansas.....								
North Carolina.....								
California.....								
Nevada.....								
Oregon.....								
Washington Ter..								
Nebraska Ter.....								
Colorado Ter.....								
Dakota Ter.....								
New Mexico Ter..								
Alabama.....								
Florida.....								
Louisiana.....								
Mississippi.....								
Texas.....								
Indian Nation.....								
Colored Troops.....								
TOTAL.....	467,434	317,092	52,268	369,360	186,961	269,515	32,678	292,198

* Includes militia furnished for six months, 5,079; for nine months, 2,311; for one year, 1,964—credited as 2,124 three years' men.

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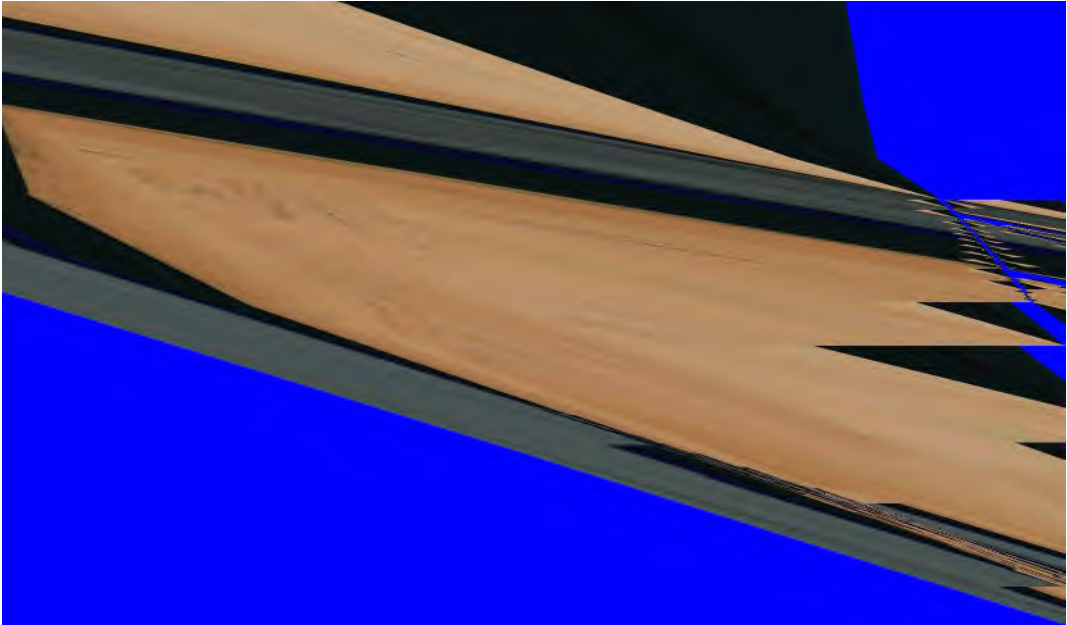
† Furnished for three months.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Aggregate.				Aggregate reduced to a three years' standard.
	Quota.	Men fur- nished.	Paid commu- tation.	Total.	
Maine.....	73,587	70,107	2,007	72,114	86,776
New Hampshire.....	85,697	82,987	602	84,589	90,849
Vermont.....	82,074	83,298	1,974	85,262	99,088
Massachusetts.....	139,096	146,730	5,318	152,048	194,104
Rhode Island.....	18,998	22,236	463	23,699	17,898
Connecticut.....	44,797	55,964	1,515	57,379	50,523
New York.....	507,148	448,950	18,197	467,047	392,370
New Jersey.....	92,890	76,814	4,196	81,010	87,908
Pennsylvania.....	385,909	337,936	28,171	366,107	265,517
Delaware.....	13,985	12,284	1,386	13,670	10,322
Maryland.....	70,965	46,638	3,678	50,316	41,275
West Virginia.....	34,463	32,068		32,068	37,714
District of Columbia.....	13,973	16,534	388	16,922	11,906
Ohio.....	306,322	313,180	6,479	319,659	240,514
Indiana.....	199,788	196,363	784	197,147	163,576
Illinois.....	244,496	269,092	55	269,147	214,133
Michigan.....	95,007	87,364	2,008	89,372	80,111
Wisconsin.....	109,080	91,337	5,097	96,434	79,360
Minnesota.....	26,326	24,020	1,082	25,062	19,698
Iowa.....	79,521	76,242	67	76,309	66,630
Missouri.....	122,496	109,111		109,111	86,530
Kentucky.....	100,782	75,700	3,265	79,025	70,522
Kansas.....	12,931	20,149	2	20,151	18,708
Tennessee.....	1,560	31,092		31,092	26,364
Arkansas.....	780	8,289		8,289	7,828
North Carolina.....	1,560	3,156		3,156	3,156
California.....		15,725		15,725	15,725
Nevada.....		1,080		1,080	1,080
Oregon.....		1,510		1,510	1,773
Washington Ter.....		964		964	964
Nebraska Ter.....		3,157		3,157	3,175
Colorado Ter.....		4,508		4,508	3,697
Dakota Ter.....		206		206	206
New Mexico Ter.....		6,561		6,561	4,452
Alabama.....		2,576		2,576	1,611
Florida.....		1,290		1,290	1,290
Louisiana.....		5,234		5,234	4,984
Mississippi.....		545		545	545
Texas.....		1,965		1,965	1,632
Indian Nation.....		3,530		3,530	3,530
Colored Troops*.....		99,337		99,337	96,083
TOTAL.....	2,763,670	2,778,304	86,734	2,865,038	2,324,516

* Colored Troops organized at various stations in the States in rebellion, embracing all not specifically credited to States, and which cannot be so assigned.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.		Call of December 19, 1864, for 300,000 men.						
		Quota.	Men furnished for —					Total.
			1 year.	2 years.	3 years.	4 years.	Paid commu- tation.	
Maine	8,389	4,898	141	1,884	3	10	6,936	
New Hampshire	2,072	492	9	775	28		1,304	
Vermont	1,832	962	29	550	9		1,550	
Massachusetts	1,306	1,535	43	2,349	2		3,929	
Rhode Island	1,459	739	92	732			1,563	
Connecticut		34	7	1,282	2		1,325	
New York	61,076	9,150	1,645	23,321	67	13	34,196	
New Jersey	11,695	6,511	1,075	3,527	155	15	11,283	
Pennsylvania	46,437	26,666	204	3,903	44	282	31,099	
Delaware	938	376	5	30			411	
Maryland	9,142	3,236	430	1,275		3	4,944	
West Virginia	4,431	2,114	8	415			2,537	
Dist. of Columbia	2,222	692	12	116	2	1	823	
Ohio	26,027	21,712	641	2,214		13	24,580	
Indiana	22,582	20,642	243	2,329		94	23,308	
Illinois	32,902	25,940	356	2,022		6	26,324	
Michigan	10,026	6,767	41	1,084		18	7,800	
Wisconsin	12,356	9,666	15	240		1	9,922	
Minnesota	3,636	2,689	12	68		2	2,771	
Iowa		772	15	67			854	
Missouri	13,984	3,161	44	1,002			4,207	
Kentucky	10,481	1,987	7	5,609			7,603	
Kansas	1,222	622	36	223		2	883	
Tennessee								
Arkansas								
North Carolina								
California								
Nevada								
Oregon								
Washington Ter.								
Nebraska Ter.								
Colorado Ter.								
Dakota Ter.								
New Mexico Ter.								
Alabama								
Florida								
Louisiana								
Mississippi								
Texas								
Indian Nation								
Colored Troops*								
TOTAL	284,215	161,363	5,110	54,967	312	460	212,212	

* Colored Troops organized at various stations in the States in rebellion, embracing all not specifically credited to States, and which cannot be so assigned.



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